The Mormon Drapers

by

DELBERT M. DRAPER

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THE MORMON DRAPERS

by

Delbert M. Draper

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COMMENTS AND CREDITS

This book came as a response to an urge to learn all that is possible to learn about one of the largest families in Utah — the descendants of Thomas and Lydia Rogers Draper who died in Canada between 1807 and 1819. Practically all of their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren became members of the Mormon Church in 1833 in Canada. These converts are long since dead but their descendants are now numbered by thousands.

Reconstructing the history of these people has been an almost insuperable task, for they brought practically no records with them when they left Canada and joined the main body of the Church at Kirtland, Ohio. All the historical data and material they brought with them, or at least all that has been preserved, was a list of the children of Thomas and Lydia, a yeoman's dress suit made in 1603 in England, which is prime evidence that they had an ancestor in England at that time (whose name was also Thomas). They also brought their own remembrance of things past, including a well-established legend that they were of Puritan descent. If any of them knew who the parents of Thomas and Lydia were, or the exact time either of them was born, they failed to preserve a record thereof. From the time they reached Kirtland until they found some security in Utah, they had neither time nor inclination to look backward nor to sit down and write history. They were unwittingly making history themselves.

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Thomas and Lydia and all their children were born at various places in Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania, but all but one of their grandchildren were born in the province of Ontario in Canada.

After they reached Utah, two of the grandsons, William Jr. and Zemira, compiled brief records of their ancestry, and about thirty years later, William wrote an autobiography from memory, but it is largely a history of the Church seen through his eyes. The only data concerning his ancestry was that his father and grandfather were born in Pennsylvania State. Zemira's data was a little more specific, but neither of them seemed to know *when* their grandparents were born.

It must be admitted that years of research has failed to disclose any authentic direct records adding much to what William and Zemira wrote, except that there is a record showing that their father, William Draper Sr., was born in New York on a tract of land in Dutchess County, owned by a group known as "Little Nine Partners."

Nothwithstanding this serious lack of direct records showing where Thomas and Lydia fit into the family of Puritan Drapers in America, a mass of collateral records and circumstantial evidence is presented herein which seems to fully support the conclusion that Thomas was born to a Thomas and Relief Hyde Draper at Newton, Massachusetts on December 19, 1739.

If this is true, then all future generations of the descendants of Thomas and Lydia will have no trouble in tracing their ancestry back to this book, and through it back to about 1554 in England, and from there, on circumstantial evidence, to France where the name "Draper" originated.

After the genealogical line was established, as above set forth, long and painstaking effort was put into gathering the history and life stories of this Mormon branch of the Draper family from its beginning down to and including the first generation born in Utah.

That has been a difficult, but rewarding undertaking. Too many thought nothing of importance had ever happened in their respective families and that they had no capacity for telling what might be significant. In the end the author proved to his own satisfaction that there is drama in the humblest lives if one has time and opportunity to draw it out.

Many people have contributed much to the making of this book, and credit has been freely given for most of it in the text and footnotes. However, if all the people who have offered encouragement, criticism, and helpful suggestions were listed here, it would unduly lengthen this preface. To all of these, I here express my deep appreciation; and I hope that the book itself will be a partial reward for their interest in bringing it forth.

The story of all the generations born since the turn of the century should be told, for they are beginning to show the metal and capacities inherited from their hardy pioneer forebears. Many families are now engaged in preparing their own histories, and it is hoped that this practice will become universal.

Delbert M. Draper

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CHAPTER ONE

ANCESTRY HUNTING

In 1933, I received the following letter:

FOSTER & DAVIES, INC.
Advertising
Keith Building
Cleveland, Ohio

October 16, 1933

Mr. Delbert M. Draper
Continental Bank Building
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Mr. Draper:

My mother was a Draper, the daughter of Clark Roger Draper. His father was a David Clark Draper. He had a brother named Thomas and a brother named William and a sister named Lydia. According to the best available records I can obtain, they left Kirtland, Ohio when the Mormons left here and went West. It is possible that you may be a descendant of Thomas or William, if you are a native of Salt Lake City.

As I understand it, there is a Draper Street in your city. Would you know how this street was so named? If by chance you are of the family I refer to, I would be in a position, if you are interested, to give you quite a lot of information.

Would you be good enough to answer my letter and if not too much trouble, please give me the names and addresses of any Drapers you may know of that are old residents of your city.

Yours very truly,

/s/ F. C. Foster

I was interested. At the time there were few Drapers who were old residents of Salt Lake City. I answered his letter telling him that there was no Draper Street in Salt Lake City, but that there was a town named Draper about 20 miles south of Salt Lake City of which William Draper, my grandfather, was a founder and where my great-grandfather William Draper, Sr. was buried; that William, Sr. was born in Pennsylvania in 1776 (which I later found to be not quite accurate) and died at Draper in 1857.

I also told him of my aunt, Mrs. Artemesia Draper Anderson, who had in her possession a dress suit owned by Thomas Draper, bearing a tailor's date back in the sixteen hundreds, as I remembered it; and I also told him about a book called *The Drapers in America*[1] which my son, Courtney, had discovered in the Congressional Library at Washington, from which he had learned, so he wrote to his sister June, in Salt Lake City, Utah, that one of her ancestors was a pal of William the Conqueror and another was the Lord Mayor of London. (This was banter, of course, but later study indicated that the first Drapers in England probably reached there with William the Conqueror.)

A long correspondence over the years continued with Mr. Foster. He finally came to Utah with his wife in 1952. We visited together several days and he travelled by himself to Draper where he talked with old residents, visited and examined tombstones in the cemetery, and finally went to the post office and sent a batch of postcards, bearing the Draper postmark, to his friends and relatives in and about Cleveland. One of the highlights of his visit here was the Easter services in the Tabernacle at which President David O. McKay delivered an Easter sermon.

Before returning home he presented me with the oldest known record of the family of Thomas and Lydia Rogers Draper in the handwriting of his great-grandfather, David Clark Draper, who is the brother of my great-grandfather, William Draper, Sr.

Thus my study of the Draper family began and has never ended. It has become an absorbing but most difficult hobby.

Our ancestors from Thomas and Lydia Rogers down, made, or at least preserved very few family records, because from about 1765 until they settled in Utah they were all pioneers of American wildernesses, as will be shown as their stories unfold. They had little time, and perhaps little inclination to make records, because they were so busy in breaking trails, making new homes, and fighting natural enemies to do much looking backwards.

Nevertheless, from family legends, general history, and a few scraps of written family information, Mr. Foster and I were able to establish that we were both descendants of Thomas and Lydia Rogers Draper, after which we both set out to discover who the ancestors of this ancient couple might be.

I found that several Draper families owned copies of the book called *Drapers in America*, which became my very best source book. It contains the most extensive list of Draper names that I know of, and particularly Drapers of Puritan descent. The author of the book,

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[1] Draper, Thomas Waln-Morgan, *Drapers in America*; Published by A. Polhemus Company, 1892; New York City.

Thomas Waln-Morgan Draper, came to Utah in the 1890's to interview the Utah Drapers and to determine their origin, if possible. He was unable to learn much from those whom he interviewed, and when his book came out, it contained only an imperfect list of the family of William Draper, Jr. and a statement that they were Mormons who claimed that they were of Puritan descent. This fact led me to believe that I could find the ancestors of Thomas and Lydia Rogers Draper among the Puritan Drapers of New England who had been painstakingly listed by Thomas Waln-Morgan Draper.

From time to time throughout my life, I had heard bits of history and legends about our family. I also had in my possession a copy of an autobiography written by my grandfather, William Draper, Jr., from memory in his old age. It was concerned more with his conversion to the Mormon Church and its stirring history, which he himself had helped to make. All he had to say about his origin was the following:

> My grandfather's name was Thomas Draper and my grandmother's maiden name was Lydia Rogers; my father and grandfather were born in Pennsylvania State; and I was born in the Province of Upper Canada, Township of Richmond, County of Frontenac, Midland District, April 24, 1807.

In addition to this I had seen an old dress suit in the possession of Artemisia Draper Anderson, which had a most interesting legendary history. It was said to have been made for an ancestor of the Utah Drapers in England, whose name was Thomas Draper; that it had been handed down from father to son until it came into the possession of their son, William Draper, Sr., and from him it went to his son, Zemira Draper; that upon the death of Zemira at Rockville, Utah, his wife, Emma Terry Draper, delivered it to aunt "Art" Anderson with the suggestion that it ought to go to a son of William Draper, Jr., who was older than Zemira, and accordingly, it was delivered to Aury Draper, the youngest son of William Draper, Jr.

In the sleeve of the coat of this old suit, written in indelible ink, were the following letters and figures: "T D Y 1603." Legend says that the letter are the initials of Thomas Draper, Yeoman, of England and that 1603 is the year in which the suit was made for him.

This bit of history became very useful in connecting the Utah Drapers with the Puritan Drapers of Massachusetts, as will later appear.

Thus, with the basic material aforesaid, I began interviewing Drapers everywhere, searching libraries, genealogical and otherwise, cemeteries, records of deeds and wills, and vital statistics of people and Drapers in particular wherever I could find them, and I travelled throughout the United States and Canada wherever the descendents of Thomas and Lydia Rogers Draper were known to have lived, in the hope of finding something relating to their earliest beginnings. I found much, but it was fragmentary or circumstantial and has to be pieced together like a jig-saw puzzle to make a consistent genealogical record.

Thomas Waln-Morgan Draper had proved satisfactorily that most of the Drapers in America had come from Yorkshire in England, and he gathered enough ancient material to indicate that the progenitors of the Yorkshire Drapers came from France. My own studies and deductions lead to the conclusion that the French Drapers had the blood of Norsemen or Vikings in their veins.

With this preliminary statement we are now ready to go into the details which go to make a more or less complete genealogical history of the Utah Drapers, with some personal histories of their lives and achievements.

CHAPTER TWO

ORIGIN OF THE NAME DRAPER

As a common noun the word "draper" is derived from the French word "drap," which translated in English, means cloth. A dealer in "drap" in France became known as a "drapier." In time "drapier" became a surname for people. This development came about slowly. In the beginning people had no surnames because such names were not necessary. None of the early Bible characters had a surname, yet everyone can identify Adam, Eve, Cain, Able, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

But before the end of Bible times so many people had acquired the name of somebody else that it became necessary to add something to the repeated names in order to distinguish one individual from another. For example: John the Baptist, John the Revelator, Saul of Tarsus, etc. As people increased in numbers the repetitions of names increased to the point that the finding of additional distinguishing names became a major problem. Personal virtues like Noble, Wise, Valient, personal characteristics like Long, Short, White, Black, and personal occupations like Potter, Weaver, Farmer, Miller, etc, were adopted and these added distinguishing words became known as "surnames."

And so it was that in France the name "Drapier" was added to the given name of people engaged in making or dealing in "drap" or cloth as it was called in England.

It now appears that some of these French Drapiers entered England with William the Conqueror. The evidence that they did so is meager but convincing:

William the Conqueror entered England and defeated the English King, Edward the Confessor, October 14, 1066. But the English, though conquered, were far from subservient. In the Vale of York, now Yorkshire, the Conqueror met unusual resistance, and as a result he sent a detachment of his army there "in 1070 and laid waste to the whole Vale of York."[1]

After this, there were at least two prominent land owning families in Yorkshire bearing French surnames; they were the Maryons and the Drapiers. Of the Maryons, who later acquired the English surname of Stansfield, Thomas Waln-Morgan Draper has this to say:

---

[1] New Standard Encyclopedia, 1934.

> The Family of Stansfield, or Stansfeld, as anciently written, trace their descent from Wyon Maryon, the descendent of a noble line in Brittany and a companion-in-arms of William the Conqueror, who obtained from his Royal Master a grant of the extensive Township of Stansfield in the County of York, England, and assuming therefrom his surname, was the founder of this Family.[2]

If the French founder of the Stansfield family got his land in Yorkshire for helping to quell a rebellion there, it is a safe guess that the French Drapiers got their land in the same way. These families lived side by side in Yorkshire for centuries. Thomas Waln-Morgan Draper spent considerable time in England trying to compile a genealogical record of these people because he hoped to find his own ancestors among them. It was a difficult undertaking because, as he wrote in his book:

> In tracing of an American family back through the hazy past, to its first origin in the United States, and then following it through the dim and uncertain labyrinth of English records, is one of great difficulty. . . . It may be . . . be stated that, up to the reign of Queen Elizabeth (1558-1603), no records of a reliable nature were kept in the English parishes, of births, deaths, and marriages; but, about 1580 the Queen decreed that thereafter, all such records should be kept in an orderly manner.[3]

Although there were few genealogical records prior to 1580, there were records of deeds and wills affecting land titles. Land was the main source of wealth in England and in order to maintain clear titles to it, it was necessary to record both deeds and wills, and they now are very helpful in the spelling out of ancient family histories.

Deeds which show the gradual change of French names to English and which help to determine the original source of title and the close relationships between the Stansfields and the Drapiers appear below. The first was recorded in Yorkshire in 1415 and was abstracted by Thomas Waln-Morgan Draper as follows:

> William le Drapour, Chaplain, granted to Thomas Drapour, his brother, certain lands, etc., which he has of the feoffment of John Drapour, his brother.
>
> Witnesses:
>
> Rad'us de Stansfeld (Stansfield)
> Henry Savell de Cuppeley
> Thomas del Schagh
> Henry del Berg
> Richard de Wadsworth.[4]

---

[2] Drapers in America, op. cit., p. 11.

[3] Drapers in America, op. cit., p. 2.

[4] Drapers in America, op. cit., p. 11.

There are three striking features in the preceding deed: (1) All the names in the deed are of French or Continental origin; (2) The spelling of the name Drapier has become Drapour under English influence; (3) The land being conveyed was carved from "the feoffment of John Drapour."

To understand the nature of a "feoffment" it is necessary to know something of the feudal system of land tenure in Europe and especially in England. The basis of the whole system was the use of land which tenants held under overlords on condition of certain feudal services. The tenant might be bound to fight and furnish men to fight for his lord in time of war, or to yield to his lord other privileges too numerous to mention here.

The land thus granted to the tenant was called a "feud," or "fief" or a "fee," and the process by which it was acquired was called "enfeoffment." The deed above shows that John Drapour, or his ancestors, received the "feud" from some overlord by enfeoffment, because land acquired by enfeoffment usually passed from father to son by inheritance.

The fact that all the parties to said deed appear to be French, it seems fair to assume that the land being conveyed was derived from William the Conqueror, just as the land of the Stansfields was acquired.

The next deed shows a Drapier conveying his "inheritance" to another Drapier, with two Stansfields as witnesses, as follows:

1429-30. John Rawlyn Drapur quitclaimed to Thomas Drapur his inheritance in Brodebotham Burlees in Wadsworth.

Witnesses:
Hugh de Kyghley
Rudolphus de Stansfelde
John de Stansfelde and others.

Two subsequent entries show the Stansfields and the Drapers holding similar offices in Heptonstall, and two Stansfields giving bond to a Draper to keep some covenant made to him:

Thomas Stansfeld was Head Greve of Sowerby, 18th Henry VII (1502-3, and in the 22d year of the following reign (1530-1), the wife of Thomas Drapar was Greve for lands in Marshelvay and help from Christopher Fielde, John Drapar and others.

On the 29th May, 6th Henry VIII (1515) Jacobus Stansfeld, nup'de Stansfield, in the Parish of Heptonstall, in com. Ebor generosus, was bound to Henry Drapar in 40 pounds to keep covenant.

The next two deeds show a Draper acquiring property from a Stansfield upon which to build textile miles for the making and fulling of cloth, the business from which the Drapers took their name in France:

> James Stansfeld . . . surrendered a parcell of land within the course of the water of Calder, and certain attachments of a mill pool for a fulling mill . . . to the use of Henry Draper, of Wadsworth. Aug. 21, 1515. Court Roll.
>
> 1517 . . . (Deed from) James Stansfeld . . . to Henry Draper . . . granting a parcel of ground . ..whereon to build one or two walk milus (mills) and to attach a mill dam, etc. Also liberty to carry away, all stone, and timber necessary from the closes of said James.[5]

The last two entries above, together with the two following show that the name Drapier reached its final form of spelling in England as "Draper":

> James Stansfield & Isabell, his wife, are declared debtors for 26s, 8d, in will of John Draper, of Heptonstall. May 21, 1561.[6]

James Draper married Miriam Stansfield April 21, 1626. (Shown in Heptonstall record of marriages.)[7]

The history of the Puritan Drapers in America begins with James and Miriam Stansfield Draper, and the history of the Drapers of Utah, as shown at the beginning of this study, began with Thomas and Lydia Rogers Draper, who died in Canada near the beginning of the 19th century. Research carried on since 1933 indicates that said Thomas Draper is a direct descendent of James and Miriam Stansfield Draper.

If that fact is established the Utah Drapers may trace their recorded lineage to Thomas and Grace Newhall Draper of Heptonstall, Yorkshire, England. This Thomas, hereafter, will be designated as Thomas I. He was born about 1554.

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[5] Drapers in America, pp. 12-13.

[6] Drapers in America, p. 13.

[7] Ibid., p. 6.

Chapter Three

THOMAS DRAPER I AND HIS ENGLISH DESCENDANTS

Thomas Draper I was born at Heptonstall, England, about 1554. His will was presented there for probate October 6, 1603, so he must have died shortly before that. He married Grace Newhall (date of birth and marriage not known). She was buried at Heptonstall June 21, 1600.

Heptonstall and its environs were visited and explored by Thomas Waln-Morgan Draper, author of *The Drapers in America,* about 1890. He described what he saw — and stated what he learned, as follows:

> The native place of the Drapers and Stansfields is a village and Parochial Chapelry in Halifax Parish, West Riding, Yorkshire, England.
>
> The village stands on a bleak eminence, adjacent to River Hebden . . . and eight miles W. by N. of Halifax, and has a post-office under Manchester . . . The Chapelry includes also the hamlets of Erringden, Langfield, Stansfield and Wadsworth. . . . A decrease in population has been caused by depression in hand-loom weaving. . . . Much of the land is moor and common. There are silk, cotton and cotton-spinning manufactories. The living is a perpetual Curacy in the Diocese of Ripon. . . . Patron, the Vicar of Halifax. . . . There are Chapels for Baptists and Wesleyans, a grammar school and several small charities.
>
> Such is the description of the old village (Heptonstall) as it now exists. In the days when James and Miriam left there for the New World, it was a market town of some importance. Now it is a sleepy village.
>
> There are many descendants of the two families, Draper and Stansfield, living in and near there, and it is curious to note that the old christian names are still retained for their children, and that many of them are still dissenters, as were the old Puritans. To this day, in the village of Heptonstall, there is a "Drapers Lane," and formerly all the land on either side of it was the property of our ancestors.[1]

The most comprehensive record of Thomas I and his Yorkshire descendants was found by Clarence Almon Torrey, Ph. B. or Dorchester, Mass.

It had been supposed by Thomas Waln-Morgan Draper that Thomas I was born about 1590 and that James Draper, the Puritan, was his son,[2] but Mr. Torrey discovered that James was his grandson, and by deductions from the Yorkshire records he arrived at about 1554 as the year in which Thomas I was born.

---

[1] Introduction to "The Drapers in America," op. cit.

[2] The Drapers in America, op. cit., p. 2.

Mr. Torrey's summary of the records and his comments follow:

> Thomas Draper (I) made his will at Heptonstall, Yorkshire, June 21, 1603, which was proved (probated) October 6, 1603. He married Grace Newhall, daughter of James Newhall. She was buried June 21, 1600. He was buried July 9, 1603.
>
> They had the following children, exact order not known:
>
> William b. ....; m. Grace Mychell (Mitchell) Aug. 29, 1603
> Grace b. ....; m. Sept. 26, 1603, John Crabtree (?)
> Abraham b. ....; buried Mar. 31, 1613
> Thomas b. ....; probably died unmarried
>
> William Draper (first-named above), son of Thomas and Grace Newhall Draper, married Grace Mitchell, August 29, 1603, at Heptonstall, Yorkshire, England. She is mentioned in his will, dated March 4, 1634, and probably survived him. He was buried October 10, 1635.
>
> (Their children baptized at Heptonstall):
>
> Grace, Sept. 1, 1604, m. Apr. 12, 1630, Michael Helliwell
> Thomas, June 22, 1606, m. Dec. 10, 1627, Susan Horsfall
> William, June 30, 1608, m. Sept. 24, 1633, Helen Wood, buried Dec. 26, 1636.
> John, Aug. 5, 1610
> Mary, Sept. 18, 1614, m. Nov. 13, 1645, Richard Denby
> Susan, Oct. 17, 1619, m. June 14, 1641, Luke Denby
> James, July 28, 1622, m. April 21, 1646, Miriam Stansfield, who died about 1700/1.[3]

The time of birth of both Thomas I and William I, his son, is missing, but this data is supplied with reasonably certainty by Mr. Torrey, as follows:

> William was married August 29, 1603, and the average age of marriage being about 24, he was born about 1578. If Thomas was 24 when William was born, then Thomas was born about 1554.[4]

Thus, the first links in this ancestral line appear to be: Thomas I, ancestor, William I, his son, and James 1, his grandson. (The year 1603, in which Thomas I died and William I married, becomes significant as explained in Chapter V.)

The record discloses nothing about the occupation, social status, or religion of these men but it may be assumed that they were land owners, interested in making and dealing in cloth, and that they belonged to the Church of England. King Henry VIII established this church during his reign and made it the administrator of a state religion, the tenets of which were also dictated by him.

---

[3] The American Genealogist, Vol. 15, pp. 236-42.

[4] The American Genealogist, op. cit.

During the reign of his daughter, Queen Elizabeth, England reached the status of a great world power. Riches in great abundance were reaped from the New World, and by 1603, America began to be viewed as a place where everybody could throw off a yoke of one kind or another. The Church of England had grown arrogant and worldly to the extent that its lowly communicants and even its pastors began to doubt, and to express doubt, as to its piety and purity. Doubt grew into conviction, and conviction found expression in action. Dissidents began to organize and call themselves Puritans.

This aroused the ire of the Church and brought about restrictive action against, and persecution of, the heretics. To gain more freedom, some of them fled to Holland, but even here they did not find the freedom they hoped for. The beckoning New World lured them to face the wilderness of America, and its savages, in preference to the indignities they suffered at home.

Those who remained in England continued to rebel in the face of persecution. The Reverend John Lathrop was a notable example of courageous rebellion. He not only excoriated the Church, but also headed the First Independent Church of England in 1623, as its first pastor. For this, he was jailed and later banished from England. He, too, found asylum in America, with thirty-two members of his congregation.

It was at this time that James Draper I was born. He became a dissenter and soon after marriage to Miriam Stansfield, in 1646, they joined the Puritans, who, by this time, were fairly well established in Massachusetts. No record has come to my attention of any other Draper settling in America as a Puritan. It is assumed, therefore, that any Draper, in America, claiming Puritan ancestry, is a descendant of James and Miriam Stansfield Draper.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE PURITAN DRAPERS IN AMERICA

In his book, *The Drapers in America*, the author states that the Mormon Drapers interviewed by him in Utah about 1891 claimed to be of Puritan descent.[1]

It may be added here that they claim that an English yeoman, named Thomas Draper, was their first known ancestor in England. The only evidence brought to Utah with them to support this claim was an ancient dress suit brought with them from Canada. In the sleeve lining of said coat, marked in indelible ink, appeared the following inscription: "T D Y 1603." With this marking goes a well established legend that TDY stands for "Thomas Draper, yeoman," and "1603" is the year in which said outfit was made for him. Further legend says the suit was handed down — father to son — and brought to America by a Puritan descendant about one hundred years before Thomas and Lydia Rogers Draper were born.[2]

It seems significant that James and Miriam Stansfield Draper are the only known Puritan Drapers who ever settled in America, and that an English landowner, or yeoman, named Thomas Draper was the first known ancestor in England of James Draper. He was born about 1554 and he had a son named William who was married in 1603,[3] which would seem to be reason enough for Thomas, or his son William, to get a new dress suit. The fact that the suit reached America is likewise significant, for no other Puritan than James Draper could have brought it.

If, in addition to the foregoing facts and circumstances, the parents of Thomas Draper (who married Lydia Rogers) can be found among the descendants of James and Miriam Stansfield Draper, then it must conclusively appear that the two yeomen described above are one and the same person and that the Puritan Drapers of Massachusetts and the Mormon Drapers of Utah have a common ancestry.

A brief run-down of the descendants of James and Miriam discloses a great-grandson named Thomas, who could very well be the Thomas Draper who married Lydia Rogers. Examine the charts following:

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[1] The Drapers in America of cit., page 239.

[2] The author of this book saw and handled said suit many times between 1907 and 1955 when it was accidentally destroyed.

[3] See Chapter 2, supra.

JAMES AND MIRIAM DRAPER

James Draper was born at Heptonstall on July 28, 1622. He married Miriam Stansfield on April 21, 1646. After their first child was born and subsequently died, they migrated to America and settled at Roxbury in Massachusetts, where James became a large landowner and a manufacturer of cloth in the manner of his ancestors in Yorkshire. He died in July of 1697, and Miriam died in 1701. There follows a record of their children:

Children of James and Miriam Draper[4]

NAME	BORN	PLACE	DIED	PLACE
Miriam II	Feb. 7, 1647	Heptonstall, Eng.	ca. Feb. 7, 1647	Heptonstall
Susanna II	ca. 1650	Roxbury, Mass.		
Sarah I	ca., 1652	Roxbury, Mass.		
James II	ca. 1654	Roxbury, Mass.	Apr. 30, 1697	Roxbury
John II	Apr. 24, 1656	Dedham, Mass.	Apr. 5, 1749	Dedham
Moses I	Sept. 5, 1663	Dedham, Mass.	Aug. 14, 1693	Boston
Daniel I	May 30, 1665	Dedham, Mass.		Dedham
Patience I	Aug. 16, 1668	Roxbury, Mass.		
Jonathan I	Mar. 10, 1670	Roxbury, Mass.	Feb. 28, 1747	Newton, Mass.

Except for Miriam, all the above-named children constitute the first generation of Puritan Drapers born in America. If Thomas Draper, ancestor of the Utah Drapers, was of Puritan descent, he has to be, of necessity, a descendant of one of James' sons. All available evidence leads to the conclusion that he could have descended through no other than the last son, Johnathan.

JONATHAN AND SARAH JACKSON DRAPER

Jonathan married Sarah Jackson about 1702 when he was thirty-two years of age. She was born in 1680 and was ten years younger than Jonathan. He died on February 28, 1747 at Newton, Massachusetts, while living with one of his sons, Thomas II, named below. Sarah preceded Jonathan in death. There follows a record of their children:

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[4] Chart compiled from data in *Drapers in America*, p. 20, and *Vital Records of Newton*, published by the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, pp. 56, 273, 441. See also *American Genealogist*, Vol. 15, pp. 236-242. (Roman numerals after the names indicate first usage and repetition of usage of names in the Draper line.)

Children of Jonathan and Sarah Jackson Draper[5]

NAME	BORN	PLACE	DIED	PLACE
Jonathan II	Oct. 29, 1703	Roxbury, Mass.		
David I	Sept. 27, 1706	Roxbury, Mass.		
Thomas II	Mar. 14, 1709	Roxbury, Mass.	1769	Newton, Mass.
Samuel I	June 14, 1713	Roxbury, Mass.	June 14, 1744	Newton, Mass.
Sarah I	Mar. 14, 1717	Roxbury, Mass.		
Moses III	Aug. 11, 1721	Roxbury, Mass.	Jan. 21, 1775	Newton, Mass.

Thomas II, shown above, with whom his father, Jonathan, lived at the time of the latter's death, inherited a hundred acres of land at Newton from his father, who, in his turn, had inherited it before from his father, James.

Thomas II married Relief Hyde in about 1731, and by her had an unusually large family of children, all born at Newton, Massachusetts. Relief died at Newton in 1758, and Thomas died there in 1769. A list of their children follows:

Children of Thomas II and Relief Hyde Draper[6]

NAME	BORN	DIED	PLACE	MARRIED
Thomas III	Oct. 30, 1732	Nov. 29, 1738	Newton, Mass.	Ann Worllyleek on Apr. 8, 1757
John III	Dec. 17, 1733			
Aaron I	Mar. 15, 1735			Mary Fisher on Feb. 21, 1760
Sarah III	Dec. 7, 1736			
Moses IV	May 26, 1738	Dec. 4, 1738	Newton, Mass.	
Thomas IV	Dec. 19, 1739			
Abigail IV	June 2, 1741		Newton, Mass.	Ens. John Baker Feb.23, 1762 at Newton
Phoebe I	Oct. 27, 1742	1751	Newton, Mass.[7]	
Elizabeth V	Mar. 26, 1744			
Catherine 1	Nov. 29, 1745	Sept. 29, 1748		1764 at Newton
William IV	June 1, 1747	Sept. 29, 1748	Newton, Mass.	
Anna I	July 28, 1749			
Rebecca I	Sept. 6, 1750	Mar. 11, 1751	Newton, Mass.	
William V	May 7, 1752	1755	Newton, Mass.	
Rebecca II	May 7, 1752		Newton, Mass.	

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[5] See *Drapers in America*, pp. 179-80.

[6] *Drapers in America*, 1892, p. 180; *Vital Records of Newton*, pp. 236-242, published by New England Historical and Geanealogical Society, 1905.

[7] Phoebe and Rebecca died of "throat distemper." *Vital Records of Newton*, supra.

The foregoing charts reveal some interesting facts which offer evidence that Lydia Rogers married Thomas IV named in the last chart above.

It may be noted that Massachusetts kept more nearly perfect vital records than any of the original colonies, and these records have been carefully copied, compiled, and published by the New England Historical Society from earliest colonial times up until 1850. Such records are generally so complete and accurate that when a family is shown to be established in a particular town evidenced by entries of marriages, birth, and deaths of its members, the disappearance of a given member from the records of that town is almost conclusive evidence that such member moved elsewhere.

From the last chart preceding, it may be seen that both Thomas and Relief Hyde Draper died at Newton; that their sons, John and Aaron, moved to Roxbury, that all of their other sons, with the exception of Thomas IV, died at Newton. No entry concerning the latter, except that of his birth, was made after 1739. It may be assumed, therefore, that he left Newton, unmarried, and settled elsewhere. The best deduction that can be made from all available facts and circumstances is that Thomas IV went to western Massachusetts and then into New York before 1769, where many of his kinfolk had been migrating since 1743.[8]

One of the first significant facts is that there were only six Thomas Drapers of Puritan descent born in America between 1647, when James and Miriam settled at Roxbury, and 1855, when Thomas Waln-Morgan Draper, author of *The Drapers in America*, was born. This number, in any case, was all that could be counted by Thomas Waln-Morgan Draper, who were descendants of James and Miriam Stansfield Draper. He found that the Mormon Drapers in Utah claimed to be of Puritan origin and descendants of a Thomas Draper and Lydia Rogers Draper, but apparently seeing no connection in his brief interview with one or two of their living descendants in Utah, he listed them briefly in his book under the heading of "Utah Drapers."[9] No doubt it never occurred to him to determine the number of Puritan Drapers who were named "Thomas" in honor of their first-known ancestor named "Thomas" at Heptonstall, England. Had the author made such a study he would have seen that James and Miriam did not name any of their sons "Thomas," and that only James and Jonathan of their sons ever used the name. The following is the list of all "Thomases" found by Thomas Waln-Morgan Draper:[10]

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[8] See *Drapers in America*, 1892, pp. 34-62, and any general history of the United States.

[9] See *Drapers in America*, 1892, p. 259.

FATHER	SON	BORN	PLACE	MARRIED	DIED
Jonathan	Thomas	Mar.14, 1709	Roxbury, Mass.	Relief Hyde	1769
John (son of James II)	Thomas W.	June 26, 1732	Roxbury, Mass.	Lydia Cheney	
Thomas II (son of Jonathan)	Thomas	Oct. 30, 1732	Newton, Mass.		1738
Thomas II (son of Jonathan)	Thomas	Dec. 19, 1739	Newton, Mass.		
(descendant of James II)	Thomas W. M.	Mar. 12, 1855	New York City	Jeanne Gould	

Only one Thomas in the above list is not disposed of by death or marriage to someone other than Lydia Rogers. The record is silent as to what became of Thomas Draper, born December 19, 1739. Because of completeness and accuracy of the records kept at Newton, it must be assumed that this Thomas left Newton, and as there is no record of him in any other Massachusetts town after his birth, it may further be assumed that he left the state. He attained the age of twenty-one years on December 19, 1760, and westward immigration was in full swing at that time. It would be perfectly in accord with the times if he should be found in New York state in the 1760's.

There was a Thomas Draper claiming Puritan descent in New York at that time, and as far as records at this time show, no one knew where he came from. But if he was of Puritan descent his roots had to be in Massachusetts. He was the husband of Lydia Rogers and the father of a child born January 22, 1769. The Thomas of Newton was a good age (twenty-nine years) to be the father of that child, and in view of facts and circumstances already related and of those to follow, he was its father and the husband of Lydia Rogers.

The following facts and circumstances lend more weight to the conclusions just reached:

1. All of the children of Thomas II and Relief Hyde Draper had ample incentive to leave Newton between 1758 and 1769. Many deaths had occurred in this family between 1738, when their first son died, and 1758, when Relief herself died. No doubt a great physical and financial burden was placed upon Thomas II by the great amount of sickness and the loss of all of his sons by death or marriage. There was no farm upon which to work, for his father had sold it and married again.

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[10] These Thomases appear, in the order named, in *The Drapers in America*, 1892, pp. 180, 146, 181, and 72.

2. He had relatives going west continually after 1743, giving him plenty of incentive to strike out for himself and follow them.

3. The names of Lydia's children and those of her descendants were to a large extent the names of the Newton Drapers: Thomas, William, and Rebecca were repeated twice in the same family. Lydia named her first two sons Thomas and William respectively. Moses, Phoebe, and Rebecca, names from the family of Thomas II and Relief, found favor among Lydia's descendants. Also from other kinfolk of her husband came the following names which were favored by her descendants: James, Ira, Olive, Roxanna, Albert, Asa, Chloe, Julia Ann, Emmeline, Joel, Riley, and Marvin.

It is now more than three centuries since the Puritan Drapers came to America, and about a century and a half since Thomas and Lydia died in Canada. During the first century, the immigrants clung close to the Atlantic seaboard, after which many of them plunged into the great western wilderness and became lost to their eastern kin. As pioneers they lived in the present and the future. They had no time to look back or to make genealogical records. Thomas Waln-Morgan Draper had cause to bemoan this fact when he was putting so much time, effort, and money into the compiling of a record of the Drapers in America. In a footnote to his book he wrote, "In reference to the descendants of Gideon Draper,[11] the author desires to say, that they have become so widely scattered, and the majority are so indifferent to genealogical matters, that it has been with the utmost difficulty that any connecting lines could be established."[12]

The same remark could be made regarding the descendants of Thomas and Lydia Rogers Draper, but now that their genealogical lines have been established, their stories too can be told.

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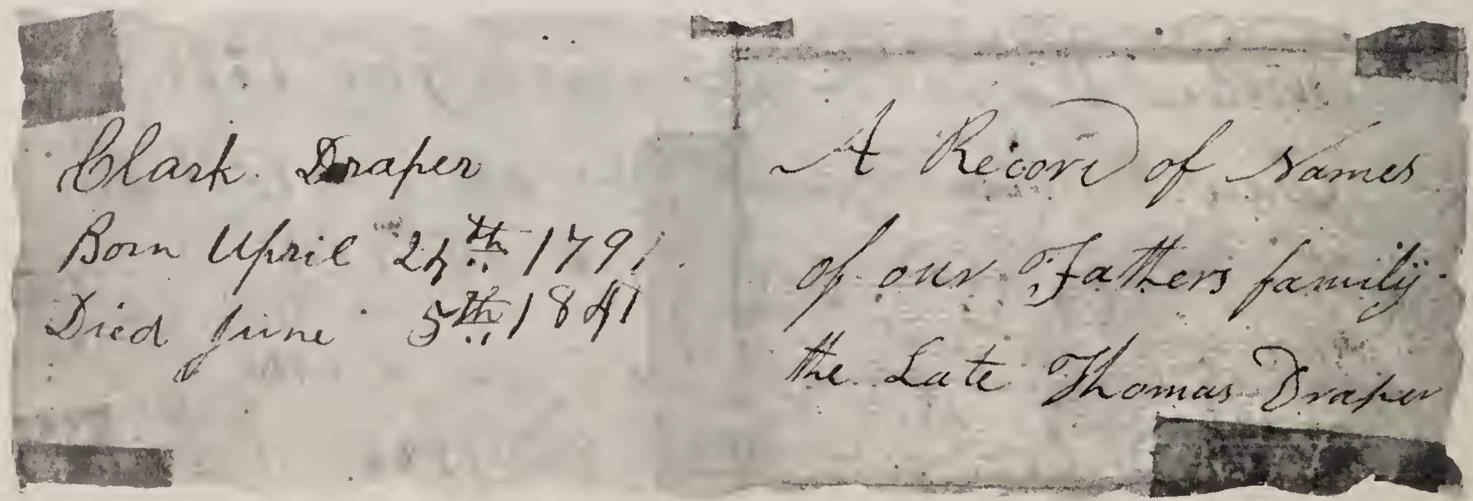
[11] Gideon was the first Draper to reach New York.

[12] *Drapers in America,* p. 119.



Clark Draper
Born April 24th 1791
Died June 5th 1841

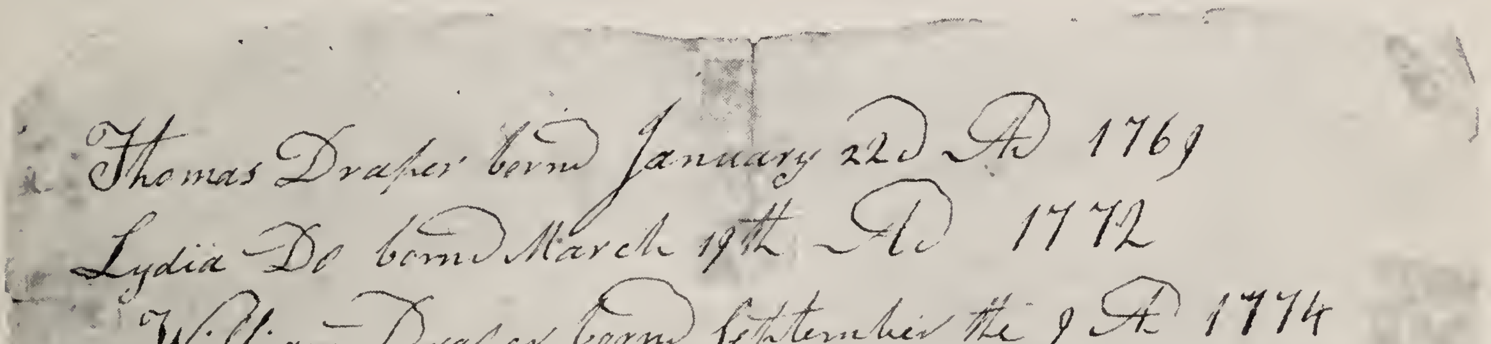
A Record of Names
of our Fathers family
the Late Thomas Draper

CHAPTER FIVE

THOMAS AND LYDIA ROGERS DRAPER

It now appears reasonably certain that Thomas Draper, ancestor of the first Mormon Drapers, was born December 19, 1739, at Newton, Massachusetts. He was not far from there in 1769 when a child was born to him and Lydia Rogers, his wife, in the Hudson River Valley in New York state.

A complete and accurate list of the names and birth-dates of all the children of Thomas and Lydia was made by their son, David Clark Draper, sometime before he died at Kirtland in 1841, but for some reason he failed to record the birthplace of any of them. Nevertheless, it has been very helpful in clearing up disputed facts in the family concerning the order in which the children were born as well as the dates when they were born. See the photostats below:



Thomas Draper born January 22d AD 1769
Lydia Do born March 19th AD 1772
William Draper born September the 9 AD 1774
Care Do born December the 6th AD 1776
Mercy Draper born Apriel the 1st AD 1778
Patience Do born January the 6th year of 1781
Olive Do born Sept the 2d AD 1783
Mary Do born March the 17th AD 1786
Clark Do born Apriel the 24 AD 1791
Joel & Lucretia Draper born August 22d 1795

The conclusion that Thomas and Lydia were in the Hudson Valley during the first years of their married life is deduced from the historical facts stated in Chapter 4, and a record of the birthplace of their third child, William, which is given as "Little Nine Partners," Dutchess County, New York.[1] The odd name, "Little Nine Partners" was given to one of the many tracts of land granted by the English Crown or Colonial governors to influential colonial groups or individuals who held the land for speculation, and not to be given for a nominal price to poor immigrants seeking cheap lands for permanent settlement.

Sometime later it seems that they drifted into Pennsylvania. Indeed, it may be that they thought they were in Pennsylvania before they got out of New York. Boundary lines were very uncertain in the western wilderness until after the Revolutionary War.

Massachusetts claimed that her western border reached to the Hudson river. Connecticut claimed that her western border extended to the Pacific Ocean, including all the northern portion of Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania resisted such claims.

A glance at a map of the United States will show that the north boundary line of Pennsylvania is the 42nd parallel[2] until it reaches the Delaware river. If it had continued along that line to Connecticut, most of that part of New York forming a triangle between Pennsylvania and Connecticut would have been a part of Pennsylvania, including Dutchess County where William Draper Sr. was born. None of the original colonies were sure of their western boundaries until long after the Revolutionary War.

It is quite likely, therefore, that early emigrants moving into that raw and unmarked wilderness thought themselves to be in Pennsylvania when they were in fact in New York.

Thomas and Lydia were undoubtedly in the Wyoming Valley of Pennsylvania, for Zemira Draper, their grandson, made a record in which he speaks of Luzerne, Wyoming, and Susquehanna County in Pennsylvania. But they could hardly have been there until after 1779,[3] especially in Luzerne County which is in the Wyoming Valley, because most of the inhabitants were slaughtered or driven out of there in 1778 by Indians with the help of the English. If the Drapers had been there and escaped, certainly the memories of it would have become a legend among their descendants.

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[1] *Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah,* p. 848, published 1914. One of its sponsors was Apostle Amasa M. Lyman of the L. D. S. Church.

[2] Incidentally, it is interesting to note that the 42nd parallel forms a part of the northern border of Utah.

[3] See *Western Expansion,* 3rd printing, 1952, p. 95; also *Encyclopedia Americana,* Vol. 22, pp. 531-532.

Assuming that Thomas and Lydia moved into the Wyoming Valley about 1780, the record begins to take on certainty after that date. They remained in the valley until about 1790, when news of the opening to settlement of the Mohawk Valley in northern New York reached them. It contained much better agricultural land than the Wyoming Valley, which is devoted more to coal production than to agriculture.

They reached and settled at Rome, New York either in the fall of 1790 or in the spring of 1791. Up to 1790, three sons and five daughters had been born to them. The sons were all alive at that time, but the status of the daughters at that time is unknown. Thomas Jr. was married and probably living apart from the family.

These facts are mentioned to show that the family was listed in the first census ever taken in the United States. The only Thomas with a family listed in New York was a Thomas Draper and his family at Watervliet, a town less than one hundred miles from Rome, New York.

They were enumerated as follows:

Males, including heads of family:

Sixteen years or over	3
Males under sixteen	1
Females (no age stated) including heads of family	5

Comparing this data with known facts concerning the family of Thomas and Lydia Rogers Draper, we find the following males whose ages were as follows:

Thomas, the father, age	51
Thomas, Jr.	21
William	16

which is exactly three males, including the head of the family, sixteen years or over.

Males under 16: Carr, age 14. This also fits the census description.

Females in the family including the head of the family were five in number according to the census. But there were six females in the family of Thomas and Lydia, including Lydia. They were:

Lydia, the mother, age about	46
Lydia, daughter	18
Mercy, daughter	12
Patience, daughter	9

Olive, daughter	7
Mary, daughter	6

Lydia, the daughter, might have been married and not at home when the census was taken; or if not, one of the other daughters had died before 1790. There can be no doubt that the family enumerated was the family of Thomas and Lydia and it was one of the big thrills that came to the author in making this discovery, for it is another proof that the Thomas Draper born December 19, 1739 at Newton, Massachusetts is the same Thomas who married Lydia Rogers, for there is no evidence that he was dead in 1790 and no other Thomas Draper appeared in the census elsewhere.

Careful study of the 1790 U.S. census disclosed only one Thomas in eight northern states, comprising all of New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, and that was the Thomas and family described above.

Furthermore, as shown in Chapter 4, only four Puritan males named Thomas were born in America from the time James and Miriam came to America until the first census was taken in 1790. They were (1) Thomas who married Relief Hyde. He died in October, 1769. (2) A son of Thomas and Relief who died November 28, 1738, (3) Another son of the same couple who was still alive in 1790, and (4) A son of John Draper who married Lydia Cheney and had but one child, and who could not, therefore, have been the Thomas enumerated at Watervliet, in New York.[4]

The following year Thomas and Lydia reached Rome and settled there. On April 24, 1795 Lydia presented Thomas with twins — Lucretia and Joel. This completed their family. Thomas was then fifty-six years old and Lydia could hardly have been more than fifty, for women seldom have children after that age. She was probably a little younger.

Sometime after the twins were born (exact time not known), they moved to Canada and settled near Kingston. What persuaded them to move again can only be surmised. Their son William did not go with them. He married at Rome in 1794 and apparently was bound to stay there. All the rest of the children went along.

It is just possible that their eldest son, Thomas Jr., led the way. He married a girl named Brown but the marriage failed. He, therefore, may have been restless and unsettled. Kingston was not far away and, being an old city by this time, it could have drawn him to it. If he liked the country, he was not so far away that he could not return and fire the imagination of the family with stories of a richer life than could be found in the raw country of the Mohawk Valley. This supposition may be far from actuality, but the fact is that they did move there and settled on a lake that still bears the name "Draper Lake."

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[4] See *Drapers in America*, pp. 146, 180, 181, and *Vital Records of Newton*, under Drapers.

Before this study was begun, there were those who hinted that Thomas and Lydia were Tories and moved to Canada to escape the Revolutionary War, but it can now be seen that all their children were born in the United States, the last being born at Rome in 1795, at which time the war was long since over. It was land that pulled them like a magnet. Thomas and Lydia remained in Canada until they died and possibly all their descendants would have done the same if it had not been for Brigham Young and other missionaries who fired their imaginations with hope of a new heaven on earth and exaltation in worlds to come.

Lydia died in April, 1807, but Thomas seems to have lived on until about 1817. The stories of their descendants are more specific and will fill the remainder of the book. The record of the family as made by David Clark Draper, appearing above, is repeated here with some additional data:

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED
1. Thomas Draper	Jan. 22, 1769 Probably in Dutchess Co., N.Y.	Before reaching Utah	1. .... Brown 2. Mary Mosier
2. Lydia	Mar. 19, 1772 Dutchess Co.,N.Y.		
3. William	Sept. 9, 1774 Little Nine Partners Dutchess Co., N.Y.	Dec. 24, 1854	1. Lydia Lathrop 2. Mary Mosier
4. Carson (Carr)	Dec. 6, 1776 Dutchess, Co., N.Y.	After Kirtland in Canada	Mary Seager
5. Mercy	Apr. 1, 1778 New York or Pennsylvania	New York or Pennsylvania	
6. Patience	Jan. 6, 1781 Pennsylvania	Probably Pennsylvania	
7. Olive	Sept. 7, 1783 Pennsylvania	Probably Pennsylvania	
8. Mary	Mar. 17, 1786 Pennsylvania	Probably Pennsylvania	
9. David Clark	Apr. 24, 1791 at Rome, N.Y.	1841 at Kirtland, Ohio	Mary German
10. Lucretia 11. Joel (twins)	Aug. 27, 1795 at Rome, N.Y.	Probably Canada	

CHAPTER SIX

THOMAS JR. AND MARY MOSIER DRAPER

When Thomas and Lydia Rogers Draper recorded the name and birthdate of their first child, Thomas Jr., it was destined to become the first recorded date in the history of their family that has ever been found in the possession of any of their descendants. That date is January 22, 1769.

So few records were made, or preserved by these early Drapers, that what is written about them now must, in large part, be deductions based upon fact and circumstances which surrounded them in their life times, and upon legends and scraps of information picked up here and there from unexpected sources.

It has been assumed by some of the descendants of Thomas Jr., that he was born in Canada, but an unsolicited letter to me from Mr. F. C. Foster, dated December 11, 1933, shows rather conclusively that such is not the case. The letter says:

> If you should run across in your investigations, any of the descendants of the Thomas Draper who went west with the Mormons with his brother, William, and his sister, Lydia, this information may be of some value, which I just learned today, and that is: That this Thomas Draper was married twice and his first wife's name was Brown. She left him and after that he went to Canada and married there, and if he took a wife with him when he left for Utah, it was his second wife, whose name I have not learned.

This information is of great value because it helps to strengthen other deductions made concerning the family as a whole. It shows that he was not born in Canada. It explains why his marriage to Mary Mosier came rather late, and it strengthens the assumption made in a previous chapter that it was he who induced his parents to leave Rome, New York and migrate to Canada.

We now know that his second wife was Mary Mosier who was born August 14, 1785 in Upper Canada. Leona F. Forsgren, her great-great granddaughter furnished the following bit in information:

> There is a legend among our people that my mother's grandmother, my great grandmother (that would be this same Mary Mosier) was a half-breed Indian from the Northern Nation of Canada.

From this it now appears that her mother was an indigenous American and that her father was a Canadian Frenchman, for the name Mosier like the name Drapier is of French origin. It may be assumed, also, that she married Thomas about 1806, because their first child was born May 6, 1807.

Remembering that Thomas went into Canada as a stranger, it would seem that he was there a year or so before he found Mary and became well enough acquainted with her to ask her to marry him. So from this it may be deduced that he moved to Canada at about the turn of the century, and as his parents were still in Rome, New York, in 1795 when their twins were born; it is a good guess that they, too, moved to Canada about 1800.[1]

The year 1807 was eventful in the life of Thomas and Lydia Rogers Draper. Lydia died in February of that year. Thomas and Mary Mosier Draper had their first child May 6, 1807, and William and Lydia Lathrop came up to Canada from Rome, New York, to be near Lydia Rogers in her last illness where they were compelled to remain until Lydia Lathrop Draper had her sixth child, April 24, 1807.

Thomas and Mary Mosier Draper had a family of ten children, all born in Ontario, Canada, as follows:

NAME	BORN	MARRIED	DIED	PLACE
Lovina	May 6, 1807	Cornelius VanLeuven	Jan. 14, 1867	Springville, Utah
Mary V.	May 20, 1810	Alex Vallier	Aug. 25, 1885	
Ruth	July 25, 1812	Lewis Vallier		
Hannah	Nov. 5, 1815	Rufus Park		
Reuben	Apr. 1, 1818			
Susanna	Aug. 24, 1820	William G. Palmer (son of Phoebe Draper Palmer)		
Hyrum	Jan. 4, 1823			
Jane	June 7, 1825	Newman Bulkley	Dec. 22, 1883	Sevier County
Ira	June 2, 1828		June 8, 1889	
Job	Aug. 2, 1830			

In 1833-34 this entire family joined the Mormon Church and emigrated to Kirtland, Ohio. Sometime thereafter (date and place unknown) Thomas died, after which it is believed that his widow married a man named Carey because it is reported by her descendants and other Drapers that she was known to them as Mary Mosier Draper and also as Mary Mosier Carey.

There was a man named William Carey and his wife who lived in the same house with William Draper Jr. at Log Creek, Missouri in 1838 who might have married Mary Mosier Draper provided that her husband, Thomas Draper, died before 1838. If she did marry this William Carey, she was made a widow again in Missouri.

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[1] F. C. Foster gives 1800 as the year the family moved to Canada.

In his own journal, William Draper had the following to say about William Carey and "the widow Carey":

> On the first night in camp (Oct. 28, 1838) four of our brethren, who were prisoners in the camp, were allowed to come to the City, with a brother by the name of William Carey, who lived in the house with me, an old acquaintance whom I had baptized in Canada some three years previous. They brought him in on a board with his skull broken, . . . He died the next day.

Following this, all the Saints in Missouri were threatened with extermination unless they left the state. Destruction of property and killing and scattering of their animals were constantly taking place. After having most of his cows and oxen killed, William wrote:

> I returned to the City, borrowing the widow Carey's team to move us back home, on condition that I would take her with us and keep her and team until she could leave the State.

The widow Carey might have been Mary Mosier Draper. However, that may be, William Draper and his father, William Sr., seem to have felt responsible for Mary after her husband died, for after William Sr. became a widower in 1846, he married her in 1848 and brought her to Utah. They settled in Draper, Utah. William died in 1854. It is likely that Mary joined her daughter, Lovina, at Springville after William's death. But this is conjecture. Some of her descendants think she is buried at Draper, Utah, and at least one thinks that she is buried at Springville. She enjoyed all the happiness of being a member of a new church and she suffered all the abuse and hardships heaped upon its members.

As many of the descendants of the children of Thomas and Mary Mosier Draper as can be found appear below:

Children of Lovina Draper and Cornelius Van Leuven[2]

NAME	BORN	PLACE	DIED	PLACE
Lydia	Abt. Nov. 28, 1824	Canada	Infant	Canada
Thomas VIII	" 1826	"	"	"
Mary	" 1828	"	"	"
Hyrum	" 1830	"		(Married Ellen Bennett)
Eunice	" 1832			
Sidney	" 1834	Kirtland (?)		
Brigham	" 1836	" "		

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[2] Cornelius was born August 22, 1805 in Ontario, Canada, and died at Springville, Utah, July 12, 1886. Data from records of Zabina Draper Durfee.

NAME	BORN	PLACE	DIED	PLACE
Dunham	Jan. 13, 1838	” ”	July 4, ...	(Married Anna Larsen)
Adam	Abt. 1840			
Calvin	Jan. 1, 1843	Pike Co., Ill.	June 1, 1906	(Married Junetta Blanchard
Joel	Abt. 1844			
Hannah	Abt. 1846			
Newman	Abt. Nov. 24, 1848	Atchison Co., Missouri	Oct. 14, 1919	(Married Marie Durfee)

Children of Jane Draper and Newman Bulkley

NAME	BORN	PLACE	DIED	PLACE
Lovina Jane	Feb. 13, 1887	Springville, Utah		

(No other information concerning this couple.)

Children of Lovina Jane and Moses Franklin Farnsworth

NAME	BORN	PLACE	DIED	PLACE
Moses F., Jr.	June 13, 1887	Springville, Utah		
Lovina Jane	May 30,	Ephraim, Utah		
Leona Medora	March 27, 1891	Manti, Utah		
Elmira	July 16, 1895	” ”		
Roxanna	Sept. 7, 1897	” ”		
Lawrence Carey	March 2, 1901	” ”		

Children of Ira and Mary Van Leuven Draper

NAME	BORN	DIED	PLACE	PLACE
Amburs Evit	Nov. 25, 1850	Lindon, Atchison Co., Missouri	April 28, 1917	Aurora, Utah

Ira and Mary Van Leuven Draper were cousins. They were both born in Canada but they married at Lindon, Atchison County, Missouri, about 1849, where Amburs Evit was born. Soon after they came west and settled at San Bernardino, California.

It appears that in 1853-54 when Amburs was only three years old, a call came from the Church authorities in Salt Lake City for the Saints in San Bernardino to return to Utah. Ira felt that it was his duty to return, but his wife, Mary Patience, thought otherwise. No amount of persuasion could move her, so Ira tried strategy. A wagon train of Saints was ready to leave for Salt Lake — in fact it had started. Ira took the child, Amburs, and began to follow the train, thinking that Mary would follow, but she did not. Neither did Ira turn back. On the contrary, he proceeded on to Utah where he raised Amburs to manhood without the help of a wife.

Most of the Van Leuvens, who intermarried with the Drapers in Canada, found California more to their liking than Utah, so it is quite natural that Mary was stubborn about returning to Utah. In 1885, she married another counsin, Lewis Van Leuven, and had another family by him. One of these children she gave the name Riley, thus showing how family names persist.

Ira apparently felt that one marriage was enough. He found his reward in following the dictates of his conscience.

The name, Ira, did not appear in the Puritan Draper line until 1753, but thereafter it appeared repeatedly in 1763-64-80-81-95, 1820, and 1828. The Ira born in 1764 gave luster to the name. He was a veteran of the battles of Lexington and Concord. Later he became an inventor and produced a threshing machine, a shuttle hand-loom, a road scraper, and a revolving temple for keeping cloth extended in weaving.[3] The Draper Corporation was organized to manufacture and promote Ira's inventions with the result that this corporation is one of the oldest and most successful businesses in the country. It has had a virtual monopoly on the manufacture of textile machinery. It is still operating profitably at Hopedale, New York.

Children of Amburs Evit and Sarah Draper

NAME	BORN	PLACE	DIED	PLACE
Sarah Ellen	Jan. 6, 1876	Springville, Utah	Oct. 6, 1928	(Married Everet Milo Curtis)
Sabrina Eliza	Mar. 25, 1878	Springville, Utah		(Married John D. Durfee)
Celestia Ann	Dec. 19, 1880	Aurora, Utah	Mar. 8, 1883	
Stella Elnora	Oct. 7, 1884	Aurora, Utah		(Married Willard Leo Lewis)
Mary A.	May 24, 1887	Aurora, Utah	Dec. 16, 1946	
Eva	July 1, 1890	Aurora, Utah		(Married Charles Thoreson)
Myrtle	Feb. 1, 1893	Aurora, Utah		(Married George Duel)
Hazel	Feb. 9, 1896	Aurora, Utah		(Married Sidney Humphrey)
Amburs Evit, Jr.	Oct. 8, 1902	Aurora, Utah	Sept. 24, 1905	

Sabrina E. Durfee of Provo, Estella E. Leavois of Aurora, and Leona F. Forsgren of Preston, Idaho have been very helpful in gathering the foregoing material.

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[3] *Drapers in America*, op. cit., p. 100.

Chapter Seven

WILLIAM AND LYDIA LATHROP DRAPER

William Draper was the second son of Thomas and Lydia Rogers Draper, born September 9, 1774, Little Nine Partners Tract in Dutchess County, New York. His life story up to the age of twenty is part of the story of his parents as set forth in Chapter 5.

He married Lydia Lathrop at Rome, New York, December 24, 1794. She was born November 5, 1775 at Norwich, Connecticut, to Isaac and Lucy Lathrop. Through her father, Isaac, Lydia is a descendant of the noted Reverend John Lathrop of England. More will be said of him later.

The people of Connecticut began to migrate westward from the seaboard about the same time as did the people of Massachusetts. As they approached the borders of New York the migrants from Massachusetts tended to turn south towards the Connecticut Gore and Pennsylvania while the Connecticut migrants turned north from southern Connecticut and followed the Housatanic river until they often converged with the immigrants from Massachusetts. This explains how the Drapers and Lathrops came together.

William and Lydia married young. It was a happy marriage until they were separated by the death of Lydia as they fled from mobs at Nauvoo in February 1846. It is interesting to note that their first child was born September 9, 1795, which was the 21st anniversary of William's own birth, and that he died at Draper, Utah December 24, 1854, which was the 60th anniversary of his marriage to Lydia.

It appears that William spent the first five years of his life in the Hudson river valley of New York after which his parents took him to live in the Wyoming valley of Pennsylvania where he lived until he was about fifteen years old.[1] As the years rolled by it is likely that all memories he ever had of living in Dutchess County, New York had faded away, but he must have retained vivid recollections of his life in Pennsylvania until he died. This fact also will be adverted to later.

When William reached Rome, in the Mohawk valley of New York, he was entirely satisfied to make that his permanent home. This is shown by the fact that although his father, mother, and brothers and sisters all left Rome sometime after 1795 he elected to remain there. It was a very special circumstance that later made him a citizen of Canada.

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[1] See Chapter 5.

In February, 1807, they received word that William's mother, Lydia Rogers Draper, was ill in Richmond Township, Frontenac County in Ontario (Upper Canada) and not expected to live. With the help of an Indian guide, who had brought them the word, they proceeded to Canada, nothwithstanding the bitterness of the northern winter and the fact that they were expecting a new baby within a month or two. They traveled in a sleigh and crossed the eastern end of Lake Ontario on the ice. The Indian successfully guided them to their destination where they found Lydia Rogers still alive. She died, however, within a few days after their arrival, at the age of 60.[2]

After this tragedy, they took stock of their situation. William's father, Thomas Draper, was now a widower of advanced age (68) and Lydia Lathrop, William's wife, was in no condition to make the rugged winter trip back to Rome. On the other hand, good land was still available to new settlers in Canada and all of William's brothers and sisters were living there, so they too, decided to make Canada their home.

No record remains of their doings from that time on until 1832, except the record of the birth of their remaining children. From that record it appears that the child expected when they left Rome was born at Richmond Township, April 24, 1807. It was a boy and they christened him "William" (Herein designated as William Jr.). They then had a daughter, Lydia, born October 7, 1809, at Newcastle. On February 27, 1812, a son, Zemira, was born to them at Crambe, Northumberland County, about 100 miles west of the Richmond district. The place of birth of their last two children is not given, but other records show that they were back in Frontenac County, Loughborough District, in 1832 where most of the Drapers were converted to Mormonism.

Considering the frontier character of this branch of the Draper family up to this time, it is quite natural that they failed to preserve family histories. What its younger members knew of their origin was largely legendary. Up to 1833 they had never lived in settled communities where good records were kept by either church or state. Thus both William Jr. and Zemira Draper, having heard more legends about the early life of the family in the Wyoming Valley of Pennsylvania, than in any other place, they naturally assumed that their earliest known ancestors were born there. This appears, now, not to be so.

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[2] See poetic narrative of Artemesia Draper Anderson, granddaughter.

After 1833, life, and records of life, took on a new meaning, especially with respect to religion. William Sr. always had a deep interest in religion as shown by the following statement in the Deseret News, under date of February 22, 1855.

> Being fond of the study of the scriptures and being convinced of the necessity of baptism for the remission of sins, he yielded to his convictions, and according to the best light he had then, was baptized a member of the Baptist Church. . . . After being in full Baptist membership for 15 years (from about 1818) he began to be faulted for beileving that the Scriptures were to be understood in accordance to their obvious purport and that the prophecies would be fulfilled and Israel gathered. He continued in this frame of mind until 1833 when he heard Brigham Young preach the Gospel, and was by him baptized, confirmed, and ordained into the lesser or Aaronic Priesthood in June in the Township of Loughborough and was ordained an elder under the same hands before the expiration of that month."

It appears that his wife, Lydia, was not impressed by the new religion as was her husband. At any rate, it said that she did not join the Church until December 25, 1845.[3] This may be accounted for by the fact that she was the descendant of a distinguished Puritan preacher and was loathe to depart from her early teachings.

An extensive chart of her ancestry has been compiled, running back (on her father's side) eight generations, to Yorkshire, England, the ancestral home of the Drapers. Her first ancestor to come to America was the Rev. John Lathrop. He was born about 1584 in England and died about 1653 in Connecticut.

The following account of his life gives some idea of the strength of his convictions which, in all probability was transmitted to his descendants through many generations:

> If one were to search among all the Prophet Joseph Smith's progenitors for the one who best typified his righteous zeal for true freedom and his dauntless devotion to truth perhaps no finer example could be found than his fifth great-grandfather, Rev. John Lathrop.
>
> He was a young minister of the Church of England in which capacity he labored faithfully until his conscience rebelled against the doctrines he had to teach. He resigned his position . . . left the Church and in 1623 became Pastor of the First Independent Church of England.
>
> Persecution raged against him and his little band of devoted followers. They were forced to meet secretly to escape the anger of the opposing bishop. One day as they met in worship they were discovered by agents of the bishop who suddenly invaded their meeting place, siezed forty-two of their number and sent them in fetters to the old prison in Newgate. Finally all but one, the Rev. Mr. Lathrop, were released on bail but he was deemed too dangerous to be set at liberty.

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[3] Life of Zemira and Amy Terry Draper, by Estella Draper Magnus.

During these months of imprisonment a fatal sickness had seized upon his wife, and she was about to die. Upon his urgent entreaty the bishop consented for him to visit his dying wife if he would promise to return. He reached home in time to give her his blessing and she passed away. True to his promise he returned to prison.

His orphaned children wandered about in helpless misery until someone suggested that they appeal to the Bishop at Lambeth. One can picture the mournful procession as they came before him and made known their sorrowful plight. The Bishop's heart was softened and touched with pity and he granted to John Lathrop his freedom if he would promise to leave the country and never return.

He gave the promise, and shortly thereafter, he, with his children and thirty-two members of his congregation, sailed to America, settling in New England where he was warmly welcomed and soon became one of the great Puritan fathers of his day. "No pastor was ever more loved by his people and none ever had a greater influence for good." He fearlessly proclaimed views far in advance of his time. Only in recent years has the name of his wife, who died in England, Hannah House, been discovered so that honor can be paid to her memory now.

Among the descendants of this famous Puritan preacher were Joseph Smith, Wilford Woodruff, Oliver Cowdery, and Fredrick G. Williams, all early leaders of the Mormon Church.[4]

Lydia Lathrop was also a descendant of the Reverend John Lathrop, five generations down the line. Her roots were in Puritanism, but she ended her days as a Latter-day Saint. She was born about 6 months before the signing of the Declaration of Independence and was about 10 years old when the Revolutionary War ended but nothing has come down to us about her girlhood. After her marriage to William, her history was merged in his. It is interesting to note that William and Lydia were both born British subjects; that America declared its independence soon after they were born, and that every state and territory in the Union was opened to settlement before William died. By a quirk of fate, they renewed and continued their British citizenship from 1807 to 1835, but a new religion brought them back to the United States where they narrowly escaped becoming citizens of Mexico, because the same religion forced them to flee from the settled portions of the United States into the deserts and mountains which then belonged to Mexico.

Lydia lost her life in the process, but William lived to die in Utah in 1854. The eighty years during which he lived was one of the most important periods in history. The American and French Revolutions for freedom and the War of 1812 were fought in his time. The battle was on for the emancipation of the minds of men. The daring

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[4] Copy of the foregoing furnished by Robert Jensen, a descendant of Lydia Lathrop.

Voltaire died in 1778 just as his revolutionary doctrines began to take effect. Thomas Paine came to America in 1774 and published his well-known pamphlet, "Common Sense," in 1776, which was followed by the "Crisis" beginning with the words, "These are the times that try men's souls." Then in 1807 he published "The Age of Reason," being an investigation of "True and Fabulous Theology" which is said to have created the greatest stir of any book of its time.

The great Charles Darwin was born in 1809, and at the age of twenty-two he began his famous studies which culminated in a revolution in scientific, biological thinking.

With such great minds at work it is not strange that there was unusual religious ferment during the time that William and Lydia lived. Lydia seems to have been content with the theology handed down by her Puritan forebears, but William, being a student of theology, was impressed by the teachings of the Baptists who are credited with securing religious liberty, guaranteed by law in Rhode Island, which principle was later incorporated in the constitution of the United States.

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After the Revolution, the Baptists made great headway in the new settlements of the west. William became a member in 1818, when the Church was at its peak of popularity. The Baptists introduced the first Sunday School, rejected the doctrine of infant damnation for want of baptism; espoused the doctrines of baptism by immersion and formed the American Bible Society (1816) for wider circulation of the Scriptures.[5] These were the doctrines and practices that attracted William into the Baptist fold, but by 1833, religious liberty had suffered great curtailment even in the Baptist Church. Its membership had broken into many contending groups from the old "Hard Shell Baptists" to the most liberal groups clinging to the doctrine of religious liberty. William was among the liberals, for which he "began to be faulted." He was ripe for a change when Brigham Young came to Canada preaching doctrines originally espoused by the Baptists and in addition proclaiming that the gospel, as preached by Jesus, had been restored to the earth through Joseph Smith. Accordingly, he and his whole family became members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

In 1835 he emigrated to Kirtland, Ohio, and in 1836 went in company with John E. Page on a mission to Canada where they baptized many persons and organized a large branch of the Church. He received his endowments in the Kirtland Temple, and in 1837 was ordained a High Priest under the hands of Don Carlos Smith and his Counselors.[6]

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[5] Vol. 3, *The Encyclopedia Americana*, pp. 219, et. seq.

Prior to his conversion, William and his forebears had been pioneer farmers in the United States and Canada. No record has been preserved of his land holdings, but it may be assumed that whatever land he had in Canada was sold when he moved to Kirtland. From the time he reached Kirtland, at the age of 61, he seems to have devoted most of his time to the Church until he died at the age of 80. He rendered his greatest service as a missionary until he reached Council Point in Iowa, and as a Patriarch thereafter. He was much older than the founders of the Church, and while he had all their zeal, he probably lacked their energy and daring. He was 31 years older than Joseph Smith, and 29 years older than Brigham Young. He was a contemporary of the father of the Prophet and, like him, became a patriarch — a position well suited to the older men of great faith in the Church.

When the time came to evacuate Kirtland, he was 64 and his wife was 63 years old. They proceeded westward with the "Kirtland Camp" toward Missouri but lack of means and weariness caused him and part of his family to drop out to recuperate in Sangamon County, Illinois. The Saints who reached Missouri were so brutally treated that they returned to Illinois the next spring. William remained in Sangamon County until the fleeing Saints found refuge again in Illinois. (It is interesting to note that Sangamon County was the home of Abraham Lincoln. He was just emerging as a power in Illinois politics in 1838, and in 1846, when William and Lydia were driven from Nauvoo, Lincoln was elected to the Congress of the United States.)

For want of reliable records it is impossible to follow the movements of all the Drapers from the time they left Kirtland until they reached Utah. It is known that Zemira, the son of William and Lydia, was with them in Sangamon County, and it is possible that Phoebe, their daughter, and her children, also remained with them. The best evidence of this is that when the Kirtland Camp was organized the adult males were required to list the number of people in their respective families. Zemira, who was then unmarried, listed six.[7] This can be explained only on the theory that he made himself responsible for the family of his eldest sister, Phoebe, who was a widow with a family of young children. That she admired her "brother" is shown by the fact that she named one of her sons "Zemira." On the other hand, there is some evidence from which it may be inferred that she was with her brother William Jr. while the Saints were in Missouri. That assumption is made in the story of her life appearing in the next chapter.

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[6] *Deseret News*, February 22, 1855

In the preceding chapter, it is also concluded that Thomas Jr., brother of William Jr., died before 1838, but there is evidence that he was in Missouri in 1839. It appears that a William Draper and a Thomas Draper both made claims to the government in 1839 for property destroyed by mobs in Missouri in 1838.[7]

However that may be, they all suffered privation, hardship, and some of them sickness and death, from the time they left Kirtland in 1838 until they found a haven of sorts in Utah and California after 1848.

When the dispossessed Saints returned from Missouri to Illinois, most them, after crossing the Mississippi River, went northward to Commerce (later Nauvoo), but William Jr. went south and settled near Pleasantville in the wide Mississippi River bottom. It is a place of beauty and great fertility.

It appears that William Jr. was able to get word to his father, mother, brothers, and sisters concerning the apparent opportunities at Pleasantville, because they soon joined him there and in due time they built a thriving village, which they appear to have named Pleasant Vale. That is the way the place is referred to in the autobiography of William Jr. and also in the obituary of William Sr., but it is possible that the present Pleasantville in Pike County, Illinois, and Pleasant Vale are one and the same place. The surrounding country is so lush with corn and fruit and timber that upon viewing it one can hardly suppress regrets that they ever had to leave there. They were fast becoming economically independent, and they enjoyed the full measure of religious liberty. Their non-Mormon neighbors were impressed with their industry, character, and religion, so much so, that before the summer was over large numbers became converts to Mormonism.[8]

In the meantime, hostility against the leaders of the Church began to develop at Nauvoo, in Hancock County. By 1842 mob aggression became so great that Joseph Smith and his counsellors thought it wise to call all the Saints into Hancock County for mutual protection.

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[7] Life of Zemira by Estella Draper Magnus, op. cit.

[8] See Chapter XI.

This was sad news for the Saints at Pleasant Vale, but most of them responded to the call. Ebenezer Brown and his wife, Phoebe Draper, went directly to Nauvoo, but the rest of the Drapers lodged at Green Plain in Hancock County, between Carthage and Nauvoo. There they had two more good years enjoying the goodwill of the non-Mormons in the neighborhood; but tensions built up at Nauvoo to an alarming extent. Hostility against the leaders of the Church grew until it culminated in the assassination of the founder of the Church and his brother, Hyrum, who were the most powerful figures in the organization.

Further concentration of the Saints at Nauvoo followed the assassination. For a time, it seems that the mobs, appalled by the enormity of their crimes, subsided; but it was not long until a state of "cold war" existed. William Sr. and his son Zemira moved their families into Nauvoo, but William Jr. remained at Green Plain. There, at the end of 1845, mob operations began again in earnest. So intense were the assaults, it became manifest that the Saints would have to leave the settled parts of the United States if they were ever to attain security.

The general evacuation began in February, 1846. William and Lydia had then passed the age of 70. They remained in Nauvoo until August, 1846,[9] but the strain and anxiety was too much for Lydia. She got no further than the west side of the Mississippi where she died and where she still lies buried. William remained in a camp near her grave until the spring of 1847, when in company with his son and daughter-in-law, Zemira and Amy Terry Draper, he moved on to the Missouri River camps. Here he was ordained a Patriarch, where he bestowed "the virtues and benefits of his office" upon the Saints until the spring of 1852, when he departed for the "valley" with the Robert Weimer Co. Mary Mosier Draper, whom he married in 1848, accompanied him. (See Chapter 6.) They reached Salt Lake City September 15, 1852.

It appears that William Sr. was the only son of Thomas and Lydia Rogers Draper to reach Utah, but the following of his own children preceded him there: Phoebe, Fannie, William Jr., Lydia, Zemira, and possibly Alfred. Of these, Zemira was the first to arrive in the "valley." The father, William, lived on a couple of years after his arrival, but he kept in harness to the last. Under date of February 22, 1855, The Deseret News summarized the salient features of his life, which reads in part as follows:

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[9] History of Zemira Draper, op. cit.

> Having, by his industry, accumulated an outfit, he started for and arrived in these valleys in 1852. And in April 1854 united with the High Priests in Great Salt Lake City; and since then has administered about 250 Patriarchal Blessings.
>
> Notwithstanding his age, and the many severe scenes he has been called to pass through, he continued to labor with his hands, to within a short period of the time he was summoned to pass behind the veil, which happened at Draperville in Great Salt Lake County on the 24th day of December, at the advanced age of 80 years, 3 months, and 18 days.
>
> He went calmly to his rest, as only the faithful can, and his works will follow him, and his spirit is rejoicing and operating in a wider sphere of intelligence, preparatory to receiving a glorious body in the resurrection.

A later note in the same paper, under date of March 1, 1855, adds:

> He left a numerous posterity, his children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren numbering about 150.

It may astonish even his descendants to learn that his posterity now probably exceeds 10,000. The Drapers of Utah have a family organization which is doing excellent work in gathering names and histories of Drapers, past and present. Enough has already been discovered to show that few families have been confronted with greater problems in winning through in a competitive world.

Children of William and Lydia Lathrop Draper[10]

NAME	BORN	PLACE	DIED	PLACE
Charles	Sept. 9, 1795	Rome, N. Y.		Upper Canada
Phoebe	Oct. 9, 1797	" "	Aug. 2, 1879	Draper, Utah
Carson	About 1799	" "		Upper Canada
Lucretia	April 15, 1802	" "		
Fannie	April 2, 1804			San Bernardino, California
William, Jr.	April 24, 1807	Frontenac Co., Canada	May 28, 1886	Freedom, Utah
Lydia	Oct.7, 1809	Newcastle, Canada	Dec. 6, 1893	San Bernardino, California
Zemira	Feb. 27, 1812	Northumberland Co., Canada	Jan. 9, 1876	Rockville, Utah
Marvin	About 1814	Upper Canada		
Alfred	About 1817	Upper Canada	About 1845	Missouri

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[10] Compiled from records of Terry Draper, Sabrina Draper Durfee, and Artemesia Draper Anderson.

Five of the foregoing children did not reach Utah. They were Charles, Carson, Lucretia, Marvin, and Alfred. It seems that the first four died in Canada and the last, Alfred, in Missouri. A daughter of Alfred, however, reached Utah in about 1878 in company with her son William Fletcher and an old lady 95 years of age. More will appear later about these people.

CHAPTER EIGHT

PHOEBE DRAPER PALMER BROWN

Phoebe Draper had a long and colorful career. She was born October 8, 1797, at Rome, Oneida County, New York, and died February 28, 1879, at Draper, Salt Lake County, Utah. She was the eldest daughter of William Sr. and Lydia Lathrop Draper, whose story appears in the preceding chapter. At the age of 10 years, Phoebe accompanied her parents to Frontenac County in Ontario, Canada, to visit her dying grandmother, Lydia Rogers Draper.

It was not the intention of her parents to settle in Canada, but the death of her grandmother and the birth of her brother William, Jr. kept them there so long that her father decided to remain permanently. They remained in the Loughborough district for some time after William was born, April 24, 1807, and then moved westward on the north shore of Lake Ontario into Northumberland County. Here they got acquainted with a Palmer family who had acquired 200 acres of land and a tract described as Lot No. 31, second Concession in Cramahe Township, Newcastle District, Northumberland County. The grant was from the Crown of England to George and Hannah Palmer, July 1, 1799.[1] They were in all probability the parents of George Palmer, Jr., who married Phoebe in about 1815. George, Jr. was born July 13th, 1795, but the place of his birth has not been found.

Phoebe undoubtedly knew George, Jr. as early as 1812, for her parents were living in the Cramahe Township, in Northumberland County, in February 29, 1812, when her younger brother Zemira Draper was born there.

Very little is known of the early life of George and Phoebe, except that George entered the Canadian Army as a private in the Glengary Light Infantry Fencibles,[2] just prior to the declaration of war between the United States and England, June 18, 1812. Canada furnished troops, but practically no land fighting was done in Canada. Perry's naval victory in the Great Lakes helped to bring the war to a close December 14, 1814. George was mustered out about April, 1815. It was then that he married Phoebe. She seems to have acquired a fair education in the schools of Rome, New York, and

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[1] Copied from the Canadian records by Sarah Collinwood, Los Angeles, California, in 1955. She is a descendant of Phoebe.

[2] *Ibid.*

Canada, and there is a legend that George learned the trade of shoemaking. This legend is strengthened by the fact that his young brother-in-law, William Draper, Jr., is known to have learned that trade and it is likely that he learned it from George, who was 12 years older than William.

George and Phoebe remained in the Cramahe Township until sometime after 1820, as shown by the record of births of two children and of a grant of Lot No. 9, 4th Concession, Cramahe Township, November 23, 1820, which was registered there December 15, 1820, upon the oath of his father-in-law, William Draper, Sr.

The birth record of their children shows them to have been living in Haldimand, Northumberland County, between 1821 and 1827, and in West Loughborough, Frontenac County, Ontario, from 1831 until their last child was born, March 15, 1834.[3]

In 1832 Eleasar Miller came to Loughborough preaching the new Mormon Gospel. He was followed in 1833 by Brigham Young. Most of the Drapers, including Phoebe, were impressed with what they heard, but such was not the case with George Palmer. He seems to have opposed it—mildly at least—for when he learned that Phoebe had been baptized into the new church, February 19, 1833, he acidly remarked, "So you had to get your backside wet did you?"[4] This seems to have been a jibe at baptism by immersion—an ancient doctrine espoused by the Mormons.

Unfortunately George died soon after this, and before their last child was born. Thus Phoebe was left a widow with a family of seven children at the age of 36. She moved with them to Kirtland in 1834. From that time on her life history is inextricably bound up in the history of the Mormon Church. She suffered the hardships of the Saints, being driven from Kirtland to Missouri, and from Missouri to Nauvoo, Ill.[5] This flight into the wilderness involved caring for, protecting and managing seven children in scenes of strife and carnage through Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and back to Illinois, thence through Iowa to the banks of the Missouri River, all in the short period between 1838 and 1846.

How she managed may never be fully known, for she left no diary nor journal. Only a few tales and legends about her now remain, but such as they are, they must inspire pride in her descendants down to the end of time.

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[3] Sarah Collinwood, op. cit.

[4] *Ibid.*

[5] Statement by Kate B. Carter, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Vol. 2.

In 1835, at Kirtland, her daughter, Eliza, age 8 years, was burned to death. Soon thereafter Joseph Smith, Sr., visited her at Kirtland. He was the first patriarch of the Church, and as such, it was his duty to comfort, encourage and bless the Saints, and particularly those in distress. He blessed Phoebe and gave her a promise. He told her that "if she was faithful and wise she would be blessed with a companion who would be a man of God, and that she would be able to bring up her family right; that she would have good happy days."[6]

The story of her life thereafter will fully demonstrate that she kept the faith and was wise, and that the blessing and promise was fulfilled in that she got her man — a little late perhaps — but still a righteous and kindly man who gave her much and to whom she returned the full measure of her devotion.

She continued to live in Kirtland until 1838, when difficulties engulfed the Church to the extent that it became necessary to evacuate Kirtland. Branches of the Church had already been established in far-away, sparsely-settled Missouri and thither the Saints began to move under trying circumstances.

In 1837, Ebenezer Brown, a capable and faithful Saint, had the misfortune of losing his wife. He was left a widower with four young children, just as Phoebe had been left a widow with seven. He was somewhat younger than Phoebe and his children were younger than hers, but he turned out to be the man who assumed the burden of fulfilling the promise of her patriarchal blessing. Neither of them knew that he was to be her man when she left Kirtland, so she departed alone with her children into the wilderness. She passed through Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, to Caldwell County in western part of Missouri[7] where she had reason to believe that she could settle permanently. But this hope was blasted almost immediately. Whatever hardships she endured in making the long trip from Kirtland (and she endured much), it was a holiday and a triumphal tour compared with what she had to face in Missouri.

No sooner had the dispossessed emigrants from Kirtland built their rude log houses and begun to till the soil than mob hostility and persecution broke out against them with such violence that even the Governor of Missouri, believing them to be wholly undesirable citizens, issued an order in the following words:

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[6] Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Vol. 2, *op. cit.*

[7] Daughters of Utah Pioneers, *op. cit.*

> The Mormons must be treated as enemies, and must be exterminated or driven from the State if necessary for the public peace — their outrages are beyond all description.[8]

The unjustness of this order has long been established by impartial historians, but it was received with glee by the border ruffians of Missouri. Bloody conflicts ensued. Mormons, old and young, were massacred, as at Haun's Mill. Mormon leaders were condemned to death, their people disarmed, dispossessed of their property, and given until planting time—the next spring (1839) to get out of the State.

A whole people might have been exterminated had not some humanity and sanity been injected into the situation by men like General Doniphan and Colonel Thomas L. Kane. After they interceded, jail sentences were substituted for death sentences, but the order to all Mormons to get out of the state was rigidly enforced.

How Phoebe fared through all this must be inferred from the situation generally and from the meager personal record left by her brother William. In preparing to leave the state, William assembled under the most difficult circumstances, three teams, with which to transport his family and that of his sister Phoebe, as well as that of the widow Carey—mentioned in the story of his own life. One of the outfits belonged to Mrs. Carey and one was acquired by purchase, on credit, from Ebenezer Brown, and the other William got by trading his only horse and cow for a team of oxen.

Thus outfitted he successfully transported his party back into Illinois. Ebenezer Brown accompanied them, with his family.

They crossed the Mississippi River and halted at the Town of Atlas where Nathan Staker, a brother-in-law of William, had found refuge. They were now beyond the reach of Missouri mobs, but they were homeless and had to find land where they could begin life anew.

Ebenezer Brown went south along the River bottom; Mrs. Carey supposedly joined a party going north toward Quincy, and William tarried at Atlas with the Stakers. After a short time William found a buyer for one of his teams and as he was indebted for it to Ebenezer he took off down the river to find him. He found him already located on a tract of land near a town still known as Pleasantville. The debt between them was settled, whereupon Ebenezer persuaded William to settle at or near Pleasantville with him. This he did, taking Phoebe and her family there also. Their parents, who had remained in Sangamon County, Illinois, during the Missouri trouble, joined them later.

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[8] See: *History of Utah* by Orson F. Whitney, a Mormon apostle; *The Rocky Mountain Saints*, T. H. B. Stenhouse, a Mormon apostate; *The Story of the Mormons*, W. A. Linn, a Non-Mormon; and *Autobiography of William Draper*, a Mormon participant in events mentioned above.

At this place, Phoebe and Ebenezer were married in 1842, and no doubt she felt that her patriarchial blessing had been fulfilled. There were now 10 living children in this combined family. She had six and he had four, but three of hers were now fully grown. Her youngest child was 8 years old, while his youngest was 5.[9] As a final statistic, she was then 45 years old, and he was 40. The disparity in their ages meant nothing, as will appear as their story unfolds. In a settled and civilized community, her burden would have been comparatively light as many of the children were able to help themselves, but in the very year that Phoebe and Ebenezer joined forces, the Church found itself in deep difficulties in Hancock County, Illinois, where Nauvoo was located. Mob hostility had grown so fierce that Joseph Smith sent out a call to all Saints in outlying counties to break up their settlements and move into Hancock County. The Drapers and the Browns were in Pike County where hostility had not yet developed, but they could not ignore the call of their leader.

Phoebe and Ebenezer moved directly to Nauvoo while William and other Drapers settled at Green Plain, between Nauvoo and Carthage, where they lived at peace among non-Mormons until 1844, in which year Joseph Smith, Jr., and his brother Hyrum were killed in the jail at Carthage. After this, it became manifest that the Mormons would have to leave the State of Illinois. In 1846, Nauvoo was abandoned under bloody and miserable circumstances, now known to all. The whole Church membership began to move westward, which included, of course, the Browns and the Drapers.

On their way through Iowa they learned, through Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball, who were returning to Nauvoo after establishing camps on the Missouri River, that Captain James Allen of the United States Army had requested the Saints to furnish 500 able bodied men to march against Mexico with an army under the command of Colonel Stephen L. Kearny.

This call seems to have been resented[10] until advices were received from Washington showing that Jesse Little and others had been negotiating with President Polk for the formation of a batallion for service in Mexico, which at the same time would help to get the Saints to their destination on pay from the government.

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[9] The children of both are listed at the end of this chapter.

[10] See story of Wm. Draper, Jr. in Chapter 4.

To fully understand the heroism and the suffering of the battalion, a brief sketch of their condition and the circumstances confronting them may be helpful. They had just been forceably ejected from their homes in Illinois, and were plunging into the wilderness almost empty handed. They were short of both clothing and food and were poorly prepared for immediate military service. It is a matter of common knowledge that troops in every land are given months of exercise and military training before putting them into real action, but the battalion was given no preliminary training at all.

The recruiting took place between about the middle of June and the middle of July, 1846, and on July 24, 1846, they began their long march.

Ebenezer Brown, with his wife Phoebe Draper Palmer Brown, and her son Zemira Palmer, were among them. Ebenezer was given the rank of sergeant in Company A. He was 43 years old then. Phoebe was given the title of laundress and was attached to Company 9 at age 48. Young Zemira was assigned as orderly to Captain James Allen at the age of 14.

The first leg of their march was between Council Bluffs, in Iowa, and Ft. Leavenworth in Kansas. They marched southward along the Missouri River in temperatures exceeding 100 degrees for about 200 miles. It took them 11 days to reach Fort Leavenworth where they were uniformed, armed and given a 12 day rest. Already the ordeal had begun to tell. Many of the men were sick with chills and fever and even the officers did not escape. Captain Allen died July 23, 1846.

In addition to the soldiers and the laundresses a large number of women and children were following their husbands and fathers. On August 12th, the first detachment left Leavenworth, headed for the Arkansas River, which flows southeasterly through Kansas. They reached the river September 11th, and by this time it was obvious that the women and children and sick soldiers would have to be dropped.

After the death of Captain Allen, Captain Jefferson Hunt of Company A was, for a short time, in command of the battalion, but he was soon replaced by Lt. A. J. Smith, who remained in command until they reached Santa Fe, in New Mexico. The battalion members were not happy under his command. Normally, young Zemira would have been his orderly, but instead he was assigned to Dr. George B. Sanderson of Missouri, until they reached Santa Fe, after which he was transferred to Lt. Lorenzo Clark, with whom he served until he was mustered out.

After traveling westward about 100 miles from the point where they first reached the Arkansas River, the women, children and sick soldiers were separated and put under the command of Captain Nelson Higgins of Company D, and conducted by him to Pueblo in Colorado, there to recuperate and find their way to the main body of the Saints on the way to Salt Lake, as best they could.

The battalion then left the river and struck out southwesterly toward Santa Fe. Food supplies were almost exhausted and the soldiers were put on two-thirds rations. Good water was almost nonexistent over this stretch, and they were reduced to drinking brackish water in whatever slough or mud hole they could find it. Hunger and dysentery began to enfeeble the men until they could hardly respond to call for guard duty at night.

The drugs administered to them by Dr. Sanderson, often with abuse, seemed to have a worse effect than the disease and exhaustion from which they suffered. It was therefore, a great relief when they reached Santa Fe, October 9, 1846, where they were given a ten day rest.

Here Lt. Col. P. St. George Cooke took command in accordance with instructions from Col. Stephen F. Kearny, who was ahead and proceeding toward California by a more northerly route than the battalion was ordered to follow. They were allowed to rest and recuperate at Santa Fe until October 19.

Phoebe Draper Palmer Brown celebrated her 49th birthday the day she entered Santa Fe, October 9th. She undoubtedly was found to be in good condition, for only she and three other laundresses were allowed to continue the march. All the rest, with about 90 sick soldiers, were sent back to Pueblo under the command of Captain James Brown of Company C.

Mrs. Lydia Hunter, Mrs. Melissa Corey, Mrs. Susan Davis and Phoebe were the women chosen to assist the soldiers in whatever capacity they could the rest of the way.

On October 19th, after John D. Lee and Howard Egan had picked up the pay checks of the battalion members for delivery to the Church authorities, the battalion began the last and worst 1100 miles of its appalling march. The terrain was entirely unfamiliar, even to the officers. Forage was scarce for the animals and food was just as lacking for the men. By November some of the teams died from pure exhaustion, and poor and skinny as they were, they were eaten by the men. After eight more days of travel it became necessary to again cull out sick and disabled men. There were 56 of them who were put under the command of Lt. W. W. Willis of Company A to be taken back to Pueblo, more than 300 miles away.

The main body of the battalion marched on. Their objective was Tucson in Southern Arizona. After crossing the Rio Grande River they entered barren and rough terrain. Their food supplies were exhausted. If an oxen died they ate it, including the hide, which they diced and boiled for soup. They also took the sheep pelts from under their saddles and roasted them for food. They often marched all day without water and some of them died of thirst. Sometimes they sunk wells as much as 300 feet in search of water.

Finally they reached the Gila River which they followed to its confluence with the San Pedro, flowing into it from the south. In this area, there were extensive mesquite thickets full of wild cattle. Here at last was food in abundance (meat that is) if they could get it. The bulls, however, charged the men on sight and sent them scattering. Not until they devised some strategy could they get meat. Even then it took volleys of musket balls to stop a ferocious bull. In due time they had meat in quantity, but they had nothing to go with it, not even salt. Even so, this fare enabled them to reach Tucson, where they had a brush (mostly conversational) with a Mexican garrison which was subdued without difficulty.

Here they rested, got fresh supplies and hobbled on into the western desert. All the way from Tucson to the confluence of the Gila and the Colorado Rivers the going was especially rough. Water holes were as much as 75 miles apart. It was cactus country. Their uniforms were in tatters and their shoes were worn out, so marching was something less than pleasant.

It was hard on the women also, although they probably rode most of the way. They were relieved from washing when no water could be found, but when they could not wash they could cook, when there was anything to cook. After it was all over, Phoebe confessed that she sometimes burned a little bread to make it look inedible, in order that she could get a little extra nourishment for her growing boy, Zemira.

When the battalion reached the neighborhood of present day Yuma, they encountered large numbers of Pima Indians, whom the Mexicans had sought to incite to attack the battalion, without avail. On the contrary, they had in their possession a store of goods and several mules which Kearny had entrusted them with. They gladly turned the goods and animals over and also sold the soldiers some of their own supplies.

Refreshed again they began their last adventure through the desert of the Imperial Valley. Lack of shoes was their greatest handicap, which they tried to overcome by making them from rawhide, but they were not skillful as shoemakers and the hides in drying wrinkled in hard convolutions that were harder on the feet than cactus, so they hobbled on as best they could, until January 29, 1847, when they reached San Diego on the Pacific Ocean.

The next day their commander addressed them as follows:

> Lieutenant Colonel commanding congratulates the Battalion on its safe arrival on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and the conclusion of its march of over 2000 miles. History may be searched in vain for an equal march of infantry; nine-tenths of it through a wilderness, where nothing but savages and wild beasts were found, or deserts, where for want of water, there is no living creature. There, with almost hopeless labor, we have dug deep wells, which the future travelers will enjoy. . . With crowbar and pick-ax . . we have worked our way over mountains . . and hewed a passage through a chasm of living rock . .
>
> Thus marching, half naked and half fed, and living upon wild animals (without salt to season your sustenance of fresh meat) we have discovered and made a road of great value to our country. . .

He ended his speech by saying that there was work yet to be done, and as Ebenezer, Phoebe and Zemira had yet more than a 1000 miles of mountain and desert terrain to travel before they could rejoin their families in Utah, and as they had no money with which to buy outfits or supplies to travel, they re-enlisted and served in the Army until March 14, 1848, when they were mustered out with renewed courage and a little money to start them on their way to Utah.

They traveled northward over an inland route until they reached Sutter's Fort held by a German-Swiss citizen eager to make improvements on his Spanish land grant so that he could qualify to hold it under his new sovereign — the United States of America.

To develop it, he needed laborers and they were grateful for the opportunity to earn some money, so they went to work. Early in 1848, Sutter sent a group of whites and Indians to construct a sawmill on the American River. Among them were nine members of the Mormon battalion. One of them kept a diary and in it he recorded that gold had been discovered on the American River, January 24, 1848. That entry fixed the date in history of the beginning of a new era in the development of the United States.

Ebenezer and Phoebe were among the first to enjoy its fruits. They might have become wealthy Californians had they not been bound to the cause of establishing a homeland for the Church to which they were so strongly attached. Brigham Young feared the disintegration of his people if they followed the lure of gold, so in 1849 he called the battalion members home. They obeyed. Phoebe and Ebenezer reached Salt Lake in the Fall of that year, and though they crossed the rugged Sierra Nevada Mountains, the forebidding Carson Sinks, and the Great American Desert, over which but few white men had ever passed, and where the bones of some who had tried to pass lay bleaching in the sun, they left no record of their ordeal. They had made it to Zion and that was enough.

Salt Lake City was then about two and a half years old, but it was filled with immigrants seeking places to build their homes. Ebenezer and Phoebe no doubt had an advantage; they were fresh from the gold field and no doubt had gold in their pockets. Their children, whom they left behind on the Missouri River, had reached the Valley and together they began to plan a new life. Ebenezer, with his three sons, Joseph, Norman, and John, set out to find new and unclaimed land, because the land around the City had already been distributed among the first pioneers.

In the south end of Salt Lake Valley they found a pleasant cove watered by Willow Creek, and still unclaimed. Here they set to work building log cabins preparatory to bringing other members of the family in. In the spring of 1850, Phoebe and some of her children, and also her brother Zemira, with his family, came down from Salt Lake, and her brother William who had found a small place on Mill Creek, about fourteen miles north of Willow Creek, was invited by Ebenezer to join them. This he did, with his two families, in the spring of 1850. In the meantime, William, Sr., father of Phoebe, William and Zemira, had married Mary Mosier, widow of his brother Thomas, and had remained with her at Council Point, on the Missouri River, but in 1853 they arrived in Utah and later settled with the Browns and Drapers on South Willow Creek.

Other people were soon attracted to this settlement. Among them were Henry Day, Andrew Burnham, Perry Fitzgerald, Andrew J. Allen, George Bankhead, and Isaac M. Stewart. Later Dr. John R. Park, a non-Mormon, drifted in. He liked it so well that he made it his permanent home. All of these people became successful and outstanding citizens, and some of their descendants still live there. Many who left are distinguished professionals in the social, political, and economic life of Utah. From this base, Dr. John R. Park attained the high honor of becoming the first president of the University of Utah —an institution now fully accredited in the sisterhood of American universities. The sons of Isaac Stewart, for the most part, became outstanding lawyers, but his son William became the head of the School of Education at the University.

By 1852, the community on South Willow Creek had grown to the extent that the Church provided it with an ecclesiastical government, in accordance with the policy of Brigham Young, which allowed no Mormon community to be at loose ends for long. William Draper, Jr., veteran pioneer administrator of new communities, was accordingly made the presiding elder, or bishop, with his brother Zemira Draper, and Phoebe's son, Zemira Palmer, as his counsellors. Phoebe herself became the first postmistress, and the name of the community was changed from South Willow Creek to Draper. She also conducted a day nursery for young children, much after modern fashion for children of pre-school age.

Under these auspices it continued to grow until William, the presiding elder, moved southward upon the approach of Johnston's army. After peace was made with the army, Isaac M. Stewart was made bishop with a more nearly perfect organization.

In the meantime Ebenezer Brown and his sons had been profitably employed. Beginning in 1849, they began establishing a cattle business. They cannily foresaw a good market for meat among the Saints and particularly a cash market in the hordes of immigrants beginning to pass through Utah on the way to California.

By 1853, Ebenezer was a man of substance, and as such was able to care for some of the many unmarried women in the Church. At any rate, in that year he married Samatha Pulsipher, and in 1854 he married Mary Elizabeth Wright, and had a sizeable family by each. Phoebe seems not to have minded this. But Samatha died in 1870, leaving a family of minor children, whereupon Phoebe, at the age of seventy-three, took the responsibility of raising a third family, in addition to discharging her duties as an officer of the Relief Society. She brought them all to maturity and in the process earned the love and devotion, not only of these children, but of all of Ebenezer's children.

Although she was five years older than Ebenezer, she outlasted him. In her last days she is pictured by one of Ebenezer's descendants as a familiar old lady beloved by all and ever faithful in attending divine services, distinguished by the cape she wore and the cushion she carried under her arm to protect her aged bones against the hard benches of the chapel.

Ebenezer died in 1878 and she followed him February 28, 1879, at the age of eighty-two. Of both of them it may be said that they fought the good fight and with thousands of other people like them, they so lived that calumny and bitter prejudice, once so manifest against them, died away and in its place came admiration and praise, not only for themselves, but for the Church which guided them through.

Following is a chart of the children of George and Phoebe Draper Palmer:[11]

NAME	PLACE	DIED	BORN	PLACE
Lovina Jane	July 20, 1816	Cramahe, Can.		
Asahel	Jan. 26, 1819	Cramahe, Can.		
Wm. George	Aug. 25, 1821	Haldimand	April 14, 1891	Utah
Lydia	Oct. 15, 1824	Haldimand	July 13, 1911	
Eliza	May 31, 1827	Haldimand	1835	Kirtland
Zemira	Aug. 9, 1831	Loughborough	Oct. 22, 1880	Orderville
Rhoda Ann	Mar. 15, 1834	Loughborough	Dec. 27, 1879	

Further information shows that:

1. Lovina Jane married 1st Henry Munro; 2nd Thomas Brandon; 3rd Newman Bulkley.
2. Asahel married a Miss Carter.
3. Wm. George married 1st Emma Bateman; 2nd Susan, or Susanna, Draper, a daughter of Thomas and Mary Mosier Draper; 3rd Mary E. Perdunn.
4. Lydia married Anthony Bruno.
5. Zemira married 1st Sally Knight, December 1, 1851; 2nd Caroline Jacques, March 30, 1856.
6. Rhoda Ann married Joseph A. Allred.

Phoebe Draper Palmer Brown

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[11] Sarah Collinwood of Los Angeles furnished the above statistical data.

CHAPTER NINE

PHOEBE DRAPER PALMER'S CHILDREN

Three of Phoebe's children, named in the preceding chapter are given special attention in this book for the following reasons: (1) William George Palmer, her second son, married Susanna Draper, a daughter of Thomas and Mary Mosier Draper. They are first cousins, once removed; (2) Her second daughter, Lydia Palmer, had three children by Anthony Bruno, Sr., who married three children of William Draper, Jr., who were also first cousins, once removed; and (3) her youngest son, Zemira Palmer, served as a counsellor to his uncle, William Draper, Jr., in the first bishopric at Willow Creek —later named Draper, Utah.

Section (1)

William George and Susanna Draper Palmer.

Unfortunately no further history of this couple has been found (by this writer).

Section (2)

History of Lydia Palmer and her husband, Anthony Bruno, Sr.

Lydia Palmer was born to Phoebe Draper and George Palmer on October 14, 1824, in Northumberland County, Ontario, Canada. Lydia died in Idaho. Exact time and place not known—but probably at Boise.

Sometime prior to 1831 her parents took her to West Loughborough in Frontenac County, Canada, where her mother joined the Mormon Church and her father, George Palmer, died at about the same time, in 1833.

In 1834, when Lydia was 10 years old, her mother took her to Kirtland, Ohio. Thereafter, beginning in 1828, she followed her mother throughout the country and suffered all the privations and alarms that her mother endured up to 1846, when her mother enlisted in the Mormon battalion and left all of her family behind, except her son, Zemira Palmer.

At this time Lydia had arrived at the age of 22 and was probably married to Anthony Bruno, a French Canadian, who was born in France in 1815 and emigrated to Canada later. When and where they met is not known, but it has been said that they married in Illinois. This may be true, for her mother left Nauvoo in the spring of 1846 and went to Council Point, while Lydia and Anthony appeared of record, through the birth of their first child, November

19, 1847, at Hamburg, Fremont County, Iowa, about 60 miles south of Council Point, where Anthony and several other young French Canadians had acquired sizeable tracts of rich farming land.

Here Lydia and Anthony lived and prospered for more than 20 years. Their farm was on the Nishnabotna River, which flows into the Missouri River a few miles south of Hamburg. Scott Bruno, one of their sons, used to tell his children that he lived so close to the Missouri line that he could throw a rock from the state of Iowa into the State of Missouri. The farm was rich in crops, hogs, horses, cattle and farm produce of all kinds. They worked hard, but they lived well.

Eleven sons and daughters were born to Lydia and Anthony and all of them most likely would have remained in Iowa, except for the fact that Anthony was gored to death by one of his own bulls—probably in 1866, for in 1867 Albert Draper, Lydia's cousin, appeared at the farm and married her eldest daughter, Clara, April 14, 1887, after which he took her to live at Moroni, in Sanpete County, Utah. Her two eldest sons, Anthony, Jr. and Isaac also settled at Moroni and married Moroni girls before the end of 1893. Finally Lydia and the rest of the family left Iowa and moved west, but not to Moroni. They went directly to Boise, Idaho. There they lived for a few years, when they too were pursuaded to move to Sanpete County in Utah. They settled at Spring City, but Lydia could not be content. Sanpete County could not compare with Fremont County in Iowa nor with Idaho for agricultural opportunities, so back to Idaho she went.[1]

Dates for these events cannot be given, but it is known that her son, William Bruno, married a Moroni girl and moved to Caldwell, Idaho, sometime after 1885. It may have been then that Lydia returned to Idaho and died at a time and place not yet determined.

Children of Lydia Palmer and Anthony Bruno, all born at Hamberg, Iowa:

NAME	BORN	DIED	PLACE	MARRIED
Anthony, Jr.	Nov. 19, 1847		Nevada	Lucy Downs
Isaac	Jan. 7, 1849	July 26, 1929	Moroni	Susan Lowry Sept. 22, 1873
Clara	Jan. 10, 1851	Feb. 17, 1925	Richfield	Albert E. Draper April 14, 1867
Josette	May 27, 1853	Disappeared after divorce		Buchanan
George H.	Jan. 22, 1855			

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[1] Report by Frank Bruno, a grandson. (I am indebted for much of the data herein to Frank Bruno, Clara Bruno Larson, a granddaughter and Mrs. Charles (Therza) Draper, a daughter-in-law of Albert Draper.

NAME	BORN	DIED	PLACE	MARRIED
William	Jan. 8, 1857	Jan. 16, 1931	Boise	Lois Draper Jan. 1, 1886
John	Oct. 1, 1859			
Scott	Nov. 1, 1861	June 9, 1833	Moroni	Hilda Yergensen
Fred	Sept. 3, 1863	In Infancy		
Robert D.	April 14, 1865		Boise	Fannie Louisa Draper Sept. 28, 1890
Charles Doc.	Dec. 25, 1866			

Section (3)

History of Zemira Palmer.

Zemira Palmer was born August 9, 1831, at West Loughborough, Frontenac County, Ontario, Canada, the son of George and Phoebe Draper Palmer. He died at Orderville, Kane County, Utah, October 22, 1880, at the age of 49 years. His life was short, but full of adventure, struggle and reward.

He inherited his religion from his mother at the age of 2 years after she joined the Church in 1833, and at no time did he falter in his belief or in his attempts to live up to its most exacting teachings to the best of his ability.

He left Kirtland at the age of 7 years, in 1838, and from that year until 1850, he had experienced more than most men experience in a lifetime, or at all. In his most impressionable years he felt hunger and want, saw men, women and children abused and sometimes killed and his own people despised and driven from place to place until they could call no place their home.

At the age of 15 he joined the Mormon battalion as an orderly to Col. James Allen, who was the first commander of the battalion. Col. Allen died before his troops left Leavenworth, but Zemira completed the march and continued in the service for two years. In spite of his youth he carried a ruck-sack and a gun the same as any other soldier. The full story of this episode in his life, appears above in connection with his mother's story.

After his service in the armed forces ended, he was among the battalion members who found employment at Sutter's Mill in California. By this time he had attained the age of 17 and stood about six feet high. He had curly black hair, a flashing eye and the courage and stamina of a veteran soldier. He was present when gold was discovered and did some washing of gold on his own. He found a spot containing a pocket rich in gold-dust. A would-be claim jumper, twice his age, tried to drive him away from his discovery, but the boy successfully repelled him and came out with enough dust to begin life for himself in Utah.

He settled at Willow Creek in 1850, and forthwith became the second counsellor in the first bishopric of the Draper ward. Not long after this he met a young lady with auburn hair and soft brown eyes flecked with yellow, who had a background that was all that a budding young churchman could desire.

She was Sally Knight, the daughter of Newel Knight, who came into the Church under dramatic circumstances. Newel's parents were Universalists, living at Coleville, Brown County, New York. They became interested in Joseph Smith's teachings. Young Newel was also deeply interested, but his interest soon produced dire physical effects upon him. He was possessed with a "devil." Late in April, 1830, Joseph Smith cast this devil out and Newel testified that he saw the devil depart. Concerning this event historian Andrew Jensen wrote, "it was the first miracle wrought in this dispensation".[2]

Later Newel was united in wedlock with Lydia Goldthwaite, by Joseph Smith. This was the first marriage performed by him after the Church was organized.[3]

Then in August of 1830, while Newel and his bride were visiting with Joseph Smith a heavenly messenger appeared to them and a revelation was vouchsafed to Joseph concerning the Sacrament.[4]

Sally Knight was born to Newel and Lydia Knight, December 1, 1836, at Gallatin, Daviess County, Missouri, and she married Zemira Palmer on her 15th birthday, December 1, 1851, at Provo, Utah.[5]

Thus it may be seen that Sally Knight grew up in a very religious atmosphere, but it was not too difficult for Zemira to conform to her views and her background. He gave up tobacco and all things forbidden by Church doctrine and he also complied with the law of celestial marriage.

Soon after his marriage to Sally they moved to Provo, Utah, where they lived until about 1861, when they moved to Heber City, Utah. Two or three years before this, he took as his second wife Caroline Jacques, apparently of French Canadian descent. She was born August 13, 1841, at Carlton, New Brunswick, Canada, to Thomas and Sarah Farnsworth Jacques. By these two women Zemira had 20 children, whose names appear below.

After six or seven years at Heber City, Zemira took his family to Nevada, living first at Panaca and then at Eagle Valley in Lincoln

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[2] Church Chronology p. 4.
[3] Reported by Sarah E. Collinwood of Los Angeles, California.
[4] Church Chronology p. 5.
[5] Report of Sarah E. Collinwood.

County, Nevada. After a few years in Nevada he returned to Orderville, Utah, where he and his wives died and were buried.

His reason for moving from place to place is not apparent. Perhaps the habit of moving to new frontiers was a holdover from the roving days of his youth. It has been said that he did not know the value of money, although he was thoroughly honest and dependable.[6] While at Heber City he served a term as Constable of Wasatch County. It may be that because mining was active in Lincoln County, Nevada at this time that he was lured there, hoping to duplicate the luck he had at Sutter's Mill. He was there only a few years when he was called back to Southern Utah by the Church to assist in promoting the cotton industry there. His uncle, Zemira Draper, with whom he served in the bishopric at Draper in Salt Lake County, had been called to Rockville, Washington County, for the same purpose in 1863.

Zemira Palmer operated from Springdale and Santa Clara in Washington County, but finally both he and Zemira Draper were called to organize and supervise branches of the United Order. This took Zemira Palmer to Orderville in Kane County. This town took the name "Orderville" because it was one of the most successful branches of the Order ever established by the Church. Here Zemira Palmer died prematurely at the age of 49, October 22, 1880.

He was sorely missed by his large family, but they were not helpless. He had been a strong guiding influence in their lives and they had learned how to help themselves.

Sally Knight was very resourceful. She was an excellent cook and seamstress. Her reputation in these fields was derived from the fact that she could take the common raw materials available for food or clothing and work them into palatable dishes or attractive garb. With twelve children she could never escape hard work, although her children helped to lighten her burden. She and her youngest son milked as many as forty-seven cows. Only those who have lived on a farm and have milked large numbers of cows can appreciate just how much effort and "know-how" goes into the milking of 47 cows, especially if some of them were half wild, as were part of those which Sally milked. She was a thrifty, industrious woman who had mastery over her family and in whose memory she will always be revered.

Following is a list of her children, with vital data concerning them:

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[6] Sarah E. Collinwood. All the Utah statistics and most of the data herein, not otherwise credited, was furnished by Mrs. Collinwood.

1. Alma Zemira Palmer, born June 12, 1853, in Provo, Utah, married May 11, 1874, to Alzada Sopia Kartchner. Died January 25, 1925, at Mesa, Arizona.
2. Mary, a twin, born January 1, 1855, Provo, Utah, died January 1, 1855, at Provo, Utah.
3. Martha, a twin, born January 1, 1855, Provo, Utah, died January 8, 1855.
4. Lydia Amelia, born January 20, 1856, Provo, Utah; married John Kartchner, died August 10, 1896, in Juarez, Mexico.
5. Phoebe, born February 18, 1858, Provo, Utah; married Mark Kartchner, died August, 1936.
6. James William, born September 23, 1860, Provo, Utah; married May Ann Black; died February 20, 1931.
7. George Asael, born November 1, 1862, Heber City, Wasatch County, Utah; married Lucity Stolworthy; died.
8. Jesse Milo, born December 11, 1864, Heber City, Wasatch County, Utah; married Amanda Janette Hoyte; died May 14, 1909.
9. Emma, born June 30, 1867, Panaca, Lincoln County, Nevada; married Wilford Wild Heaton; died.
10. Newel Knight, born July 9, 1870, Eagle Valley, Lincoln County, Nevada; married Lydia M. Robertson; died February 22, 1932.
11. Joseph, born November 20, 1874, Spring Dale, Washington County, Utah; married November 23, 1893, Helen Jane Robertson.
12. Chloe, born January 31, 1878, Santa Clara, Washington County, Utah; died January 18, 1916. Unmarried.

Sally, the mother, was living at Santa Clara when her husband died, but it was her desire to be buried at Orderville with her husband. Her son, Joseph, moved her there, where she died October 1, 1916.

The second wife, Caroline Jacques, predeceased Sally and was also buried at Orderville. She left the following children:

1. Sarah Orletta, born July 21, 1867-9, at Provo, Utah County, Utah; married July 10, 1876, to Amos Cox.
2. Susan Louisa, born January 7, 1863, Heber, Wasatch County, Utah; married December 12, 1879, to Benjamin D. Black, died.
3. Mary Dell, born September 1, 1864-5, Heber, Wasatch County, Utah; died October, 1865.
4. George Edwin, born October 29, 1866, Panaca, Lincoln County, Nevada, married October 29, 1889, to Estella Mackelsprang, died October 29, 1902.
5. Daniel Whitmore, born March 16, 1869, Panaca, Lincoln County, Nevada; married December 25, 1895, to Vilate Walker, died
6. Almeda Eve, born March 20, 1872, at Dry Valley, Lincoln County, Nevada; married 21-22nd of September, 1887, to Theodore Cox.
7. Laura Lovina, born May 6, 1875, at Springdale, Washington County, Utah; married November 15, 1893, to James Henry Walker; died June 11, 1953.
8. Ann, born December 13, 1877, at Orderville, Kane County, Utah; died December 13, 1877.

CHAPTER TEN

WILLIAM JR. AND ELIZABETH STAKER DRAPER

This chapter deals with the lives of William Jr. and his wife Elizabeth Staker. Succeeding chapters will deal with his six other wives and their families.

In his old age he wrote a manuscript which he entitled: "A Biographical Sketch of the Life and Travels and Birth and Parentage of William Draper". I had it examined and read in the historical department of the Church and I have tested it against the general histories of the time, and have found that it is remarkably accurate, considering that it was written fifty years after the first events recorded by him occurred. It has been reproduced and widely distributed among his people but it contains practically no genealogy nor vital facts concerning his families. A great deal of research has been made to supply such missing data, which will be presented in this and succeeding chapters, interwoven with the stirring events related in his autobiography.[1]

He begins the story of his life with these words:

> I am the son of William Draper and Lydia Lathrop Draper. My grandfather's name was Thomas Draper and my grandmother's maiden name was Lydia Rogers. My father and grandfather were born in Pennsylvania State, and I was born in the Province of Upper Canada, Township of Richmond, County of Frontenac, Midland District, April 24, 1807.

This is the only genealogical statement made in his manuscript. It will be noted that he does not give the time of birth or death of either his father or grandfather. Long research, the results of which are recorded in previous chapters, has lead to the conclusion that his grandfather was born in Newton, Massachusetts, December 19, 1739, and that his father was born in Dutchess County, New York, September 9, 1774.

He recorded nothing of his boyhood, nor of his marriage in Canada, and little or nothing concerning subsequent marriages, or births and deaths in his family. At the end of his manuscript he explained why he wrote as he did, as follows:

> I find I am on the decline . . . and must ere long . . . join those who have passed through great tribulations and conquered the last enemy. And for this reason I have written this imperfect narrative that my children, grandchildren and finally all my posterity, to the latest generation, may see what their progenitor and those that he associated with in this Church had to pass through for the sake of the gospel . . .

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[1] The source of material in this chapter is William's Journal, family records, and general history.

> I have been some two weeks writing this narrative and will now come to a close on the 11th of December 1881, which makes me 74 years, 7 months, and 17 days old, and the husband of 5 living wives and the father of 51 children. Grandfather to about a hundred or more and great grandfather to about 20 or more.
>
> I now leave my blessing upon them all and ask my Heavenly Father to seal the blessings of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob upon their heads that they may be honorable members in this Church and Kingdom even so Lord, let it be, Amen.

This makes it clear why at his advanced age he could not compile a lengthy genealogical record of his family and do justice to each, if he undertook to make personal comment about any.

It is my purpose to supply this data now, but I am confronted with the same problem that confronted him. It will be impossible to find and record the histories of all his people, although I have spent part of my time for more than twenty years in looking them up.

To return to the beginning, it appears that his parents lived in Richmond Township, Frontenac County, Upper Canada, when William was born in 1807, and that they moved to Loughborough Township in the same county soon thereafter. Kingston was then, as it is now, the social and commercial center of the region.

William must have known Kingston well. It was a shipbuilding port and from it sailed sturdy ships plying the Great Lakes and the rivers and waterways of Canada. The whole surrounding country was interlaced with sparkling lakes filled with fish, and forests teeming with game — a young man's dream of perfection.

His educational opportunities were better than he was able to provide for his children during the time he was wandering from place to place in the United States and after he settled in the mountain and desert wastes of Utah. He had a natural aptitude for mathematics and an independent, logical mind. One of the few stories that have survived of his early experiences in Canada comes from his youngest son, Aury, who is now eighty-nine years old. It has to do with his aptness in mental calculation. He was employed as a surveyor's helper by an able engineer and surveyor of Kingston who was platting and surveying lands in Frontenac County. In addition to establishing boundaries, the acreage contained in each tract had to be computed. William was as much interested in the measurements and computations as the engineer himself. The engineer observed this, and one day after establishing the boundaries of an irregular tract, he jestingly asked William how many acres it contained. Whereupon, William quickly reviewed the measurements and announced that it contained a certain number of acres. He made no written computation. The engineer smiled and proceeded to make his own penciled calculation. The result was surprising. There was a difference of only 4 square rods between William's mental computation and the engineer's written one, whereupon the engineer said, "My boy, you have a talent worth cultivating. If you will stay with me I'll send you to college and make a first class engineer out of you."

William's course was deflected by other events and interests and so he failed to avail himself of the offer. One can only speculate what his life might have been had he followed the engineer's advice and offer. It is interesting to note, however, that some of his sons, though lacking entirely in formal education, inherited and profited by his natural aptitudes.

At the age of twenty years, he married Elizabeth Staker, who already had a son about one year old. William adopted this child as his own and by 1832 he and Elizabeth had three more. In that year he heard Mormonism preached and was captivated by it. As far as his autobiography is concerned, that was the beginning of life for him. This is not strange, because there was religious ferment in both the United States and Canada. Evangelism and dogmatic disputations were rampant. The many Christian churches were charging each other with having distorted the true teachings of Jesus Christ.

William's father, being a student of the Bible, resolved the problem by joining the Baptist Church about 1818, which took the words of the Bible in a literal sense, especially as to the doctrine of baptism.

At the same time the family of Joseph Smith, Sr., in New York, were both troubled and confused in attempting to reconcile all they heard concerning the Deity and his plan for the salvation of men. Joseph, Jr., his impressionable son, was especially troubled, but he got a clue to a solution of the problem, either through his Bible reading or from a minister, at a revival meeting proclaiming the words of St. James:

> If any among you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given unto him.

Joseph pondered this and went into the woods to pray. The result was astounding to him. He went home and told his parents that God, the Father, and his Son, appeared to him and told him that the gospel in its purity was not upon the earth and that through him it would be restored. His parents and some of their friends believed that the young boy had really had a vision. A school teacher, Oliver Cowdery, and others, were also deeply impressed and helped to lay the foundation for the establishment of a new church. In 1830, the movement was incorporated at Fayette, Seneca County, New

York, as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, but because of its implied, or expressed, condemnation of other churches, it was extremely unpopular, and suffered bitter attacks from the ministers of other churches as well as from many of their members.

Upper Canada proved to be a fertile field for Mormon missionaries. They preached much that was old and familiar and much that was new and fascinating. The combination had its appeal, especially to those who were already dissatisfied with the conflicting views of the Bible as expounded by their ministers.

In January of 1833, Brigham Young, a forceful character, came to Canada to spread the new gospel. Nearly all of the descendants of Thomas and Lydia Rogers Draper joined the new Church in 1833-4. William was baptized March 20, 1833. He rose rapidly in responsibility in the Church and in June of the same year he was ordained a priest under the hands of Brigham Young. Immediately he, himself, began to travel and preach. This he continued to do on his own time without pay, as much as his personal affairs would permit, until September 11, 1834, when he moved his family to Kirtland, Ohio, in company with Daniel Wood and his family. It was a journey of more than 500 miles. William does not say what road they traveled but two routes were open to them. One was across the St. Lawrence River and westward along the south shores of Lakes Ontario and Erie, and another on the north side of Lake Ontario to Toronto and thence by boat across the Lake to Lewiston, New York. It was a hard trip at best. They left Loughborough September 11th and arrived in Kirtland September 24, 1834.

William was only twenty-seven years old and filled with the ardor and enthusiasm of youth. He built a home, settled his family and began the serious study of theology under Joseph Smith and other church leaders. The next spring he went to work on the Kirtland temple with a zeal known only to those who feel that the mysteries of life and death have been resolved, but before summer was over he was sent back to Canada on a mission. The following winter he attended theological school under Joseph Smith and learned among other things, about rituals to be performed in a new temple, then under construction. During this time he was appointed to his first church office. He was made president of the priest's quorum in Kirtland, under the hands of Edward Partridge, the first bishop of Missouri, and Newell K. Whitney, the first bishop at Kirtland. At about the same time the first quorum of apostles was organized. On April 6, 1836, a great service was held in the temple concerning which he wrote:

> My pen is inadequate to write or my tongue to express what happened there. Many present spoke in tongues and had visions and saw angels and prophesied.

In June he went again to Canada on a mission with the twelve apostles where a number of new members were baptized. This time he returned to Kirtland by way of Toronto and across the lake to Lewiston. As he traveled back and forth to Canada, he had opportunity to meet other Drapers employed along the Erie Canal who were descendants of James and Miriam Draper. That he did meet some seems likely for not long thereafter names of some of these people were given to some of his children.

When his missionary work was finished he prepared to settle down permanently at Kirtland. He bought a farm and built a new home upon it. These were happy days but they did not last long. Hostility commenced to rise and mount against the Church to the point that by 1837 it appeared that Kirtland would have to be abandoned. Preparations began to move further west.

William was ordained a High Priest and set apart to preside over a branch of the Church in Morgan County, Illinois. He was compelled to give up his farm and home without compensation and it fell back into the hands of William Branch from whom he bought the farm. He quotes Branch as saying, "I might as well have it, as for old Joe Smith to have it. This," said William, "was the fruit of the religion of a strong Presbyterian. But as I do not intend to expose other people's faults, I will let the above suffice."

On April 16, 1838, he left for Illinois with his wife and five children and the few possessions they had left. They plodded over poor roads for a distance of 125 miles. At this point, further progress was made impossible by heavy stroms, which held them weatherbound for a week. While waiting for the weather to clear, a company of evacuees from Kirtland drove into camp. Among them was George Albert Smith, who later became an apostle of the Church in Utah.

William joined this company and continued his journey through Indiana into Illinois. After about three weeks of travel in mud and mire, he reached his destination in Morgan County only to find that the members of the branch had already appointed a president. There being no general authorities at this point to advise him as to his next move, he decided to continue on to Far West, Missouri and there make his home. Under continued adverse conditions, he got as far as Huntsville, Missouri, where he was taken severely ill. He was still more than 125 miles from his destination, so he picked a grassy plot under a large oak tree which afforded some shelter from storm and there he camped with his family.

Fortunately for him, Edward Weaver, a good Mormon brother, was living at Huntsville. He discovered William's plight and took him home where he was nursed to recovery by Edward and his wife. We shall meet the wife again later on.

William returned to his camp and again a company from Kirtland joined him. This time it was the father and mother of Joseph Smith, their sons, Hyrum and William, and their families. As the father was a patriarch, he was invited to pronounce a blessing upon the Saints in and around Huntsville. This he did and according to William, they had a glorious meeting at which William spoke and predicted trouble ahead, especially for the Smith family, which deeply affected the elder Smith.

The camp was then dedicated "as a resting place for the Saints who were worn out in traveling from the east." William was requested to remain and preside over the camp, and the Smiths resumed their journey. William discharged his duties at this post from June to August 1838, when a message was sent to him to break up the camp and move to Caldwell County, Missouri, because of strong indications of mob hostilities.

Within a few days the camp was broken up and they set out for Far West. After a day or two, evidence of mob hostility became sufficiently pronounced to cause them to leave the main traveled road and pass through uninhabited country where there were no roads at all. They came out at Haun's Mill, a place notorious in Mormon history as the site of a massacre of Mormons, old and young. They continued their journey and found a suitable place to settle about four or five miles short of Far West, on Log Creek. Here William got a snug log house and seven acres of fertile land upon which he planted crops to sustain his family. He also began to work at his trade of shoemaking. He had a yoke of oxen, one horse, and two cows so that, in a primitive way, he and his family were very comfortably situated. In a short time the Log Creek community was organized as a branch of the Church with William as its head.

Notwithstanding mob excitement in the surrounding country, things went well with the people at Log Creek until October 1838, when hostilities ran so high that Joseph Smith ordered his followers in outlying settlements to gather in Far West for mutual protection. They complied, but housing at Far West was inadequate to their needs. William and two other families were compelled to live together in one old log house. One family was named Fowler and the other was that of William Carey.

"This required some little patience," says William. The Fowlers were not blessed with that virtue, so they apostatized and went off with the mob. William Carey was steadfast enough but it cost him his life.

On October 22, 1838, reports reached Far West that property destruction, house burning, and killing had begun. A company of 75 men were sent out to scout the situation. At Crooked River they encountered a mob. A skirmish ensued in which, says William, Apostle David Patten, Simeon Carter, and Patterson O'Banion were killed and several others were wounded. A war of extermination had been declared against the Mormons and gloom settled upon Far West. They began to prepare for defense and a watch was placed around the town.

About the 28th of October, what appeared to be an army was seen approaching from the south. Immediately all the men in town, young and old, assembled and marched to the south boundary of Far West. The approaching army had now reached Grouse Creek where there was a scattering of timber. They paused, while scouts climbed trees to better estimate the size of the defending Mormon force. William states that they misjudged the size of the force because they sent out a detachment with a flag of truce.

Col. George M. Hinkle, Judge Phelps, Major Read Peck, and John Correll, from the Mormon side, went out to meet the truce party. A short parley ensued while the people of Far West watched with anxiety. To their surprise, their representatives followed the truce flag into the midst of the opposing troops. In a short time, however, Col. Hinkle and his party returned to Far West and reported that Governor Boggs had sent the army out to investigate and settle the difficulties between the Mormons and the non-Mormons and for that purpose it would be necessary to consult with Joseph Smith and his counsellors. This appeared to be a reasonable request, so Joseph and Hyrum Smith and other leaders immediately marched to the enemy camp "where," says William, "they were forthwith declared to be prisoners of war."[2] A committee was sent back, however, to report that the Church leaders would be kept in camp for discussions overnight and would be sent home at 8:00 o'clock next morning. It was suggested further that it might be well for the Mormons to maintain a watch at Far West as there were ungovernable characters at large who might stir up trouble.

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[2] It has been intimated that Col. Hinkle, commanding the Mormon forces, betrayed the Church leaders and deliberately surrendered them to the mob to avoid bloody defeat by superior forces. — *The Rocky Mountain Saints,* by Stenhouse.

The next morning they got a shock. It was reported that a treaty had been made and signed by Joseph Smith and the Army officers, under the terms of which the Saints were to lay down their arms, and deed their property to the State to pay for the expenses of the Army. It was further provided that the Army should see that the terms of the treaty were carried out immediately. William sums up what happened in his own words, as follows:

> In a short time we saw the army coming, and they marched up to our ranks and formed a hollow square into which we were all marched by our Colonel Hinkle. We were then ordered to lay down our arms, which we did, so we were divested of every weapon of defense, even our large pocket knives being taken. While this was going on another hollow square was formed and we were marched into that away from our arms in a helpless condition, and we stood there waiting for further orders.

They were then ordered to be at ease, so they sat or lay down on the grass and William soon fell asleep, but was soon aroused by the command: "Men, arise to your feet." The general then instructed them that they could return to their families but must remain in the town at their peril, and in their houses after dark on pain of being shot. They obeyed, but during the night he continues:

> We could often hear guns firing, dogs yelping, hogs squealing, and demons howling and cursing, and after spending the night thus amused, we arose in the morning and could see hogs, dogs, and sheep lying dead in the streets. They had been shot by ruffians who amused themselves by pretending that they were Mormons running away on all fours. They also committed many other crimes, such as robbing and stealing, and worst of all did outrage and shamefully abuse some of our most worthy and virtuous females.

Following this, each Mormon executed a deed to the state, and waited for the release of Joseph Smith and his associates. Joseph and Hyrum were not released but four of the prisoners were released to bring back William Carey, whose head had been bashed in by a mobster. He died the next day in the old log house where he and William Draper were living together.

Later Joseph Smith and his counsellors were brought to say good-bye to their families. They had been sentenced by court martial to be shot at 8:00 o'clock the next morning. General Doniphan, however, resisted execution of the order, and the captives were thrown into Liberty jail in Clay County, where mob spirit was violent against the Mormons.

General Clark, as reported by William, then advised the people at Far West that they had been dealt with leniently, in view of the order of extermination previously made, but a final provision of the treaty had still to be carried out; namely, to leave the State of Missouri by planting time the next spring. "You are advised, therefore," he said, "when you are discharged, go to and provide for the wants of your families and make speedy preparations to leave the state . . . and scatter yourselves like other people, and never gather again in companies, . . . under presidents, prophets, bishops, or apostles to govern you. If you do you will bring down the wrath of a just people upon you as you have already done. . . . You are now dismissed to carry out these measures."

Following this, William set out to find his livestock which had been loose in the vicinity since the "war" had begun. He set out toward the deserted camp of the soldiers and found the heads of his oxen in a road near the camp. That left him only the horse and cow to make a team with which to get out of the state. Luckily, William Carey's widow had a team, so they combined their resources and began making plans to leave the state together.

During the winter William returned to shoemaking. He also traded his horse and cow for a team of oxen, and bought another from Ebenezer Brown on credit. Thus outfitted, he was prepared to return to Illinois. In addition to the widow Carey, it is likely that he helped his sister, Phoebe, and her family to return to Illinois. Ebenezer Brown accompanied them and in 1842 he married Phoebe. They crossed the Mississippi and stopped at the little town of Atlas in Illinois in the latter part of March, 1839. There William found his brother-in-law, Nathan Staker, who invited him to remain and visit for a while. Apparently nobody knew just where to settle and start anew. It seems that the widow Carey followed a company north and that Ebenezer Brown went south along the river from Atlas.

William sold one of his teams at Atlas, and remembering his debt to Brown, he set out down the river to find him. Ebenezer had stopped at Pleasantville, and was so pleased with the place that he persuaded William that it was a good place to settle. William was impressed, and well he might have been, for Pleasantville lies in a fruitful and beautiful valley carved out by the great Mississippi River.

There he rented an old log cabin and three acres of land for the season and moved his family in. Again he returned to shoemaking and cultivating his small plot of land. It yielded plenty for the needs of his family. The people in the neighborhood were friendly and life then became good.

In the meantime, Joseph and Hyrum Smith had escaped from Liberty jail and had made their way to Quincy, Illinois. They began at once to lay plans to establish a headquarters for the Church. Before long they acquired the little town of Commerce up the river about fifty miles from Quincy. This they were able to do because it was little more than a malarial swamp. Many of the Saints commenced to gather there "like doves to their windows." A conference of members was called to convene at Commerce October 6, 1839.

William attended. He reports that all the members present, who had lived in Commerce during the summer, "looked more like ghosts, that had neither flesh nor blood." Yet they were optimistic and satisfied. At this conference, Commerce was organized as a "Stake of Zion" and its name changed to Nauvoo. William was chosen as a high councillor in the stake but he resigned soon in order to continue his work at Pleasantville where a branch of the Church was organized by Newel Knight who advised William to preach in the vicinity whenever invited by respectable citizens to do so. William did preach to them "and many believed and were baptized." This pleased Joseph Smith who told him to continue preaching and if the "branch reached the number of one hundred, he, Joseph, would come and organize it into a stake of Zion."

William later wrote: "Doors were opened on every hand . . . and in about two weeks the branch numbered one hundred and twelve." True to his promise, Joseph sent his brother Hyrum down with Bishop George Miller who established a stake at Pleasantville, with William as president, and William Allred as bishop. They were "instructed to obtain a piece of land and lay it off in town lots and build a meeting house and provide for the comfort of the saints as they gathered in.[3] . . . Many old citizens joined the Church and all went on comfortably until some time in the fall of 1842 when mobocracy and persecution began to show their hydra-heads."

By this time, William had acquired a better home and was happy, but again a message came from Joseph to abandon Pleasantvale and move into Hancock County. This call was obeyed reluctantly, no doubt, because some of the converts remained behind. William, with his father and his brother Zemira, moved to Green Plain, between Nauvoo and Carthage, in the spring of 1843. As usual, William soon acquired new land. This time he built a home and gristmill and commenced life anew. His neighbors were impressed by his enterprise and industry and became friendly, though they were non-Mormon.

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[3] Thereafter, the Mormon settlement was referred to as Pleasant*vale*.

Judging from what follows, it may have appeared to Church leaders that William was too intimate with non-Mormons. Brigham Young and Wilford Woodruff spent the night with him at Green Plain, May 22, 1844.[4] Hostility to the Church was then running high and Colonel Levi Williams, notorious for organizing mob activities against the Mormons, was William's neighbor.

By this time Nauvoo had grown from a malarial swamp to a thriving city of more than 15,000 inhabitants, and with the flood of converts coming in from other states, Canada, and Europe, it might have become the most important city in Illinois. It had its own specially chartered city government and it had troops (The Nauvoo Legion) to maintain order. Its growth in power became a matter of great concern to politicians, priests, apostates, and hot-heads alike, and under their leadership, schemes—legal, quasi-legal, and illegal—were being concocted to break the Mormon organization up.

Whether William was fully aware of all the dangers implicit in the situation, I cannot say, but he had demonstrated his ability to live in peace and harmony with non-Mormons, both at Pleasantville and Green Plain. He was not a top policy maker at Church headquarters; he was merely a trusted subordinate officer in the field. His integrity, however, was soon given a serious test.

In June of 1844, Joseph Smith and some of his counselors were incarcerated in Carthage jail. Much history has been written on the causes, or reasons, for such incarceration but it is not necessary for the purposes of William's history to go into them here. It was the impact of events, not the reasons for them, that made history in his mind. He states what happened as he saw it as follows:

> All went well with me until sometime in June (1844) then there were frequent reports about Joseph from Nauvoo, that produced some little excitement for priests, lawyers, and apostates had combined together to again make trouble. The men in the neighborhood where I lived (Green Plain) were organized to go up and arrest Joseph. They came and invited me to go with them to take Joseph, but I refused. They wanted to know if I would go if the governor ordered me. I said I would not go if the devil himself would order me to go against Joseph for his people are my people and where he goes I will go also. This appeared to vex them. Although we had always been on good terms as neighbors. Then they said "you will have to leave for you can't live here though we like you as a neighbor," so they left me and soon started for Nauvoo, with Col. Williams as their leader, which resulted in the martyrdom of Joseph the prophet and Hyrum the patriarch and severely wounding John Taylor. This was done in Carthage gaol June 27, 1844. Then they came

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[4] Journal of Joseph Smith — *Church History,* Vol. 6, p. 342.

back without having the black thoroughly washed from their faces. They did not interfere with me any more until about October 20th, 1845.

The ferocity and cold-bloodedness that accompanied the murder and liquidation of the Church leaders produced a shock throughout the country generally, which accounts, in part, for the failure of the men of Green Plain to drive William out immediately after the Carthage outrage. Serious attempts were made by Governor Ford of Illinois to compose the situation and appeals were made to the President of the United States to intervene. Negotiations, supplications, newspaper screams, pro and con, filled the air for about a year when mobs again began to take things in their own hands.

On or about September 20, 1845, William records, about sixty-five armed men approached his home. He saw them in time to flee for his life. He hid in the woods, leaving behind a wife, soon to have a child, and two little boys lying at the point of death, "one four and a half and the other two and a half." They were Albert and Parley. As the mob approached, Elizabeth, his wife, and generous neighbors, began carrying things out of the house while the mob set fire to his haystacks and grain bins. A crowd had gathered at the house and hostile persons among them spread straw from the bed ticks into the corners of the room and set fire to it. Elizabeth tried to quench the flames, but rough men forced her out of the house.

In the meantime, the sick boys had been carried into the woods and placed under a shelter made of a bedstead turned upside down and covered with quilts. A heavy thunder shower was approaching. When the storm broke, William ventured out to see what had become of his family. He found them uninjured but in a precarious condition. The mob had gone, so he inspected his premises. His house was burned to the ground, his harvested crops were gone and hogs, sheep, and cattle were roaming in his field, destroying the shocked corn. Only one thing was left—his gristmill—which the mob apparently thought belonged to someone else. The family took refuge in that. Elizabeth begged William to hide again because she said that the mob was still looking for him the last time she saw them. Although it was raining hard, he took her advice and hid in a shock of corn. He was soon washed out and ventured back again to the mill. He remained there until daylight and then found his way to the home of George Walker, a Baptist minister.

The Rev. Mr. Walker was kind, indeed, and William began to tell him of his plight. "I know it," said the minister, "I saw it all but I could do you no good for I feared they would destroy me next. Is there anything I can do for you now?"

William asked to borrow his wagon to transport his family beyond reach of the mob. "There it is," said he, "Take it and if you return it, all well. If not, all is well." Thus relieved, William returned to the mill to gather up such fragments of property as had escaped mob destruction. While doing this he saw ten armed men approaching and clearly searching for him. Before they saw him, he dropped to the ground and crept through the brush on his hands and knees until he could rise and flee to another neighborhood. Upon arrival there, he induced a young man to return and rescue his family and bring them to him, with the team and outfit.

The young man did a good job. He delivered the family safely to William who promptly took charge and struck out for his old home in Pike County, sixty miles away. Nathan Staker, his brother-in-law, was still there and was glad to take them in. The next day, October 6, 1845, Elizabeth gave birth to a son, Isaac Grant Draper. In better surroundings the sick boys began to recover, and when all were sufficiently rested and recovered, William decided to risk a trip back to Nauvoo, through mob infested country, to get advice from Church leaders as to his next move.

Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball had taken charge of the Church since the death of Joseph and Hyrum Smith so he reported to them. After hearing his story, they advised him to return to his family and prepare to leave the next spring for the Rocky Mountains.

William followed their advice. He went back to Pleasantvale and reported on his plans and then returned to Nauvoo January 28, 1846, for further advice. Some families had already crossed the Mississippi into Iowa. He returned again to Pike County and made final arrangements for the last great move. In April, about the 20th, 1846, he was on his way, with his family to take final instructions at Nauvoo. They arrived there safely about April 23rd.

Their stay in Nauvoo lasted about ten days, during which time William took on new obligations, which decidedly affected his future life, but the only account he gave of his doings is contained in the obscure remark, "I added to the family and to the outfit," which can be interpreted only in light of the facts and circumstances surrounding him at the time, and later events. At the time he was fully equipped to go where the Church leaders directed, but they were confrontd with many perplexing problems. Among other things, there were in Nauvoo many widows and unattached women converts who had to be transported and protected in a contemplated mass movement of a whole people, hardly surpassed by any such movement since the children of Israel left Egypt.

What was to be done with them? Marriage to responsible men offered the simplest solution. Joseph Smith had put the seal of approval on plural marriage before his death, and it now appears that William married the widow of his old friend, Edward Weaver when he got his endowments at Nauvoo, January 28, 1945, for this widow bore him a son October 28, 1846, at Kanesville, Iowa. They named him Almon. It was Martha Weaver who helped to nurse William to recovery through his serious illness at Huntsville, Missouri. Thus he "added to the family," and with his expanded family it is easy to see why he added to his outfit.

> His narrative then continues: On May 1, 1846, we "crossed the Mississippi and took the trail to follow those who had started before us in a wilderness where no white inhabitants lived."

"We" was his family and about two hundred other people forming a company of which he was captain. He piloted them safely through Iowa to the Missouri River, though it was all wild country. Other companies had preceded them however, and great camps were growing up on the river. Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball had been directing affairs at these new camps, but William's company met them returning to Nauvoo to conclude business affairs there and to supervise the continuing exodus. They brought the surprising news that negotiations were under way with officers of the United States Army to enlist a company of five hundred able-bodied Mormon men in a campaign against Mexico. William thought it was a draft and apparently continued to so believe for the rest of his life, for he wrote: "Five hundred of our most able-bodied men were marched away to fight the battles of the United States, from which we had just been driven."

The fact seems to be that an agreement for such enlistment was entered into between the Army officers and the Church leaders which was mutually satisfactory and beneficial to all concerned. In the negotiations, Brigham Young was counseled by his good friend Col. Thomas L. Kane, who, it has been alleged, was at some time baptised by Brigham Young.

After the enlistment, a gala farewell party was held for the departing recruits in a large bowery at Council Point, a trading post on the river, and the next morning, July 16, 1846, a march began which made history. Ebenezer and Phoebe Draper Brown, with Phoebe's young son, Zemira Palmer, were part of the enlisted personnel. William relates:

> After they were gone we could look in every direction and see the prairies dotted with wagons and tents and speckled with cattle whose owners were gone. Something had to be done for the women and children who were left unprovided for and without protection in an Indian country, so a meeting was called and the country divided into districts or wards and a bishop appointed for each ward.
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> It fell to my lot to be one of them, and when I looked for those that were in my district, I found there were thirty-three families. We set to work gathering up the cattle and getting herdsmen to take care of them. The next move was to provide shelter for the people and provender for the cattle. As we were left with so few men we could move no further until the brethren returned from the army, or some other way provided. We set to work building log cabins and bought some from Indians . . . on Potawatame lands. I located at Council Point where there was quite a settlement of half breeds and Indians. . . . In a short time we had a fine little town. . . . The Saints kept flocking in, and there were persons in our midst that church law did not provide for, nor neither were they willing to be governed by church law. I was the bishop with power to execute church law, but it soon became necessary to have a better organization.
>
> Iowa was not organized with territorial government, consequently we were without any civil code of government, so we organized a provincial government with a law making department, and elected officers to administer the laws as they were made or as occasion required. . . . We went on administering the laws by issuing writs, punishing crime, assessing fines and collecting them, and sitting in judgment in cases of debt and using means for enforcing the decisions necessary to preserve peace and safety in the country. . . . All things moved on well under our mode of government until the United States organized Iowa into territorial government. Then we ceased further operation under our provincial government, and sent our court records to Washington and they met with the highest approval.

Similar communities were established on both sides of the river. Brigham Young and others settled on the west side on Omaha Indian lands. There a town, consisting of more than five hundred houses, soon sprang up. But providing food and clothing for all these destitute people was a difficult undertaking until the next year, 1847, when the products of their lands, supplemented by trading, were sufficient for the wants of all, although it must be noted that a good many died from privation and hardship before relief came.

By the spring of 1847, Brigham Young's plans were all complete. He had gathered all the facts he could from trappers and adventurers concerning the little known country in which he hoped to find refuge for his harried people. He had about a hundred men, and a few women, drilled and organized as a pilot company, who, if successful, were to be followed later by other companies until all of his people were out of harm's way. They were successful. The cost and suffering which brought success is history pretty well known to all. It is sufficient to record here that when Brigham first looked into the Salt Lake valley, he declared, "This is the place," and it was there that he built an empire.

William did not share in this first adventure. He was held to the less exciting business of looking after the families of the battalion left behind in Iowa until their men should return, which did not occur until 1849. William then got orders to make preparations to leave for Salt Lake in the spring of 1849. By this time it was easier to make preparations. The shabby camps had grown into flourishing little towns bearing such names as Florence, Kanesville, Council Point, etc. They were supported by their new productive farms and exchange of produce with venturesome traders who were now bringing in clothing, hardware, and a variety of otherwise unobtainable merchandise from the east.

> On July fifth, says William, I bid farewell to my home and friends, at Council Point, and started to join the company at Winter Quarters, where they were waiting to organize for the travel, and when I arrived we were organized and I was appointed by George A. Smith to take part in the overseeing of the travelling company in connection with Judge Appleby and Judge Clark. We started to cross the plains for Great Salt Lake. We travelled on slowly, and nothing special occurred, there being little sickness and no deaths. But on the second of October near the South Pass we were caught in a great storm that lasted thirty-six hours, which killed over seventy head of our cattle and horses. That weakened our teams, but after the storm ceased we shovelled our way out and travelled again. We did not go far until we came to where there was no snow at all, and all was fair, which weather continued until October 26th when we arrived safely in Salt Lake City and broke up camp entirely.

What a modest tale! His party had been on the trail one hundred and thirteen days; they had passed over territory black with buffalo easily stampeded by wild animals and Indians who were constantly chasing them; they were also trespassers on Indian territory and the Indians were none too happy about that; and they risked meeting the same fate in the Rockies that the Donner party suffered in the Sierras. Their horses and oxen were so weak when they reached South Pass that they were unable to survive a day and a half of storm, and yet, in effect, William says, "There was nothing to it." They were stoics sustained by dreams of heaven.

William and his large family reached Salt Lake City October 26, 1849, in good health and spirits. They were welcomed by William's brother, Zemira, who made the trip to Salt Lake the year before in 1848. Zemira's place was headquarters for the family of William while he looked for a place of his own. Concerning this he wrote:

> I met with a chance to rent a house and lot for one year, my family being large it required some little exertion to provide for their wants, for flour rose to the enormous price of from seventy-five cents to one dollar per pound. It was hard to get seed grain but I succeeded in getting both, so my family did not suffer for the want of bread. During the winter I bought a little farm and rented another about six miles south of Salt Lake City.

At this time he had two families to support. His wife, Elizabeth Staker, had eight living children ranging in age from two to twenty-four years. His other wife, Mary Ann Manhardt, had a newborn child and a daughter two years old.

As a frontiersman in Canada and the United States, he had learned and developed all the skills necessary to survival. Among other things, he was a shoemaker and a miller, but wherever he went, he first secured land to insure a living for his family.

In the spring of 1850, he planted crops on all the tracts of land mentioned above. His lot was devoted to potatoes and both farms were planted to corn and wheat. But he found it awkward and time consuming to operate two farms six miles apart. To overcome this handicap he states:

> I bought a small log cabin, and sometime in February I moved part of my family to Mill Creek.

One may guess from this that it was Mary Ann who was taken to Mill Creek, because of the smallness of her family and the smallness of the cabin provided at that farm. Obviously, Elizabeth required larger quarters for her eight children. She also had two full grown sons and a full grown daughter, who under her supervision, could very well take care of the crops on the lot and the farm in Salt Lake City, with an occasional lift from their father. Each plot of land produced good crops that year, making the whole family free from the threat of starvation for a year at least.

Based upon his record of past performance, there is no doubt in the mind of this writer that William would have become a prosperous and influential citizen in the Salt Lake Valley, except for a series of circumstances which pushed him further and further toward the last frontier, after he had passed the prime of life.

In spite of all the handicaps and persecutions heaped upon him and his people after he came down from Canada, he laid a foundation for success at Kirtland, Ohio; at Huntsville and Log Creek in Missouri; at Pleasantville and Green Plain, Illinois; at Council Point and Kanesville, Iowa; and he was showing the same signs of progress immediately after reaching Salt Lake City.

But no sooner had he made the promising start, indicated above, at Salt Lake and Mill Creek than he moved again. This time, however, not because he was being driven by enemies, but because his sister, Phoebe, and her husband Ebenezer Brown had arrived in Salt Lake City from the west[5]—at the same time that he had arrived there from the east in the fall of 1849.

Ebenezer and William had become fast friends during the persecutions heaped upon them in Missouri, and William had looked after the interests of his sister Phoebe during those trying times. It was Ebenezer who induced William to settle with him at Pleasantvale, Illinois, instead of going north with the main body of the Saints who settled at Nauvoo. It was at Pleasantvale that Ebenezer married Phoebe, and it was at Council Point, Iowa, that William and his family were separated from Ebenezer and Phoebe when the latter took off with the Mormon battalion. They had a happy reunion in 1849 after which Ebenezer, like William, began to look immediately for a permanent home. Ebenezer had a slight advantage over William, however, in that he and Phoebe and her son had the good fortune to have been working at Sutter's Mill in California when gold was discovered. They accumulated some of it before they came home.

Ebenezer had three sons by a former marriage and together they discovered unoccupied land and water in a large cove in the southeast corner of the Salt Lake valley, through which the water from four springs ran, which they forthwith appropriated and began immediately in the fall of 1849 to build a cabin on the ground and to prepare for crops to be planted in the spring. The waters of the springs were joined and thereafter became known as South Willow Creek.

In the spring of 1850, Ebenezer was ready to bring Phoebe down from Salt Lake City to help build a permanent home. He felt, too, that there was ample room for more people at South Willow Creek than his and Phoebe's immediate families, so it appears they asked all of the Drapers they knew to join them.

William wrote that they invited him to join them which he did in November 1850 after he had harvested his crops at Salt Lake City and Mill Creek. From the best available data, it appears that the following persons made up the colony at South Willow Creek at the end of 1850:

> Ebenezer Brown and his sons and a daughter as follows: Joseph G., Harriet, Norman, and John W. Brown; Phoebe Draper Palmer Brown and her son Zemira Palmer and her daughter Rhoda Ann Palmer; William Draper

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[5] See the stirring story of their lives in Chapter 8, supra.

and his wives, Elizabeth and Mary Ann, with their children as follows: Henry, Julianna, Moses, William L., Albert Edward, Parley Pine, Isaac Grant, and Amanda E. Draper; Zemira Draper and his wife, Amy Terry, and their children as follows: Ellen A. and Lydia H. Draper. It may be that J. Allen and Andrew Burnham joined them in 1850.

After disposing of his property at Salt Lake and Mill Creek, William records that he secured a good farm at South Willow Creek which he stocked with horses and cattle and upon which he grew plenty of grain; that the population increased to the extent that a branch of the Church was organized over which he was called to preside as bishop, an office which he had theretofore been ordained.

Church Historian Andrew Jensen spoke of the growth of the settlement, saying that it had increased to 222 persons in 1853 and that in 1852 a post office was established and a precinct organized, and that the name of the new settlement was changed to Draper, in honor of William Draper and his family, who were among the first settlers.[6]

From 1849 to 1856 William probably enjoyed the greatest sense of peace and fulfillment since he had left Kirtland, Ohio in 1838. He was prosperous, publicly honored, and subjected to no threat of danger beyond an occasional Indian raid.

In 1854, he took three new wives which seems unusual for he had contracted no plural marriages since the crisis of 1846 and 1847. He married three young English women under circumstances described in the stories of their respective lives in succeeding chapters. They were Mary Howarth, and Fanny and Ruth Hannah Newton.

By 1856 the territory had developed to a point that caused the people to seek admission to the sisterhood of state, as the State of Deseret. Accordingly, a convention met March 3, 1856 to memorialize Congress for such admission, and they chose delegates to present the same in Washington.

Following this, a campaign of villification began which reached its climax in charges that Brigham Young and his followers were in rebellion against the United States. These charges were believed to the extent that an army was dispatched to Utah to compel fealty to the sovereignty of the United States.[7]

This bit of history is well known. It is repeated here only because it brought another change in the life of William Draper. Brigham Young decided to resist the entry of this army into Utah and, if it succeeded in entering, to burn and destroy everything of value, leaving only a scorched earth behind for the army to subsist upon. All the people in the northern part of the state were advised to begin moving southward in the early part of 1858, leaving only enough men to carry out the order to burn and destroy everything as per plan. It was understood that if it became necessary the whole body would keep marching until they should reach old Mexico.

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[6] Church Encyclopedia, Book I, page 289.

[7] Church Chronology, pages 56-60.

William Draper was then fifty-one years old. He had five wives and eighteen children, all of whom had to be transported over a longer and more barren terrain than they had to cross from the Missouri River to Utah.

Fortunately, peace was made with the Army by the time he reached Spanish Fork. Nearly everybody returned to their homes except William. The big delta formed by the Spanish Fork River, consisting of fine silt and loam, probably reminded him of the silt and loam of the Mississippi River bottom at Pleasantvale where he had been successful and happy. At any rate, he settled there with four of his wives and children. His first wife Elizabeth and her children, who were now able to shift for themselves, returned to Draper.

In retrospect the situation which confronted William at Spanish Fork in the spring of 1858 seemed appalling. He had to acquire and break new land, plant crops, and construct ditches to carry water to the land. He had to build four homes to accommodate the four separate families remaining with him on this new location. They had to be fed and clothed somehow until the new land yielded its first crop.

How well he succeeded in overcoming such obstacles was made clear to this writer by William Jex and John Beck, two wonderful old pioneers who were still living at Spanish Fork in the winter of 1916-17, at which time the writer was acting as principal of the Spanish Fork High School. They said that he owned and operated the best developed farm and orchard in the community; that in addition to cereal crops and hay he produced sugar cane, which he converted to molasses in a mill of his own on the farm, and in addition, he was the first mayor of Spanish Fork and later its justice of the peace and the town's general legal advisor.

But this good situation came to an end too soon. Crickets devoured his crops for two successive years and foodstuffs rose to exhorbitant prices. Wheat was five dollars a bushel and it cost him five dollars a day to furnish bread to his family. Nearly all other commodities were up in proportion. In addition, finding fuel for four homes was a major problem. Coal was still undiscovered in Utah and there was no wood for burning in the immediate vicinity of

Spanish Fork, except the black willows which grew along the streams and gave only a sputtering and ineffective fire. To get good fuel wood it was necessary to go into the Wasatch Mountains on the east, or to cross, or go around Utah Lake to get pinion pine or cedar wood on the west. Respecting this, William wrote:

> It took two to three days to get one load and my families required two loads a week. I found that I could not stand that way of living much longer, so I concluded to emigrate to Sanpete where most of our bread stuff came from and wood was plentiful.

He settled at Moroni in the spring of 1865. This move took the family about seventy miles further south and over the Wasatch range into a high and beautiful valley watered by crystal mountain streams all converging into the Sanpitch River, so called after the Sanpitch tribe of Indians living in the valley.

William settled at Moroni, on the river at the point of a range of hills descending from the north. The earlier settlers built their homes in the river bottom, which proved to be too low and wet for healthful living. They gradually moved to higher ground. The land on the foothills was underlaid with highly mineralized hard-pan, and some of the land to the west was heavily impregnated with alkali. The seasons were short and only hardy crops would mature because of the short seasons, and the so-called "river" ultimately proved inadequate to supply the whole valley with culinary and irrigation water. The most fortunate had a difficult time, but William never could acquire more than fifteen acres of good land. Any other that he ever got was alkaline and sub-marginal. He wrote of his beginnings at Moroni as follows:

> I bought a house and lot and about fifteen acres of land for which I paid about nine hundred dollars in property. I also bought one-third of a gristmill, worth about five hundred dollars for which I paid fifteen hundred dollars.

He knew gristmills because he had built and operated more than one. He must have felt that he had fallen among some very sharp traders, but he had to have flour in unusual quantities for his families and thought the mill would provide it, along with the grain expected from his fifteen acres. The mill was run down and underpowered, so he spent about two hundred dollars in repairs, and in addition, he constructed a new millrace and took additional water from the river to get needed power at the mill. This was done without diminishing the irrigation water in the stream because it all flowed back into the river after turning the wheels of the mill.

But he might better have remained at Spanish Fork and fought crickets and burned green wood than to run into the difficulties which confronted him at Moroni. Spanish Fork ultimately solved its cricket and fuel problems and became one of the flourishing towns of Utah. But William, in his old age, was overwhelmed by troubles at Moroni.

Things began well enough in other respects. Not long after his arrival at Moroni, it was incorporated as a third-class city and William was honored by being elected its first mayor. Procedures under the new civil government were much the same as they had been under church rule. This was to be expected, because none of the Saints had known any other kind of rule since 1830. It is not strange, therefore, that when the mayor and the city council disagreed, the council applied church pressures to bring the mayor into line.

Under his administration, a surplus was built up in the city treasury which the council wanted to spend in a manner which William denounced as dishonest. This infuriated the council and they threatened to carry out their plan in spite of his opposition, but William stubbornly stood his ground. Finally, the council built a backfire by instituting a damage suit against him, charging that he had unlawfully diverted water from the Sanpitch River to operate his gristmill.

At the same time, a rumor went the rounds to the effect that William was out of harmony with the Church. What was done with the damage suit is not clear, but a trial before local Church authorities resulted in some kind of order of excommunication, which was sufficient to ruin him both physically and spiritually. He might well have appealed to the general authorities at Salt Lake against this order, but he did not. He sold his interest in the gristmill for one hundred dollars, withdrew from all community activity, and retired to Silver Creek on a piece of submarginal land west of the town.

After a lapse of considerable time, President John Taylor, head of the Church, and two of his counsellors, came to Moroni to transact business at the home of Bishop John W. Irons. During an interlude of general conversation, President Taylor suddenly asked: "Whatever became of Billy Draper?" When told that William was out of harmony with the Church and its principles, the President was amazed. He is reported to have said, in effect that it was unthinkable that a man who had served the Church for fifty years with such fidelity and trust should suddenly turn upon it without weighty and sound reasons. He then ordered that William be brought before the authorities forthwith. The matter was heard after which the action of the local authorities was reversed.[8]

William made no record of the events told in the foregoing story, but he did write the following entry in his journal which seems to apply directly to the matter of his running afoul with his associates:

> I will here say that I have lived in Moroni hardly seventeen years, but am sorry to say that in this short period I have suffered more in body and mind than I have in all the rest of my life, although I have spent nearly fifty-five years in this church. But when I was about to sink under the weight and influence of temptation, the Lord . . . sent his servant, President John Taylor, to me. On or about the 18th day of August, 1860, he invited me into the house of Bishop John W. Irons, and after being seated, he asked me a few questions which I answered briefly.

What these questions were, he does not say. Neither does he let us know what vital facts he tried to compress in his short answers. It will be remembered after his trouble with William Branch at Kirtland, he declared it to be his policy not to expose the faults of others. It appears that he avoided laying strictures on anybody with respect to his difficulties in Moroni. But putting together the story of his son, Aury, and the action of President John Taylor, the conclusion of the matter as told by William below clears up a matter which has long been a mystery to William's descendants:

> He (President Taylor) then called upon one of his counsellors, George Q. Cannon, and one of his apostles, Erastus Snow, and they laid their hands on my head and reordained me to all the offices and all the various grades of priesthood that ever I had been ordained to, and in addition they ordained me to the office of Patriarch, after the ancient order and confirmed and reconfirmed all the blessings that had ever been pronounced upon my head, by those who that had administered to me before ordination and otherwise. That seemed to impart new life to both body and spirit.

But it was too late for him to build a new temporal life anywhere. He was then seventy-five years old. His mill, land and property were gone. All he had left to pass on to his posterity was the record of his life and his blessing. He retired to live with his older sons at Freedom, where he died May 28, 1886, in his eightieth year.

Few of his children, born in Utah, knew the story of his hard, heroic life from the time he left Canada until he reached Utah. They knew only relentless trial and privation throughout their early lives without the high inspiration and elation that he had experienced in his profound belief that he was helping to establish the Kingdom of

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[8] Aury Draper furnished the above information.

God on Earth. They had none of the fire of converts. They were born in the Kingdom and accepted all its beliefs and tenets as a matter of course. They thrilled to the songs of Zion and were buoyed up by hope of a glorious life after death, but the earthly kingdom in which they lived was drab. They were exceedingly poor, and land, which was the basis of all wealth among the Saints, had been divided to the extent that none was available to them.

Some of them had a feeling that their father had not done for them all that he could. He was conscious of this feeling and suffered much because of it, but he never attempted to justify nor defend himself, unless it may be said that the writing of his life story was an explanation of his plight in his later years. Time and truth work together. Disgruntlement disappeared because his children were basically as sound in their moral concepts as he was. None of them had more than the rudiments of education but they fought their way through with courage and success as shown by the stories of their lives appearing in succeeding chapters.

In paying homage to a great pioneer and ancestor, the part his many wives played in the great pioneer drama is not to be forgotten.

Throughout all these rugged experiences Elizabeth Staker Draper was his first heroic partner. Imagine her plight at Green Plain, alone and unprotected, as her husband crawled around in woods and cornfields to escape death at the hands of a bloodthirsty mob. Picture her trying to quench fires lighted by the mob in her home, and ultimately being thrown out with two sick boys, while she was in the last stages of pregnancy, to seek cover in the woods while the heavens were black and raging with storm; and finally being jounced in a farm wagon a distance of 80 miles to be delivered of child at the end of the journey. To this we might express surprise that she and the child survived the ordeal. But they did and lived many years thereafter and survived other crises that make present day living seem tame by comparison.

Elizabeth's last child was born July 3, 1848, at Kanesville, Iowa, and just one year later she crossed the plains with eight living children and settled at Willow Creek (Draper) in 1850, which became her first permanent home after she left Canada in 1834.

When her husband, William, felt compelled to leave Draper in 1858, she felt no such compulsion. Her eldest son was then thirty-one years old and her youngest child was nine. Like many courageous pioneer women, she became a midwife through necessity. Undoubtedly she had helped many other women in childbirth during the rugged days from Ohio to Utah, and now at Draper she became a midwife by profession.

John W. Smith, whose mother she attended when he was born, paid her this tribute in writing:

> Aunt Betsy Draper was one of the most lovable women the frontier ever produced. She was rough in appearance and raspy in action, but she was mellow and sympathetic at heart. She had . . . as fine a group of husky boys and girls as anyone could wish to see.
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> She loved life and she loved to smoke. She was ever ready to assist in accident, sickness or distress and she was particularly adept in aiding expectant mothers at childbirth. In her time she met the stork oftener than any other person . . . in Draperville.
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> The night I came, mother experienced a double ordeal — waiting for me and enduring Aunt Betsy's tobacco smoke. She used a short clay pipe and in it she smoked whole leaf, home grown, uncured tobacco. The leaves she had that night were too damp to burn in her pipe, so she laid them on the stove to dry and turned them betimes so they would dry evenly.
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> In spite of her care and attention, the leaves frequently smoked on the stove . . . and the room was surcharged with fumes from two sources.
>
> When dry enough Betsy chopped them fine, trimmed out the cinders from the bottom and sides of the bowl, mixed these cinders with the fresh tobacco leaf, loaded the clay pipe with this mixture, lighted the contents with a fire brand snatched from the stove and sucked and puffed incessantly.
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> By the time I arrived, the room was so full of smoke that one could scarcely see the lone tallow candle which flickered on the mantle piece back of the stove.
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> Smoke or no smoke, I didn't seem to mind. Aunt Betsy gave me the proverbial spanking. I responded with a lusty yell and everything was set for a gay and lively adventure with sweet oil and talcum powder.

To some, the tobacco part of the above story may seem a little shocking, but many a Saint came to these valleys with a tobacco habit and no consciousness that it was sinful to use it. I remember watching one of my grandmothers cutting plug tobacco and rubbing the shavings in her palms to get in condition to burn and then rolling it in brown paper to be smoked as cigarettes. In due time, however, she "harkened to the Word of Wisdom."

No doubt Elizabeth Staker Draper inherited some of her strength and hardihood from her mother Rachel Cornelia Snook Staker whose life story inspires wonder. Cornelia Snook, as she was called, was born November 6, 1783, near Albany, New York. She married Conrad Staker February 23, 1801, at the age of 17, and had a son before the year was over, whom she named Nathan. Thereafter, she had ten more children, one of whom was Elizabeth Staker, born February 29, 1806. I have no record of the other children, except that there is some evidence that she had a daughter named Cornelia.

This daughter married Alfred Draper, who was a brother of William Draper, Jr.[9]

All the children of Conrad and Cornelia Snook Staker joined the Mormon Church, but only two of them—Nation and Elizabeth—reached Utah. Alfred and Cornelia Staker Draper lived and died in Missouri. They left a daughter named Sophronia, who married William Fletcher, by whom she had a son of the same name. In 1878 Sophronia was a widow living with Cornelia Snook Staker in Saint Louis. Cornelia was then ninety-five years old and blind. She was not a member of the Church like her children who went to Canada, but in 1878, she distinguished herself by becoming the oldest person ever to become a Latter Day Saint. The missionaries in St. Louis at the time may have been introduced to Cornelia by Sophronia, who had a keen desire to get to Utah after her parents and her husband died, and after Cornelia's conversion, she too wanted to join her descendants out there.

At her age, that seemed almost impossible, but Sophronia felt that she could hardly leave her behind, so she talked to the missionaries about ways and means of getting her to Utah. They communicated with Nathan Staker at Mt. Pleasant, who was himself an old man, and he sent back funds sufficient to defray the expenses of his mother to Utah.

Accordingly, Cornelia, Sophronia and her son William began the journey to Salt Lake City. Considering her age, Cornelia stood the trip very well. It is not stated, but she undobutedly traveled from St. Louis to Salt Lake City by train, but from Salt Lake to Sanpete County, she had to travel in a farm wagon. Her grandson, Henry Draper, came to get her. He had his wagon box lined deep with hay and covered with quilts, and on top of this a feather bed, properly covered, so that with pillows and props she was able to travel to Nephi in comparative comfort. Here she was allowed to rest awhile; then on to Freedom and her daughter, Elizabeth. After recuperating there for awhile, she was taken to Mt. Pleasant to her son, Nathan. Thus was a desire, devoutly wished, fulfilled. she spent the rest of her days at the home of one or the other of her children, and continued to live happily on until she was one hundred and one years old.

When she reached the century mark, the community of Mt. Pleasant held a celebration for nearly a week honoring one so old. A great dinner was given in her honor at which congratulations and good wishes were freely expressed. She responded with a song which she had learned to sing when she was only five years old, and with incidents occurring during her long life. She had a remarkable memory. She was born about six years before George Washington became the first President of the United States. She was twenty-six years old when Lincoln was born and she lived through the administration of every President down to Grover Cleveland's first term. What she remembered must have thrilled her audience.

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[9] Aunt "Art" Andersen furnished this information, stating that she copied it from the records of Zemira Draper.

When she arrived in Utah, her son Nathan was seventy-seven years old and becoming feeble. Edward Cliff wrote in 1884: "Her eldest son, Nathan Staker, died of old age, May 31, 1884, being in his 83rd year. It was quite a novelty to see the old gentleman going around leaning upon a staff, in his old age, and at the same time knowing that his mother was still alive."

But his mother died September 29th of the same year, leaving only one daughter, Elizabeth Draper, surviving her, and 200 descendants in Utah, with an unknown number in the United States and Canada. She was buried at Mt. Pleasant.[10]

Elizabeth outlasted both her husband and her mother. She died 188...., after bearing the following children of her own:

NAME	BORN	PLACE	DIED	PLACE
Henry H. Draper	Feb. 16, 1826	Canada	June 19, 1904	Goshen, Utah
Juliana	July 1, 1828	Canada	1887	
Roxanna	Sept. 20, 1830	Canada	In Infancy	Canada
Moses	July 9, 1832	Canada	Dec. 4, 1915	Moroni
Harriet	Dec. 1, 1834	Kirtland	In Infancy	Kirtland
Wm. Lathrop	Mar. 5, 1838	Kirtland	May 3, 1887	Freedom
Albert Edward	Dec. 13, 1840	Pike Co., Ill.	June 23, 1913	Pocatello, Id.
Parley Pine	Mar. 30, 1843	Pike Co., Ill.	Nov. 28, 1934	Moroni
Isaac Grant	Oct. 6, 1845	Pike Co., Ill.	Mar. 24, 1922	Pleasant Grove, Ut.
Amanda E.	July 3, 1848	Kanesville, Ia.	Sept. 30, 1906	Lewiston, Ut.

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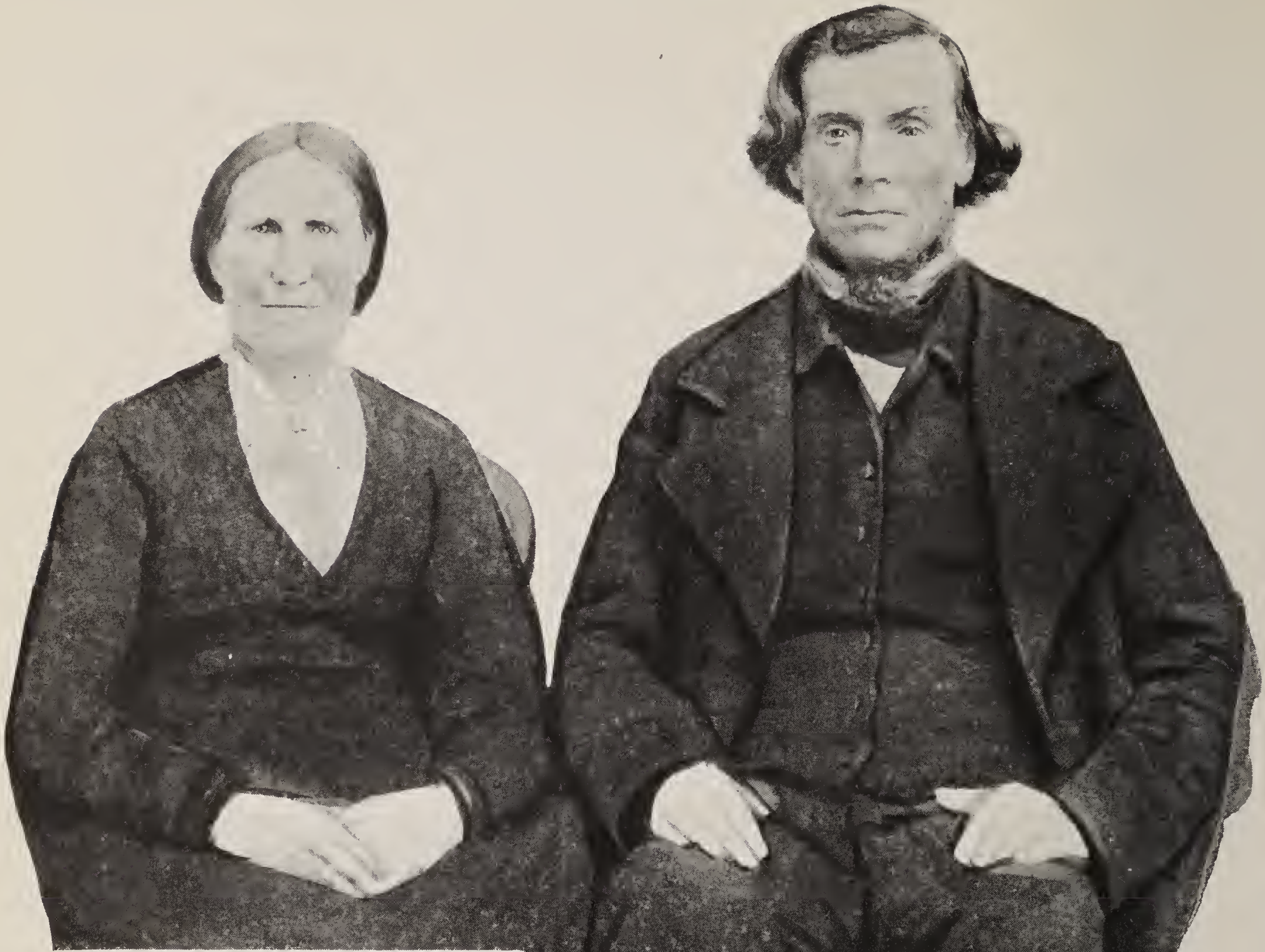
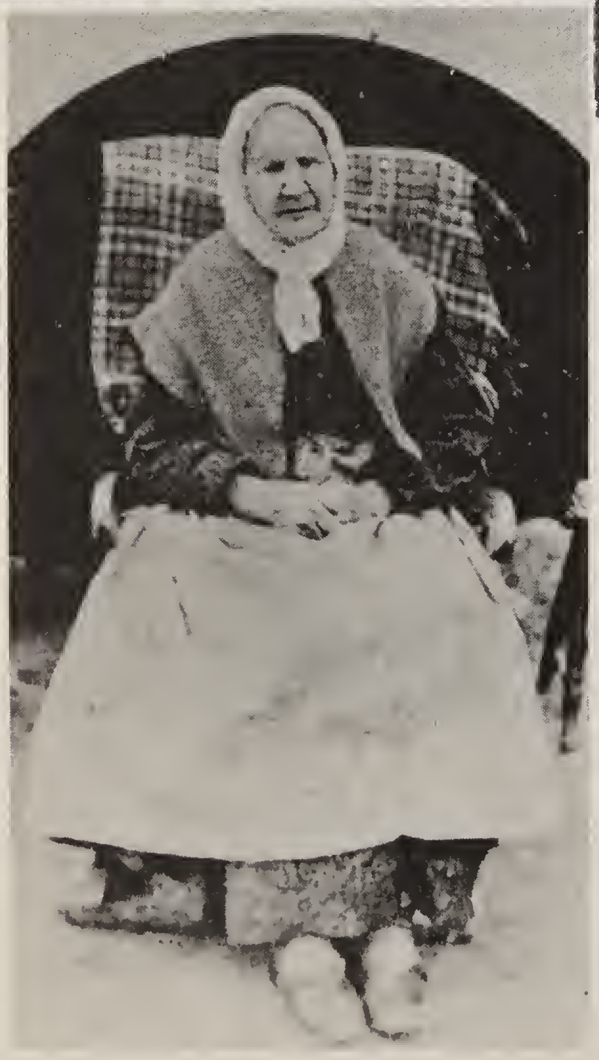
[10] The foregoing information concerning Cornelia Snook was compiled by the Deseret News, September 29, 1884; Mary A. Giles, daughter of Isaac Grant Draper, November 20, 1937; and the author, February 7, 1956.



William Draper and Elizabeth Staker (First Wife)



Cornelia Staker
Age: 101 Years

CHAPTER ELEVEN

HENRY HAGGARTY DRAPER
JULIANA DRAPER

Henry Draper was the son of Elizabeth Staker Draper and the adopted son of William Draper, Jr. When William married Elizabeth, Henry was about a year old. He was born February 16, 1826, in Frontenac County, Ontario, Canada. No record has been preserved of Elizabeth's former marriage, but it has always been understood that Henry Draper's father's surname was Haggarty.

Henry had a stirring and eventful life, but only a bare outline of his 78 years of living is now to be found among his descendants, although he was the one child in the family who lived through and was old enough to remember all the principal events occurring in the Draper family from the time they joined the Mormon Church until he died at Goshen, Utah County, June 19, 1904.

But unfortunately his full history has not been preserved and he was something of a legendary figure himself. Legend has it that he married and had a daughter named Julia, born October 30, 1848. This is possible and probable, for he was nearly 23 years old when this Julia was born. Assuming her to be his daughter, she was born near Council Point in Iowa, for that is where Henry was in 1848. It is likewise possible that the mother of this child died in Iowa, which would account for the fact that no one now living remembers her.

Legend also has it that Henry continued on to California when his people came to Utah in 1849, but this is not proven, and his movements remain a mystery until 1858, when family records show that he married Martha Ann Satterlee, at Apple River, Jo Daviess County, Illinois, November 25, 1858.

Apple River is in the extreme northern part of Illinois and his bride was born just over the line at Mineral Point, Iowa County, Wisconsin, August 2, 1841.

Why he went back to that part of the country is not known; nor is anything known of his romance with Martha Ann. There is enough mystery about his life to tempt one to construct a fictional romance, but we shall have to stick to plausible legends and facts.

He and his bride remained at Apple River until two sons were born, after which they returned to Utah and settled at Moroni. Here they remained for about eight years when he joined a number of his brothers in establishing the village of Freedom on the west side of the Sanpete Valley.

His next move seems to have been to Goshen, Utah County, Utah, in about 1890. There he died June 19, 1904. Martha Ann then returned to Fountain Green in Sanpete County to live with her son, Edward. She died there February 2, 1915.

They had nine children, whose names and other vital data appear below:

NAME	BORN	PLACE	DIED	MARRIED
Myron	Oct. 20, 1859	Apple River, Wis.	Jan. 8, 1862	
Edward	Mar. 16, 1861	Apple River, Wis.	Mar. 24, 1928	Mary E. Coombs
Nina	Nov. 20, 1862	Moroni, Utah		George Lowry
John	Nov. 17, 1864	Moroni, Utah	Mar. 15, 1916	Eliza J. Finch
Lorena	Oct. 23, 1866	Moroni, Utah	Sept. 26, 1877	
Susan I.	May 29, 1869	Moroni, Utah		John H. Partridge
Lucy A.	Aug. 29, 1871	Freedom, Utah		Niels Nielson

Chapter Twelve

CHARLES AND JULIANA DRAPER DURBIN

Juliana Draper was the first of 51 children born to William Draper, Jr. She was the daughter of his first wife, Elizabeth Staker, and was born January 1, 1828, in Loughborough, Frontenac County, Canada, about 20 miles north of Kingston.

No good record can be found concerning her, but an educated guess indicates that she married Charles Durbin about 1848-9 in Iowa, while her father was still on the Missouri River awaiting the return of the members of the Mormon battalion, so he could move on to Salt Lake City.

Charles and Julianna had only two children: Alice and John. After they were born (time not known) the family moved to western Oregon in the vicinity of Huntington, in Baker County. There the parents died sometime before 1900, in the Burnt River.

Aury Draper, Julianna's youngest brother, moved to that vicinity about 1900. He found the farm on which they lived, but they were both dead at that time.

Rachel Hefner Draper

Moses Draper

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

MOSES AND RACHEL HEFNER DRAPER

Moses Draper was born July 9, 1832 in Frontenac County, Ontario, Canada, and died December 4, 1915, at Moroni, Utah.

It so happens that he was born in the year that his parents first heard Mormonism preached by Eleazar Miller, and they having joined the Church in 1833, he became a Latter Day Saint by birth. He was the first son born to William and Elizabeth Staker Draper and he was taken by them to Kirtland, Ohio, in September of 1834.

The name "Moses" was first used among the Drapers in America in 1663 at Dedham, Mass., when James and Miriam Stansfield Draper, the Puritans, bestowed it upon their third son. In each succeeding generation, from 1663 to the present time, the name has been repeated among Puritan Drapers, including the descendants of Thomas and Lydia Rogers Draper.

It was the use of this name, and many others, common to both the Puritans and the Mormon Drapers, that strengthened the conclusions that the Mormon Drapers descended from Puritan Drapers.

Moses Draper, the first of that name among the Mormon Drapers, was an actor in and a part of the Mormon drama for a period of eighty three years. He lived in Kirtland until he was six years old, when his parents left all behind them at Kirtland in 1838 to continue a pilgrimage into the savage frontiers of the west which was destined to last for forty years. At the tender age of six years he traveled with his parents through Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, to find peace in Missouri. But no peace was there. During the remainder of the year of 1838 he was exposed to all the affronts, insults and persecutions suffered by his people until they were forced from Missouri back into Illinois in the spring of 1839. He retained childhood impressions of that period the rest of his life.

He, and his family enjoyed four peaceful years at Pleasantvale, Pike County, Illinois, and another good year at Green Plain, Hancock County, Illinois, where they lived at peace with their neighbors and prospered on the rich land. But when Moses was approaching his twelfth birthday, the hope of a quiet and peaceful life for all the Mormon people in the middle west was blasted and destroyed. Their prophet and leader was murdered in Carthage jail by a mob on June 27, 1844.

The events of that day were indelibly impressed upon the mind of young Moses. His father had been solicited to join the mob which killed Joseph Smith and upon his refusal so to do, he put himself and his family in mortal jeopardy. Green Plain, where they lived, lies between Nauvoo, the Mormon capital, and Carthage, the county seat of Hancock County, where Joseph and Hyrum Smith were killed and John Taylor was wounded. On the day of the killings, Moses was herding cattle on the prairies west of Carthage.

He was aware of the menace of the mob and of the anxiety of his people, but he did not know what had happened to the Church leaders that morning at Carthage. Suddenly he heard the heavy pounding of galloping horses approaching him. His first impulse was to hide, but the mob was upon him before he could act. He tried to cover his fear with an appearance of unconcern, but a member of the mob, with blackened face, rode up to him and said, "Hello, you little Mormon S........ of a B............, we've just killed your prophet", and rode on. A few days later he viewed the bodies of Joseph and Hyrum Smith at Nauvoo and the events of those days also remained vividly in his memory as long as he lived.[1]

But that was not the end. He saw the family home and property destroyed at Green Plain and he made the flight with them to Pike County when he was 13 years old. From there on his services to the family were invaluable. When they were ready to leave for Utah in 1849 he was 17 years old, his sister Juliana was 21 and his brother Henry was 23, so that their parents had real help in crossing the plains.

It seems that they prepared well. They left Pleasantvale about April 20, 1846, and arrived at Nauvoo three days later. They crossed the Mississippi River May 1st to join the refugees on the Missouri who had been forced out of Nauvoo in February. They arrived there about the time a call had been made on Brigham Young to furnish volunteers for the U. S. Army to fight against Mexico. The fact that the call was fully met cast new responsibilities upon William and his family. William was appointed to supervise and aid thirty three families, whose heads had marched off to war, until they should be discharged from Army service. These soldiers were not able to rejoin their families until the spring of 1849.

During that time, Moses was engaged in herding and managing livestock on the prairies where Indians were common and where border ruffians sometimes made trouble. This gave him experience and stature in the arts and skills of a frontiersman. In fact, the whole family became well seasoned pioneers, which accounts for the fact, no doubt, that they crossed the plains to Utah in the summer of 1849 without serious trouble of any kind.

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[1] From story by his granddaughter, Mrs. Zina Bradley.

After they got settled in Utah, Moses took employment with Brigham Young as a scout and messenger. He was sent with a party to California to bring back cattle for use in Utah. He went with Dominic Huntington and others to map roads and trails and to discover streams and water holes in San Juan County, and to build a fort for the protection of white settlers in that region. He filled several missions to the Indians in New Mexico; he carried messages to and from Brigham Young concerning the Mountain Meadow Massacre in Southern Utah; he also took part in the guard action against the entry of General Johnston's expedition into Utah, and finally he was a veteran of the Black Hawk Indian War in Southern Utah.

In the midst of all this activity, he met Rachel Marilla Hefner, a young lady convert in the household of Brigham Young, from Nashville, Tennessee. She was the daughter of George Hefner, a southerner of German descent and Mary Glenn. Her mother died when she was born, June 10, 1838. Her father soon after took another wife. Thereafter the infant Rachel was cared for by the McCully's relatives on her mother's side, until she was old enough to return to the household of her father. But she was not happy in her father's home and when the McCullys joined the Mormon Church and decided to move to Utah, Rachel, then about 15 years old vowed she would go with them. This was against her father's will, so they left her behind. But after they left the father considered the matter closed and went about his business. Rachel then gathered up a few belongings and pursued and caught the McCullys. They did not turn her back.

When they reached Council Bluffs in Iowa, her uncle and aunt contracted cholera and died, thus making it necessary for Rachel to turn back or continue her journey alone to Utah. But she quickly made friends among the many converts gathered at Council Bluffs, who like herself, were anxious to reach Salt Lake City. Among them were two unmarried girls from England, Ann and Fanny Eckersly. These girls and Rachel became fast friends while crossing the plains, and remained friends the rest of their lives. After reaching Utah, they all married Draper men.

Rachel was employed in the household of Brigham Young soon after her arrival in Salt Lake and there she met Moses Draper, whom she married October 4, 1855, when she was 17 years old. Moses was 23. Brigham performed the ceremony. How long Rachel continued to work in the Young home does not appear, but when she left she moved into the home prepared for her at Draper, where she had her first child March 8, 1857.

Moses continued in the service of Brigham Young and in the summer, after Rachel was strong again and able to be left alone, he went south on a scouting trip. At Lehi, he encountered a train of immigrants who were California bound. He stopped to converse with them, but found them belligerent. They boasted that they had taken part in mobbing the Mormons out of Illinois, and that they had helped to kill Joseph Smith. This inflammatory talk caused one of their excitable members to seize a gun and advance toward Moses. A calmer member in turn seized the excited one and told Moses that if he valued his life to move on. Moses followed the advice without delay. No doubt the incident was reported to Brigham Young, because Moses continued to carry messages to and from Brigham Young until the progress of these emigrants was halted by a tragic massacre at Mountain Meadows.

Moses made many trips to and from San Bernardino in California in the early days and in his reclining days he used to spell-bind his grandchildren with tales of adventure. A grandson, Earl Oman, relates that his grandfather, although a hardy guide and scout, was cautious about camping or wandering about San Bernardino in the night time, because it was full of bad men of the frontier, ever ready to make trouble.

Accordingly, Moses usually camped in the outskirts of the town, but even so, on one occasion he had his hair raised when he arose one morning and saw eleven dead men hanging by the neck in an oak tree not far from his camp.

He also found plenty of excitement on the desert roads and trails. On another occasion, while guiding a party to California, they were suddenly surrounded by Indians appearing from nowhere. Their war paint and dress gave them a menacing appearance. One buck was horrendously dressed. He had a long dead snake tied around his waist like a belt and hanging from it were several large lizards.

Here Moses' knowledge of Indians and their language stood them in good stead. The buck with the snake and the lizards approached Moses and jumped at him. Moses, feigning fright, jumped back to the utter amusement of the other Indians. But the party had carried with them a supply of trinkets and baubles, no doubt at Moses' suggestion, which were brought out, while the by play of the snake man was going on, and distributed among the Indians. Moses could speak at least five Indian dialects and soon the white men and Indians were smoking a peace pipe together.

Another legend has Moses about to take a message from Brigham Young to the people of Southern Utah ordering them to let the immigrants at Mountain Meadows pass from the territory unmolested. The horse that he was to ride was somewhat worn from constant use, which made it doubtful that it could stand another gruelling run, but while they were considering the matter another scout rode up on a fresh mount and Brigham changed his orders and gave the message to the new man and thus Moses missed out on one of his most important assignments.

But he never lacked for assignments. Earl relates that he was sent to Eastern Utah to find locations for towns and farms. He had a small party with him and among them was Alfred Huntington.[2] Their course took them along, or over a mountain stream where they camped, and while Huntington was at the stream dipping water for camp use, Moses said, "We will call this stream the Huntington River." So this stream flowing through the town of Huntington, in Emery County, and on to the Colorado River is called the Huntington River to this day.

Leaving this stream the party bore northward crossing a stream which later got the name of Price River, and on over the mountains into what is now known as Duchesne County, from which place they returned to Salt Lake City and made their report.

Clara Milner, another granddaughter, paints a picture of the homes of Moses and his brother Parley on the Sanpitch River, which viewed now through the rose colored glasses of memory, seem idyllic.

The river running westward, traversed their farms, and a country road running southward separated their homes and out-buildings. The dwellings were two-story frame structures made to accomodate large families. That of Moses was painted green while Parley's was blue. Around each were majestic silver poplars furnishing both shade and scenic beauty. In the yards were fragrant, pinks, wild roses, cultivated yellow roses and old fashioned lilacs, while the ditch banks were sprinkled with buttercups. "To me," says Clara, "they were the most beautiful flowers in the world."

The gardens, near by, produced corn, tomatoes, potatoes, carrots, beets, onions, turnips, rhubarb and hardy vegetables of all kinds. Potawatami plum trees and currant bushes grew wild and together with cultivated gooseberry bushes they furnished fresh jams, jellies and preserves.

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[2] This may have been Dominic Huntington who is mentioned by Mrs. Zina Bradley as accompanying Moses on a scouting trip in the Moab territory.

The farms produced cereal grains which were processed at the grist-mill near by into flour, grits, bran and food products for both men and animals. There was also alfalfa and wild hay for the horses, cows, hogs and poultry, and barns, granaries, vegetable cellars, milk houses for the preservation of everything until it could be consumed. In addition to all this, there were stands of bees to produce amber honey. No wonder a meal in either of these homes was something to remember.

But these horns of plenty could not be kept filled without prodigious labor and orderly management. The family were all up at five o'clock in the morning and meals were served promptly at six, twelve noon, and six o'clock in the evening. Strange to relate, hot soda biscuits were served at every meal the year around. As a result it was claimed that none of them ever had stomach trouble.

Moses and his sons cleared the land of willows, dug the ditches and canals, ploughed the land, planted and harvested the crops, mended the buildings and machinery, fed and cleaned the animals, while Rachel and her daughters milked the cows, tended the poultry, gathered the eggs, churned the butter and did all the cooking, washing and housework without a power gadget to lighten their chores.

Still they found time to relax and play. Sometimes in the long winter evenings they popped corn at the fireplace and listened to the never ending adventures of the old folks which have expanded somewhat throughout the years from constant retelling.

Friends and relatives from Moroni and surrounding territory also found it pleasant to drop in on Moses and Rachel, especially during the winter when deep snow permitted sleighs to glide noiselessly along, except for the music of bells jingling to the motion of the horses drawing the sleighs. The pleasure of such music was enjoyed by more than the occupants of the sleighs. People in the homes being passed would pause when the first faint sound of the bells was heard and listen enthralled until the sound reached its highest intensity in front of the home and then pleasantly diminished and faded away in the distance.

But by the time the revellers reached the home of Rachel and Moses they were glad to rush to the warmth inside, shouting greetings and piling colorful blankets, shawls, plush coats and bearskin coats and other gear high on the nearest bed.

When the noisy banter and broad jesting died down, serious conversation might ensue followed by singing sacred or profane songs, as the mood might inspire. Moses had a powerful voice and loved to lead in old ballads or early Mormon songs. His favorite hymn was

"Come, Come, Ye Saints," which had been so heart warming and soul inspiring to him and all the Saints when they crossed the plains.

Perhaps Moses would have shied away from the name "Saint" as applied to him, for he was a rugged man doing rugged jobs among rugged men whose habits were not always saintly, but whatever his own habits may have been he was a man upon whom men could depend and who was more than ready and willing to serve his community in times of crises and peril.

In appearance he was unique. He had a fine head of hair and a beard in the early days, which were allowed to grow full length, but never ungroomed. He wore braids at first, but later when it was white, it was cut "Dutch" and parted low from the left side. While he still had oxen for teams, one of the oxen kicked one of his eyes out. This gave him the look of a scout who had faced great danger. He was upright and lithe in bearing, and it was impossible not to think of him as a man who would not always be master of his own fate.

His wife, Rachel, was a soft spoken southerner, who never lost the southern point of view. As she saw it, she thought the negro slaves were worse off, in many respects, after they were freed than when they were in slavery. But fate cast her in the role of a western pioneer and she carried all her burdens in the best pioneer tradition. She died December 2, 1911.

When this couple died they had 188 descendants, but now (1956) they have over 500. The following are their sons and daughters, all of whom lived and had families except one. The first five were born at Draper and the remaining eight were born at Moroni, Utah:

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED	DATE
Moses H.	Mar. 8, 1857 at Draper	Feb. 20, 1928	Mary A. Prestwich	Sept. 11, 1881
Juliana M.	Feb. 8, 1859 at Draper	Aug. 11, 1935	George Prestwich	Mar. 22, 1887
Wm. J.	June 25, 1860 at Draper	Jan. 28, 1922	Laura Nielsen	Dec. ...., 1883
Amanda A.	May 6, 1862 at Draper	Jan. 15, 1865		
Margret A.	Oct. 24, 1863 at Draper	Dec. 19, 1935	David W. Nicholas	April 2, 1882
Ada	May 11, 1865 at Moroni	Jan. 9, 1946	Dennis Davis	Feb. 5, 1884
Anna	May 11, 1865 at Moroni	Dec. 28, 1943	William Tidwell	Jan. 10, 1887

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED	DATE
Lauretta	Mar. 29, 1868 at Moroni		James Tidwell	Jan. 10, 1887
Celestia	Aug. 27, 1870 at Moroni	April 28, 1942	Andrew Oman	Sept. 12, 1889
George T.	Oct. 20, 1872 at Moroni	Dec. 18, 1915	Olive Kemp	Nov. 1, 1897
Erwin	Nov. 14, 1877 at Moroni	Jan. 3, 1934	Matilda Larsen	Feb. 4, 1901
Ervin	Nov. 14, 1877 at Moroni	Feb., 1935	Grace Larsen	April 21, 1903
Melvia A.	Oct. 13, 1881 at Moroni	Dec. 4, 1954	Nora White	Dec. 17, 1906

Summarizing:

Moses, the father was born July 9, 1832; died Dec. 4, 1915
Marilla, the mother was born June 10, 1838; died Dec. 2, 1911
They were married Oct. 4, 1855.

Wm. L. (Doc) Draper and his three wives,
Anne, Ellen, Fannie

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

WILLIAM LATHROP (DOC) DRAPER AND HIS THREE WIVES

"Doc" Draper, as he was commonly known, was the third son of William, Jr. and Elizabeth Staker Draper. He was born at Kirtland, Ohio, March 5, 1838, and died at Freedom, Utah, May 3, 1887, a comparatively young man.

He was only a year old when his parents left Kirtland, but he was eleven years old when they left Council Point for Utah in 1849, and therefore, old enough to have vivid recollections of the hardships endured by his people in Illinois and throught most of his life in Utah, as related in other chapters herein.

He married his first wife at the age of 18 and by the time he was 26 years old he had married three wives. Among the thousands of Draper men, Doc and his brother Almon were the only sons of William, as far as is known, who entered into polygamous marriages. He died before he reached the age of 50, but although he died young, he left a large posterity who honor his name.

Like some of his other brothers, he made several trips between Iowa and Utah driving cattle and aiding immigrant trains to reach Zion. In the fall of 1862 he was sent to Southern Utah to settle Rockville on the Virgin River. He remained there until 1867, when he was released on account of ill health.

The Black Hawk War broke out in April, 1865 and lasted until the end of 1867. It began in Sanpete County, but it spread to Southern Utah. Fifteen settlements in Iron, Kane and Washington Counties had to be abandoned with an almost total loss of stock and improvements.[1]

Doc had to do his share in fighting off Indians and had some narrow escapes. On one occasion he had to ride alone, a distance of five miles, to get help for a sick child and on the return trip Indians shot his horse from under him, but he made a miraculous escape on foot and got home with much needed medicine.

In another skirmish with Indians in Salt Creek Canyon, while passing through with his family in a covered wagon, he managed to escape again unharmed by having the family lie flat in the wagon box while he whipped the horses into a mad race with the Indians. He escaped although his hat was pierced by an arrow. He probably would not have escaped at all except for the fact that he was followed by another family in a wagon upon whom the Indians turned their attention and wiped them out.[2]

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[1] Whitney's Popular History of Utah, p. 205.

After leaving Rockville, he spent a season at Chicken Creek in Juab County and then joined the main body of Drapers at Moroni, in Sanpete County. After settling his family there, he was anxious to acquire land and water for their support. He learned that there was considerable land west and north of Moroni, the title to which was still in the United States, but which was being used to some extent by the people of Moroni as if they owned it, just as they used the mountains for grazing and for lumber supplies.

The ground actually owned by the people in and around Moroni, was not well adapted to the growing of table vegetables, but they found land and a small stream near the west mountains which was admirably adapted to growing both vegetables and fruit and was already being used to some extent for that purpose.

Upon learning that this land was open to entry, Doc built a cabin on it with a view to acquiring title to some of it. This brought a quick response from the Bishop of Moroni. He called on Doc with a strong armed assistant and ordered him off the place.

Doc was a hard man to move by the show of force. In fact, he seemed to enjoy resisting force. He reminded them that they had no more right to occupy the land than he had. This they informed him they would remedy by filing on it, after which they departed.

With the gauntlet thus down, Doc called his younger brother, Parley, and asked him to make a fast ride to Salt Lake City to file on the land in the name of Doc, Parley and one or two other brothers. Parley was a horseman of no mean repute, having served for a time as a U. S. Cavalry man.

Doc furnished him with an excellent mount and he covered the ground to Salt Lake City, a distance of 120 miles, in one day. The next day he filed on the land as instructed, and after a day's rest for himself and horse, he began his homeward journey. On the way back he met the Bishop and his assistant going to Salt Lake to do what he had just done. When they learned this, they were infuriated.

They returned to Moroni and there took up a labor with Doc's father, who was prominent in both Church and civil affairs. They persuaded him to accompany the bishop's assistant on a visit to Doc to induce him to relinquish the land.

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[2] Related by Irma Taylor Livingston, a granddaughter.

Upon their arrival at Doc's cabin, he came out to meet them, carrying a gun. His father admonished him to lay down the gun as they only wished to discuss matters with him peaceably. Doc replied that he would like to talk with his father, but that he had nothing to discuss with anyone else, concerning his land.

His father stepped down from the carriage, whereupon Doc ordered the man who accompanied him to turn around and keep moving without looking back until he was out of rifle range. This order was obeyed with alacrity, but when he got to Moroni his report must have heightened the anger of the authorities. Rumors spread that criminal proceedings would be commenced against Doc. Doubts seemed to have arisen as to the propriety of such action. At any rate no one was anxious to attempt an arrest.

Parley then enacted a little farce intended to make the whole matter appear ridiculous. He talked Doc into dressing up as a desperado, after which he was handcuffed astride a horse and paraded through the streets of Moroni by Parley — signifying that he was the only man with sufficient courage to arrest and subdue the redoubtable Doc. Some of the citizens were amused, but the authorities of the town were not impressed. (It was difficult in those days to tell whether the authority invoked to punish infractions was civil or ecclesiastical) but after the enactment of the aforesaid farce Doc was excommunicated from the Church.

This probably came as a blow to him, for he really valued his church membership. It seems that the action was taken by local authorities, so he took the position that it was without effect.[3]

Thereafter, he and his brothers went forward developing a community on the land to which the government gave them title. They named the place "Draper", but they were required by postal authorities to drop it, because of confusion of the mails between Draper, Sanpete County, and Draper, Salt Lake County. They then named the place "Freedom." What prompted the choice of this name is not known, but in view of the circumstances, it might be inferred that they liked to feel that they had attained a degree of freedom, not theretofore enjoyed at Moroni.

If that was the case, in time it appeared that Doc did not altogether enjoy his new found freedom. Sometime prior to 1915, his elder brother Moses, who at one time was an employee of Brigham Young, told the author of an interesting trip which he made to Salt Lake City on behalf of his brother, Doc, in the early days.

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[3] Facts related by Willis Draper—a son of Doc.

He said that Doc had been disfellowshipped from the Church by local authorities (no cause given) and that he was not happy about it. He therefore, approached Moses with a request that Moses accompany him to Salt Lake City for an interview with the general church authorities concerning the action taken against him at Moroni. He felt, he said, that Moses was better prepared than he to talk to the general authorities about such things because of his experience with Brigham Young.

Moses resisted the request for want of time, but Doc insisted, and offered him compensation for lost time by giving him a load of freight to haul both ways to and from Salt Lake City.

Moses then relented, and together they arrived in Salt Lake in freight wagons. They camped on the Hotel Utah grounds, which was then a tithing yard, and were up before the sun the next morning seeking audience with the First Presidency at the Bee Hive House, long before anybody was ready to receive them. They sat down on the hitching chains in the street to wait. After a while Doc got nervous and got up to take a walk.

Moses sat waiting, in a sort of reverie, when a voice spoke clearly to him saying: "Moses, you've been wanting to discuss your father's case, now's your chance — why don't you do it?" (His father had also suffered excommunication at the hands of local authorities) Moses looked around, but no one was in sight, so he concluded that the voice must have come from above. He looked up and said: "It's a .... good idea. I'll do it."

So they had the interview and both matters were taken under advisement. Later, President John Taylor and his counsellors went to Moroni on general church business and Doc's father had his membership restored as related in Chapter 10. What was done with Doc's case does not appear, but his son Willis says that at his death he was given a Church funeral and was buried in his temple robes. It also appears that Doc was a man of many talents. He was the kind of violinist who was always in demand for country dances and he was an accomplished dancer himself. His wives and daughters preferred him as a dancing partner to all others, and he and his three wives made a good singing quartet. They enlivened both house and dancing parties with their vocal numbers. The Virginia Reel and the old quadrilles were favorite dances and Doc called the formations for the quadrilles while he played his fiddle and beat time with his foot.

He was the only one of the founders of Freedom who lived out his life there. His wife, Fanny, was the first woman inhabitant of Freedom and a four-year-old daughter, Amanda Melvina, was the first to die there. Her death occurred September 14, 1885. No cemetery had yet been provided, so she was buried on his farm. The next year Doc's father, who had moved to Freedom to spend his last days, died and was buried in the same plot with the child, in May, 1886. Doc, himself died the next year and was buried beside his father and his child in his own beloved soil. Thereafter each descendant at Freedom was buried in the same plot, without regard to ownership in the land.

After Doc's death the village tended to go into decline. The farm containing the little cemetery passed into the hands of strangers and the graves suffered total neglect. Title to the burial ground, however, was reacquired by Joseph H. Draper, Doc's son, and a movement was commenced to rehabilitate and enclose the cemetery as a shrine for all the descendants and kin of the pioneers who are resting there.

Its monuments and grave markers are now in good condition and it is protected by a neat and strong enclosure. Descendants furnished the money for this project, but credit for gathering the funds goes largely to Erma Taylor Livingston and Delta Draper, two of Doc's granddaughters.

This story would be incomplete without an account of the vital part the wives played in it.

LIFE OF ANN ETTA ECKERSLEY

Ann was an English girl of strong mind and body. She came to Utah when she was eleven years old. She was born October 15, 1824 at Oldham, Lancashire, England, to William and Hannah Hardy Eckersley. They were converted to the Mormon faith in 1841, and on Friday, January 17, 1845, they set sail from Liverpool, England, in the ship "Palmyra" for Nauvoo, Illinois, with four daughters: Ann, Fanny, Sarah and Mary. Their route was by way of New Orleans and up the Mississippi River. They debarked at Saint Louis, Missouri, about the first of March, 1845, to seek employment for family support and to create a fund to pay their way to Utah.

Misfortune overtook them early. Hannah gave birth to a son in 1846, but he died within six weeks and then in 1847 her husband died, leaving her alone to support herself and children. She took employment at the largest hotel in Saint Louis, the Planters, and there earned enough money to get her to Council Point, Iowa — the taking off place for Utah. There she met John Crompton and married him in 1850. In 1851 they had a little daughter who died and was buried at Council Point.

Finally in the spring of 1853 they left for Utah with an independent company of which Edward Pugh was the captain. Misfortune dogged their footseteps. When they reached the North Platte River in Nebraska, Hannah gave birth to another daughter, but she was too sick to nurse it and the child could not thrive on milk taken from cows which were put in harness to draw their heavy wagon, but notwithstanding this, they reached Salt Lake in September, where rest and better food restored mother and child to health.

Food was scarce, however, and prices were high, so they thought themselves fortunate to get employment harvesting potatoes on shares to get enough to save them from starvation during the winter. In the spring they started out in search of a home. They tried to make a home at Little Cottonwood, but failing to get a foothold there they tried their luck at Cedar Valley. They were frightened from there to American Fork by Indian depredations. All the while they were in dire poverty and compelled to subsist largely on thistles, edible weeds, wild berries, root, rabbits, and any wild thing they could find or capture.

Their first planted crop was barley. This they chose because it would mature earlier than other grains. When it ripened they began grinding it in a coffee mill to make bread. They were wholly without sugar so they grew beets and carrots out of which they made a sort of molasses in an attempt to appease their gnawing hunger for sweets. Getting clothing to cover their bodies was even harder.

Ann, the eldest daughter, obtained employment in a fairly prosperous family — exact time and place not known — probably at Draper — while her mother was living at Little Cottonwood, and as the Christmas holidays were approaching, the lady for whom she was working, gave her a pan of white flour as a present. This was such a wonderful gift that Ann walked six miles to make a present of it to her mother, so that she and her family might have some Christmas cheer.

It must have been at this time that Ann met Doc Draper, for she married him at Draper, January 19, 1857. He was a few years younger than Ann, but it was not a case of an old maid taking a boy to raise, for she resisted his suit at first. However, he was a persistent young fellow and what he wanted he pursued until he got it. When she said "Yes" she had become enthusiastic about the prospect of marriage.

They were married at Draper, January 1, 1857, but they moved to Spanish Fork before the year was over, when nearly everyone was preparing to abandon Salt Lake valley because of the approach of

Johnston's army. When an understanding was reached with the Army and after their first child was born, they returned to Draper, and remained there until they received a call to go with two or three other families to settle Rockville in Utah's Dixie.

After about five years of rugged pioneering at Rockville, Doc's health became impaired and they returned to central Utah. They spent a year at Chicken Creek, in Juab County and then went to Moroni in Sanpete, where most of the Draper family was located, but by this time all available land and water had been taken by older settlers and the outlook was not good.

It was then that they founded Freedom, where they spent the rest of their lives.

All the pioneer women of Utah were subjected to what seems to us great hardships, but some had greater stamina and resourcefulness than others. Ann Etta Eckersley was one of these. She was expert in sewing. Her children were always neatly dressed, as were other children whose parents could pay for her services. She also had some skill as a tailor. It has been said that no one in the vicinity could fashion and fox men's trousers as well as she could. She was outstanding at designing her own patterns for eyelet embroidery and in carding and spinning wool and weaving it into material for dresses.

Her energy was unbounded and her community services were unsurpassed. One would think that pioneering most of her life in out-of-the-way places, bearing and rearing a large family of children, working in fields and orchards, milking cows and keeping up her home would have consumed all her energy, but she could not ignore distress among her neighbors.

If sudden illness struck in a neighbor's home, or if the birth of a child was about to occur, she was there to administer to the sick, to clean and scour the place to ward off germs, as any doctor might require. Thus she bacame a doctor of sorts, and a midwife, as well as an expert in the care of the dead.

This is hard to believe in these days of high inflation, but it appears to be true, as a granddaughter states it to be, that her charges were from fifty cents to one dollar for caring for a mother and her new baby for three weeks, and in needy homes, there was no charge. In many homes, where a contagious disease had taken a member of the family, she did the preparing of the body for burial.[4]

After her husband's death in 1887, she took her mother, Hannah Hardy Eckersley, and her step father, John Crompton, to live with her in her home at Freedom, and kept them until her mother's death in 1901 at the age of 86.

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[4] Erma Taylor Livingston, who furnished most of the material herein concerning Aunt Ann.

Nor was this the whole of her outgiving. She had a good singing voice that made her a valued choir member in church and leading voice in duets, quartets and group singing at social gatherings. She was an accomplished step-dancer and graceful on a ball-room floor. To this I can personally testify. I have seen her breathless from responding to too many enthusiastic encores for her step-dancing.

But she responded once too often to encores. Her last performance was at a Black Hawk Encampment at Ephraim. She was no longer young and on the way to the pavilion she tripped and fell and injured herself to a degree she did not immediately appreciate.

But despite some physical distress she danced before hundreds of applauding spectators. It was her last performance. A slow paralysis developed in her legs and she spent her last years in a wheel chair. She died June 10, 1915.

Erma pays her this final tribute: "I am thankful to be her granddaughter. I knew and loved her, and I feel that she was a choice spirit sent here by God to fulfill a wonderful mission and set an example for us, her posterity to follow."

These are her children:

NAME	BORN	PLACE	DIED	PLACE
Anna Maria	Nov. 21, 1857	Spanish Fork	Dec. 3, 1943	Provo, Utah
Mary Delina	Feb. 10, 1860	Draper, Utah	Nov. 22, 1946	Freedom
Julia Ann	Feb. 14, 1862	Draper, Utah	Feb. 16, 1862	Draper
Wm. Albert	May 1, 1863	Rockville	Feb. 22, 1864	Rockville
Elnora Hannah	Oct. 18, 1865	Rockville	June 20, 1939	Axtell, Utah
Lathrop Lee	Sept. 16, 1868	Chicken Creek	Aug. 31, 1869	Chicken Creek
Lorin Staker	Aug. 13, 1870	Moroni	Mar. 18, 1950	Pueblo, Colo.
Ella May	May 21, 1875	Freedom	Mar. 5, 1912	Freedom, Utah
Willis Love	Dec. 12, 1877	Freedom		
Andrew Adolphin	April 4, 1880	Freedom	Aug. 2, 1880	Freedom

The last named was the first person of this group to die at Freedom and Willis Love Draper is the only survivor as of 1958.

ELLEN ALVINA WILHELM DRAPER

Ellen Alvina Wilhelm, the second wife of William Lathrop (Doc) Draper, was born at Nauvoo, Illinois, May 25, 1847, during the most critical period in the history of the Mormon Church. Of course, Ellen was not aware of this at the time. Her mother arrived in Salt Lake City with her June 27, 1851. Ellen's father died at

Weston, Missouri, March 8, 1851, before she was four years old. She did not ever, therefore, enjoy the love and guidance of a father, but her mother, Clarissa Harden Wilhelm, had enough courage, stamina and resourcefulness to fill the place of a mother and father too. The following is a brief history of this pioneer mother:

Clarissa was born in the western part of the state of New York, February 26, 1820, when the country was very primitive. When she wrote her memoirs, she described those early days as follows:

> There was a path through the forest from one neighbor to another. If we did not look sharp we would get lost. We had to spin and weave all our own clothes; also table linen, towels and grain sacks. . . . The children went barefoot from the time they were born until they were grown.

At the age of eighteen she met and married John Williams. (For reasons not known to me, the descendants of this couple use "Wilhelm" as their surname, instead of Williams.) Four years after their marriage they were converted to Mormonism, and were baptized July 24, 1842, and immediately thereafter began preparing to move to Nauvoo, Illinois.

It was a couple of years, however, before they made the move because they could find no buyer for their forest home. In 1844 they decided to abandon everything they could not carry and join the Saints in Illinois. Before they reached Nauvoo, Joseph Smith and his brother, Hyrum, had been assassinated and people along the way twitted them about trying to join up with a defunct religious group.

The situation was chaotic when they reached Nauvoo, but fortunately they knew Daniel Spencer and he found them a house in which to live until the next spring when he placed them on a farm seven miles out from Nauvoo. Here they lived and worked until mob activities became so hostile they were compelled to return to Nauvoo where they began to make preparations to go west as many of the Saints had already done.

One thing that everyone was advised to do, was to get their endowments and to have other rites performed at the Nauvoo Temple while it was still available for that purpose. This the Wilhelms did. Their next concern was to earn enough to get them to Utah, but the health of John Wilhelm was poor. Clarissa was strong and healthy but she was expecting another child, which made her task as head of the family somewhat more difficult during their last winter at Nauvoo. On May 25, 1847, her child, Ellen Alvina, was born, and just one month later, on June 25, 1847, the Wilhelms crossed the Mississippi River headed for the big camp on the Missouri River, where final preparations were made by all companies for the final plunge into the wilderness.

The Wilhelms were far from ready for this ordeal, so they settled at a new camp on the Mosuna River, where they watched people come and go until 1849. Many went on to Utah, but those without proper equipment and means to make the trip began to look for work in the surrounding territory.

She described their situation at this time as follows:

> We went to Missouri. We did not have a team to take us to the Valley. We went to Mosquito Creek where a son was born. We named him John. We then went to Weston, Missouri, to keep a boarding house for Ben Halliday, where he boarded his men who were cutting wood for steamboats. My husband grew more feeble. After a time I took in sewing for stores and anyone who wanted work done. Then my son, John, died. He was sixteen months old. On June 12 (1850), I had a daughter. We named her Elizabeth. She lived only seven months. On March 8, 1851, my husband died.

A less courageous person might have given up, but she found her neighbors to be most kind. She wrote of this: "In a strange land among Gentiles, I never saw people more kind. They supervised the burial of my husband and furnished everything for the funeral and besides donations came to me from every house." She credited most of this kindness to the Masons.

Then again Daniel Spencer at Nauvoo came to her aid. When he learned of her troubles he wrote to Ben Halliday, whom he knew was about to take a merchandise wagon train west, and asked if he could find a place for her so that she could get to Salt Lake. Halliday was glad to oblige, for he knew he could use her on the trip as a cook.

Accordingly, Clarissa left the Missouri River, April 18, 1851, with three children, Ellen being the youngest. Halliday's teams consisted of strong Missouri mules which got them to Salt Lake in record time. They arrived June 27, 1851. During the trip Clarissa cooked for Mr. Halliday, his servant and the wagon master. She wrote, "I could not have been treated better if I had been the Queen of England."

Mr. Halliday and his men showed that they liked her services, for she continued to cook for them as long as they remained in Salt Lake, and when they moved on to California they rented a house for her in the Twelfth Ward and established credit for her at a neighborhood store.

This gave her the appearance of a prosperous widow, which was not overlooked by one David Lewis. He courted her and made a big point of helping to raise her children. This was a shrewd move on his part. She married him and had a child by him, but as a father to her children he was a fizzle. In deep disappointment she wrote:

> My other children were kicked from pillar to post (so) finally I decided to get them a home and run my own shebang.

Accordingly she put brother Lewis out. He seems to have drifted southward, for later she heard that he died at Parowan. She apparently was able to take care of her children by herself. There were now four of them: Bateman, Susan and Ellen Wilhelm and Frances Lovina Lewis.

In 1857 she moved to Provo to keep house for Jacob Terry, a widower. He was a substantial and dependable man, and as might have been forseen, he married Clarissa, who was an able woman. By this time the Wilhelm children were getting old enough to help themselves. Even Ellen was ten years old. The family continued to drift southward. They moved to Springville and then to Spanish Fork, where they met the Drapers who had been living there since 1857.

It was then that the Church leaders thought it was time to settle the upper reaches of the Virgin River near Zion's Canyon, and with that in mind they asked certain members of the Draper, Terry and Green families to try their hands at raising cotton and semi-tropical fruits in that area. This they did. Among them were William L. (Doc.) Draper, Zemira Draper, whose wife was Amy Terry, Jacob and Clarissa Wilhelm Terry and the Green family. They moved to this remote area in 1862.

Young Ellen Wilhelm was then fifteen years old and the next year, 1863, Doc Draper made her his wife. Up to this time the story of her life is submerged in that of her mother. Her independent life began at the age of sixteen, but she entered a household where her husband's first wife, Ann Etta Eckersley, became her friend, companion and guide. That Ellen loved and respected the older wife is shown by the fact that she gave to her fifth daughter the name of Etta, after thirteen years of intimate living with Ann Etta Eckersley.

After marriage she shared the life of the family, as depicted in the story of the life of her husband and first wife, above. She shared the triumphs and defeats of a united family and in due course she became the mother of eleven children. She had the misfortune of becoming a widow two years after her last child was born. Her husband was dragged by a horse and died from the result of it, May 3, 1887, at Freedom.

He left property which was divided among his three families. Ellen remained on at Freedom for a year, after which she disposed of her property and moved to the town of Juab, Juab County, where her eldest daughter, Susan, was married and living with her husband, James Jensen.

Until Ellen could find quarters for herself, she and her children lived with her son-in-law and daughter, James and Susan, who all their lives kept their home and their hearts open to kin suffering from the blows of adversity. But Ellen had some of the courage and independence of her old mother, Clarissa Wilhelm, and in a short time she was in a home of her own, earning a living by doing whatever she could find to do in a small community.

Fortunately, in spite of all the wandering of her parents during her early life, she acquired enough education to become a teacher in pioneer communities and while at Juab, she was employed to teach at Little Salt Creek in Juab County. This no doubt gave her status and as was the case with her mother, it caused a lonely man to cast his eyes upon her as a possible companion.

He was an itinerant merchant, or peddler, who carried goods of various kinds in a wagon and sold them from door to door or at some specially advertised location. His home was at Junction, the County Seat of Piute County, and after persuading Ellen to marry him, he took her there to live. His name was .... Stoker. Their marriage took place about 1892-3, at which time Ellen had living unmarried children: Willard, Etta, Ida, and Pearl. When Mr. Stoker took their mother to Junction, only Etta and Pearl went with them. Willard, who was partially crippled, and Ida elected to remain with their sister Susan and her husband at Juab.

After a couple of years, the Stoker marriage failed. Ellen then, like her mother before her, ran her own "shebang." This she did successfully until 1920 when her health began to fail, and her daughter, Emma Draper Chase, invited her to come to Nephi and make her home. This she did and she was freed from hard work and worry at the age of 73.

The writer had the pleasure of visiting her at Junction just before she left there, and also at Nephi. She was an intelligent and informed conversationalist. Having much leisure, she found great pleasure in going to Moroni and visiting among the Drapers who were numerous there. I met her often at the home of Laura Draper Tidwell with whom she loved to visit.

In the home of her daughter, she had the pleasure of playing with and perhaps paddling a young grandson, whom she loved wholly for himself—not knowing that he would one day be president of Utah's great Agricultural College.

In 1939, the health of her daughter Emma began to fail, and as Ellen was then 92 years, her youngest daughter, Pearl Draper Woolley, undertook to relieve her sister, Emma, by taking their mother to Vernal, in the Uintah Basin, there to live with Pearl; but this proved to be her last trip before crossing the Great Divide. She died July 11, 1939, and was sent back to join her husband and his other two wives in death to await the resurrection.

Only one child survives her, Pearl Draper Woolley. The following is a full list of her children:

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED
Ellen Alice	Dec. 16, 1865 at Rockville	Nov. 5, 1866 at Rockville	Unmarried
Delilah Jane deceased	Aug. 8, 1867 at Rockville	Aug. 23, 1869	Unmarried
Susan Clarissa deceased	March 10, 1869 at Moroni	Feb. 25, 1948 at Springville	1. James Jensen 2. E. Simmsen
Emma Dale deceased	Jan. 9, 1871 at Moroni	May 2, 1955 at Nephi	James Chase
John Willard deceased	May 24, 1874 at Freedom	June 6, 1948 at Salt Lake	Etta Platt
Sarah Etta deceased	Sept. 9, 1876 at Freedom	May 12, 1953 at	Charles Johnson
Ida Estella deceased	About 1878 at Freedom	Sept. 20, 1916 at Oasis	E. E. Cropper
Amanda M. deceased	May 9, 1880 at Freedom	Sept. 14, 1885	Unmarried
Martha Pearl La Point, Utah	June 26, 1882 at Freedom		Arthur Woolley
Warren Leroy deceased	Nov. 11, 1883 at Moroni	Jan. 3, 1880 at Moroni	Unmarried
Carrie A. deceased	July 6, 1885 at Freedom	Oct. 24, 1888 at Juab	Unmarried

Clarissa Wilhelm

FANNIE ECKERSLEY BROWN DRAPER

Fannie Eckersly was the third wife of William L. (Doc) Draper and the sister of Ann Eckersly, his first wife. She was born July 18, 1840, at Oldham, Lancashire, England. Her first marriage was to John Weaver Brown who was born June 17, 1837, at Peru, Illinois. They were married about 1858, but John died in April, 1859, at Draper, Utah, leaving his nineteen year old bride a widow and an expectant mother. Her child was born January 11, 1860, at Draper, Utah, and she named him John Eckersly Brown. He grew up to be a fine citizen. He died December 21, 1930, in Colorado.

Fannie remained a widow for more than five years, living at Draper. Doc and her sister Ann moved to Rockville in 1862, but it appears that he made a trip to Salt Lake in 1864 and called upon the young widow at Draper, for on August 13, 1864, he married Fannie at Salt Lake City and took her with him back to Rockville. Thereafter her history parallels that of her sister Ann.

After her marriage to Doc they became the parents of eight children, as follows:

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED
Joseph Heber	Sept. 9, 1865 at Rockville	May 20, 1926 at Freedom	Nellie Taylor Jan. 25, 1887
Riley James	Nov. 11, 1867 at Rockville	Aug. 11, 1868 at Rockville	
Elizabeth E.	Oct. 9, 1869 at Moroni	May 20, 1930 at Boise, Idaho	Stephen Ballinger Mar. 3, 1893
Wilford L.	May 16, 1872 at Freedom	Aug. 3, 1901 at Freedom	Mattie L. Taylor
Laura Dame	Sept. 16, 1874 at Freedom		Martin Petersen
Melvin H.	Mar. 4, 1877 at Chester	Dec. 16, 1877	
Wilmot Leigh	Jan. 4, 1879 at Freedom		Maggie Ellicker Jan. 3, 1901
Amy Zoe	Jan. 1, 1884 at Freedom	1956 at Moroni	1. Erastus Sorenson 2. Wm. S. Hoyt

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

ALBERT EDWARD DRAPER

Albert Edward Draper was born December 13, 1840, to William Jr. and Elizabeth Staker Draper, at Pleasantvale, Illinois. He was born the year following the expulsion of his parents from the state of Missouri. He died June 23, 1913, at Pocatello, Idaho.

His parents moved to Green Plain, Illinois, in 1843 and two years later his whole family was ejected from their home at that place and forced to flee for their lives. Albert is the 4½ year old boy mentioned by his father in his autobiography as one of the two little boys who were at death's door when they were ejected.

Albert was not quite 9 years old when his parents reached Utah, but he was old enough to remember the two years that his parents spent on the Missouri River waiting for the battalion members to return, and also the trip across the plains to Utah.

After arriving in Utah he lived a rugged outdoor life and by the time he was 20 years old he was regarded as man enough to help pilot emigration trains from Iowa to Utah. It was while engaged in such work that he met and married his cousin Clara Bruno at Hamburg, Fremont County, Iowa, April 14, 1867.

Clara was born where he married her, January 10, 1851, so she had not yet attained the age of 16 on her wedding day. She was a beautiful dark eyed girl, but the glamor of her marriage to her cousin who was 11 years her senior, faded too soon. She willingly assumed the role of motherhood, but by the time she was 30 years old she had had enough.

Sometime thereafter they were divorced and he went to Pocatello, Idaho, where he went into the rooming house or hotel business, at which he succeeded very well. She also had many opportunities to re-marry and she tried it once with Henry Knowles of Nephi, but that did not last either. She preferred to devote herself entirely to her children and her church. She was president of the Primary Association and a teacher in the Relief Society for many years. She died at the home of a daughter at Richfield, Utah, February 17, 1925, at age 74.

One of the pleasant memories of my early boyhood was a visit to her home at Mount Pleasant, Utah, when I was about eight years old. Up to that time my parents were extremely poor. We lived in a log cabin and all our belongings were meager and inadequate. We had no fine linen, no silverware, no expensive dishes, no carpets, but

I am happy to say that my father, who took me to call on Aunt Clara, had fine manners.

I was quite appalled by what seemed to me to be so much luxury in her home, but between her and my father they almost succeeded in making me feel at ease. She promptly invited us to take dinner with her—which was the midday meal—and my father accepted.

Perhaps the whole situation was greatly exaggerated in my mind, but I was filled with great anticipation of the meal to come by the aromas coming from the kitchen, and fear lest I would not know how to act at the table confronted with so much dazzling equipment, but between my father and Aunt Clara, I was guided unobtrusively through a complex situation so expertly that that day became a red-letter day in my life.

She continued living on at Mt. Pleasant until she fell desparately ill and was taken to Richfield to be cared for by her daughter Lydia. There she died, as set forth above.

Her divorced husband moved to Pocatello, Idaho as stated above.

Following is a list of the children of Albert Edward and Clara Bruno Draper:

NAME	BORN	PLACE	MARRIED	DIED
Clara M.	May 19, 1869	Moroni	April 14, 1867	Dec. 2, 1887, Moroni
Lydia S.	April 28, 1872	Moroni	James E. Prichett	July 24, 1950, Richfield
Albert Layton	Feb. 19, 1874	Freedom	Effie M. Ney	Nov. 21, 1950, Oak Ridge, Wash.
Edward Clifton	Feb. 26, 1876	Freedom	Wilhelmina Christensen	Feb. 23, 1944, Mt. Pleasant
Charles Hayes	Dec. 23, 1878	Freedom	Thurza Olson	Dec. 10, 1930, Milford, Ut.
Miles Vernon	Dec. 9, 1881	Moroni	1. Iva Allred 2. Stella Allred	Jan. 4, 1947, Mt. Pleasant

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

PARLEY PINE AND MARGARET SIMONSEN DRAPER

Parley Pine Draper was born March 24, 1843, at Pleasantvale, Pike County, Illinois, and he died November 24, 1924. He married Margaret Samina Simmonsen of Hjorring, Denmark, January 21, 1863. She was born September 23, 1846, and died February 28, 1924, at Moroni, Utah, where she and her husband are buried. They had 16 children, whose names appear at the end of this chapter.

Parley's life, up to the time he married Margaret, was exciting and a part of the Mormon saga, although he missed all the excitement, exaltation and persecution suffered by the Saints up to 1843, when he was born. He was too young to remember the assassination of the Church leaders at Carthage and the expulsion of his people from Illinois. He was only six years old when his parents carried him across the plains to Utah.

But he developed rapidly as a frontiersman after the family settled at Draper, Utah. In 1858 his father moved all his wives and children to Spanish Fork, except Elizabeth Staker, and her children. Her older sons were then married, or of marriagable age, except Albert Edward, Parley Pine and Isaac Grant, so upon these youngsters fell the chief responsibility of looking after their mother, who incidentally, was not helpless, because she was busy as a midwife at Draper.

At the age of 18 Parley was a fully developed six-foot frontiersman. Floods of emigrants were, at this time (1861) still trying to make their way to Utah, although most of them were without means to cross the plains.

During the month of April, 1861, upward of 200 Church wagons, with four yoke of cattle to each, were loaded with 150,000 pounds of flour and headed for the Missouri River to pick up emigrants and bring them to Utah.

Parley and Al Babcock drove one of the wagons. This great train was divided into four companies, commanded by four captains, of which John R. Murdock was one. No sooner did this relief train reach the Missouri River than it picked up a full load of emigrants and started back. Parley was assigned to drive the team of Captain Murdock, with which he pulled into Salt Lake, September 12, 1861.

Although 17 years had passed since the first pioneers made the first trip to Utah, all dangers of such travel had not been eliminated. Just prior to April 28, 1862, Indians destroyed the mail stations between Fort Bridger and North Platt; burned the coaches and mail, killed the drivers and stole the stock. Whereupon, Adjutant General L. Thomas at Washington, D. C., called upon Brigham Young for a company of cavalry to protect the mail route. Pursuant to the call, a company of cavalry was organized under Captain Lot Smith and started for Independence Rock, May 1, 1862.[1]

Parley Pine Draper, having fully demonstrated his hardihood and sagacity in piloting emigrants across the plains, was chosen a member of this cavalry outfit. He furnished his own horse, saddle and gun. Within four months the Indians were pretty well subdued and the company was mustered out. All of the members were pensioned for this service at $10.00 a month, which amount was increased from time to time until it exceeded $100 a month before Parley's death.

The toughest assignment given to Parley while in service, was the conducting of two dangerous "bad men" from Ft. Bridger to the Federal penitentiary at Salt Lake City. His mission was successfully accomplished, although he was only 19 years old.

Having now demonstrated his ability to care for himself, his mind turned to a little Danish girl who had come to Draper in about 1857, and had later moved to Spanish Fork when his father and others left Draper upon the approach of General Johnson's Army.

The girl's name was Margaret Samina Simonsen. She was only 16 years old, but then Parley was only 19 and they had both become inured to rugged living, so when he proposed to her there was no one to object and so they were married January 21, 1863. It was a long and successful marriage, but in these days of soft living it is hard to understand how she endured what she did endure.

She was born September 23, 1846, in Denmark — probably at or near Hjorring on the northern tip of the Danish peninsula, where her father, Jens Simonsen, died from a ruptured blood vessel in 1850.

The family was in a sad plight after his death, because they were very poor and there were five children to support, and in Denmark at that time lucrative employment was very scarce.

Margaret was the eldest and only 4 years old. The others were Sena, John, Simon and an adopted daughter, Mary Magdalina Olsen. The mother of this family was Elsie Christina Larsen Simonsen.

Soon after the death of her husband, Jens Simonsen, Elsie joined the Mormon Church, early in 1851, and it was not long after that she married another Mormon convert—Christian Peter Nielsen. On August 3, Christian and Elsie, with her five children, set sail for America from Copenhagen.

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[1] See Church Chronology, *op. cit.*, 65-67.

The voyage was a bitter experience. Gales on the North Sea forced them back almost to the point of departure three times. They narrowly escaped ship wreck before the sea calmed down. Upon reaching Liverpool they proceeded westward over the Atlantic Ocean, headed for New Orleans. Progress was excruciatingly slow. Food and water supplies dwindled to the point that passengers were rationed almost below mere subsistence levels. Sickness broke out among the passengers and Elsie's second daughter, Sena, died and was buried in the ocean. Elsie gave birth to a child which also died and was buried at sea. Before they reached New Orleans, Elsie herself came down with cholera, which required that she and her family be put ashore at New Orleans. This occurred in November, 1851, after three months on the ocean.

They were practically penniless, but a doctor whom they met happened to be a Mason, and as Christian, Elsie's husband, was also a Free Mason, the doctor found employment for him, which enabled the family to survive.

They lived in New Orleans for some time and then moved up the river to St. Louis, where they found work and remained until the spring of 1856, when they began their final move toward Utah. The record is not entirely clear as to their movements, but it appears that they did not go further than Winter Quarters in 1856, because they did not arrive in Salt Lake City until 1857. Somewhere on the plains their oxen and horses were poisoned and so many of them died that the remaining few were unable to pull the loaded wagons, so everything that could be spared had to be discarded and left behind.

This was especially distressing to Elsie and her family, because it meant the loss of nearly everything they had been able to accumulate during five years of labor in New Orleans and St. Louis.

After traveling seven miles from the point of lightening the load, Elsie discovered that her Danish Bible had been left behind. She felt that she could not stand this loss, so she walked back to recover it. In so doing she walked an extra 14 miles, but she always thought that the recovery of the book was well worth it.

Soon after the arrival of this family in Salt Lake City they moved to Draper, in the south end of Salt Lake Valley. Here they became acquainted with the Draper family, whom they followed to Spanish Fork in 1858, upon the approach of Johnston's Army.

In 1864 the family of William Draper, Jr. moved to Moroni, in Sanpete County, and again the family of Elsie followed. But before they left Spanish Fork her eldest daughter, Margaret Samina, married

Parley Pine Draper, January 21, 1863, as noted above. During 30 years of her married life, she bore 8 sons and 8 daughters, all of whom reached maturity except two who died in infancy. One son, John, was accidentally killed by his friend Levi Frandsen. He died from a wound Sept. 29, 1892.

It would be a mistake, however, to assume that Parley and Margaret had an easy life. Indeed to people now living in this age of power driven household appliances, and labor saving devices of all kinds, with trains, automobiles and airplanes for transportation, and the most advanced teachers and physicians to look after their educational and health needs, the lot of people in the pioneer days in Utah must seem almost too hard to be borne.

Yet it is doubtful that Parley and Margaret ever thought of their lot as being hard, in spite of the fact that Margaret never learned to read or write, and that at the age of 16 she began to lose her hearing, which grew progressively worse until she finally lived in a world of silence—deprived of the pleasure of hearing her children's laughter, and unable to communicate with anyone without difficulty, either by word of mouth or in writing.

Parley, however, was a carefree, adventurous type, with a keen sense of humor. No sooner had he got settled in Sanpete than the Black Hawk Indian War broke out in 1865. He became one of the foremost defenders of the settlements, and for this, in later life, he also drew a pension.

Although he was willing to shoot to kill in defense of his country, he had a great aversion to causing pain to anyone, and he quickly resented being referred to as a killer. He was accused by a family of Sanpitch Indians of killing their chief. This he said was simply not true. A more bloodthirsty fighter might have enjoyed the reputation of having killed a fighting Indian chief.

On another occasion, an Indian assaulted Parley by jumping on his back and knocking him to the ground, where he seized Parley by the neck to choke him. John Mot was standing by and seeing Parley's peril, he struck the Indian a blow, causing him to fall off without immediately giving up his grip on Parley's neck. Whether or not Mot's blow was sufficient to kill the Indian does not appear, but Parley was willing in that case to share responsibilty with Mot for the death of the Indian. From this encounter Parley suffered a stiff neck the rest of his life.

After a year of Indian fighting, Parley was chosen by Bishop Bradley of Moroni and Elder Hyde of Spring City to accompany a wagon train under command of Captain Abner Lowry back to Plattsmouth, Nebraska. He was assigned to stand guard and night-herd the oxen throughout the trip, which duty he discharged to the satisfaction of the Captain.

When he got to Plattsmouth, his reputation as a plainsman got him an offer to drive a four-mule team back to Salt Lake at $2.00 a day.

This was in 1866, and as he had a young son and daughter by this time, in addition to his wife, to care for, he pursuaded Henry Jolly to take his place under Captain Lowry and he proudly managed the faster mule team with its load of freight back to Utah, after which he took up Indian fighting again. When peace was finally achieved, Parley began to look for land upon which to settle and take root.

It was probably during his fighting days that he saw the possibilities of making homes for himself and some of his brothers on a small stream of water issuing from the mountains about six miles west of Moroni.

At any rate, these Draper young men took up land and appropriated the water of this stream, which they called Currant Creek, and founded a village which they named Draper, but in due time the name was changed to Freedom because of conflict in the mails between Draper in Sanpete County and Draper in Salt Lake County.

For a time Margaret was the only woman in the settlement, and although an uneasy peace had been concluded with the Indians, there were still some maurading and pilfering expeditions, and Parley often had to stand guard at night. Margaret and her children slept in a wagon box in a corral, because she was afraid Indians might sneak up and set fire to the house while she slept.

Freedom became a village on a single street more than a mile long with houses and farms on both sides. It is one of the few places where all kinds of fruit, including peaches and pears, can be grown successfully in Sanpete County. Its fruit and its beautiful shade trees made it a pleasant place to visit in the summer time.

Parley was a prodigous worker with a compassionate heart. Soon after he moved to Freedom, he took a little half brother, Riley Newton Draper with him. Riley was the son of Fanny Newton Draper, a plural wife of Parley's father. She then had a family of seven children. Riley was her eldest son, and although he was then only about 12 years old he was practically the sole support of the family, which was in very straitened circumstances.

To Parley's lasting credit, he employed this boy; gave him a home, and steady wages until he was grown and ready to make a home of his own; and as a further reward for the excellent service rendered by him, Parley gave him a fine span of horses at parting.

In about 1883 Parley moved his family back to Moroni, after which he and his eldest brother, Moses, acquired excellent farms on the Sanpitch River, just a mile or two east of Moroni.[2] Here he prospered and provided well for his family and kept in mind the poor around him. It was not uncommon for him to load a farm wagon with beef, pork, vegetables and potatoes and quietly distribute food to poor families in town.

Like the home of his brother, Moses, his home was open and hospitable.[2] It appears that his wife, Margaret, handicapped though she was by deafness, loved to prepare good things to eat for her guests. It was nothing unusual for her to bake 25 to 30 pies to serve to guests, especially at holiday times, and although it was hard for her to communicate with anyone she could always smile with pleasure.

Parley remained the rugged frontier type—the jovial companion, and the friend of the unfortunate; a man who would face contagious disease when others might fear to do so; a man who furnished material to fence the town cemetery to preserve it from desecration. Nevertheless, he liked to drink, which in the eyes of some, made him a person to point a finger at.

He may have resented this, for although the people were almost one hundred per cent Latter Day Saints, he sent his children to a Methodist Mission School for a while, but this mood soon passed.

His family was a gay one, with considerable natural musical ability. There were enough of them to form a quartet or a chorus at most any time, and on moonlight nights they often made the blood of passersby tingle with sound of guitar and the harmony of good voices filling the air with melody.

In fact, one of the most vivid recollections of Elsie Melvina Draper Blackham, who furnished much of the data in this brief account, is her family singing:

"Just a field of new-mown hay;
Just a cottage by the way—
Just a mother, dear, to shield us
from all harm;
Just a father waiting too, with a
love so fond and true—
Just a dear old fashioned country home,
down on the farm!"

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[2] For a description of these homes see the story of Moses and Rachel, Chapter 13.

The dear old mother died, full of years and honor, at the age of 78, February 28, 1924, and, as if life were not worth living more, her husband followed her November 24, 1924, at the age of 81. Bishop Ephriam Nelson of Moroni, spoke at his funeral and paid him a tribute of which any Saint might have been proud.

Children of Parley Pine Draper and Margaret Samina Draper

NAME	BORN	PLACE	DIED	PLACE	MARRIED
Parley J.	11-21-1863	Draper	8- 8-1935	Moroni	Amanda Jorgensen
Margaret E.	9-28-1865	Moroni	8- 8-1888	Moroni	Samnel Gee
Hettie	8-22-1867	Moroni	1-28-1914	Moroni	Frank Olsen
Franklin	9-14-1869	Freedom	11- 5-1932	Ephraim	Eleanor Cloward
Wealtha A.	1-31-1872	Freedom	1- -1888	Moroni	Unmarried
Freeman	1- 3-1874	Freedom	3- 3-1938	Moroni	Unmarried
Homer	10- 3-1875	Freedom		Moroni	Mayme Redmond
John Dee	5-19-1877	Freedom	9-29-1892	Moroni	Unmarried
Orson	2-28-1879	Freedom	10-31-1929		Carolyn Ebbson
Melvina	10-15-1882	Freedom			Hyrum Blackham, Jr.
Ray	10-12-1883	Moroni			Violet Albrecht
Eliza	3- 9-1884	Moroni	3-26-1884		Unmarried
Amanda	3- 7-1885	Moroni			James Johnson
Archie	7-19-1887	Moroni			Rozina Paulson
Ida	7-21-1891	Moroni	8-21-1891		Unmarried
Mary	1-30-1892	Moroni			Auer Simons

The old fort, Moroni, Utah

Parley Pine Draper and Margaret Samina Simonsen Draper, his wife

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

ISAAC GRANT AND MARY ANN BATEMAN DRAPER[1]

Isaac Grant Draper was the youngest son of William and Elizabeth Staker Draper. He was born October 6, 1845, at Pleasantvale, Pike County, Illinois. He married Mary Ann Bateman, September 3, 1865, and the ceremony was performed by the groom's father, William. Grant, as he was commonly called, died March 24, 1922, and was buried at Pleasant Grove, Utah.

His wife, Mary Ann Bateman, was born March 21, 1849, at Grovois Mines, Bravi County (no such county appears on modern maps), Missouri. Her parents were William and Sarah Lavendar Bateman, who brought their family to Utah in 1850 or '52, and settled at West Jordan, Salt Lake County, which is not very far from Willow Creek (Draper) where the Drapers settled in 1850. The close proximity of Grant and Mary Ann during their youth accounts for their coming together in marriage. Mary Ann died June 14, 1931, at American Fork. She had borne 9 children, 5 of whom survived her: she was grandmother to 57 children, and great grandmother to 99, at her death.

Grant was lucky to have been born alive, for he made his entry into the world under perilous circumstances, which circumstances are recited on page 71, Chapter 10. He survived, however, and was brought to Utah by his parents in 1949, arriving here just 20 days after his 4th birthday.

As a boy he herded cows in and about Draper, ranging with them sometimes as far north as the town of Sandy. He was always barefooted and the very sandy earth, from which Sandy took its name, got so hot that he used to stand on his hat to relieve his feet. As he grew older, he began to accompany some of his elder brothers back to the Missouri River to help pilot emigrants to Utah. In time, he was a plainsman in his own right.

On one trip, a young man in his company became mentally deranged, and although he was considered harmless, it was well to treat him with caution as no one can ever foretell what impulses may possess such a person. He preferred to ride with Grant above all others. He amused himself by singing, sleeping, and playing practical jokes on Grant. All went along merrily until one night when Grant lay asleep on the ground by his wagon in the moonlight, he was awakened by the shadow of the insane boy standing over him. It startled Grant into wakefulness. The young man laughed at Grant's discomfiture and said: "Oh, I could have killed you alright, but I wouldn't because I like you." Then he walked away. No doubt Grant slept with one eye open the rest of the night.

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[1] Most of the data herein was furnished by Sarah Draper Giles, their youngest daughter.

It was after this trip that Grant and Mary Ann were married. He took her to Utah's Dixie, by way of a honeymoon, where some of his kin were trying to build up the country at the behest of Brigham Young. But time proved that Grant was possessed of wander-lust, as may readily be seen from the places where his children were born as shown by the following chart:

Children of Isaac Grant and Mary Ann Bateman Draper

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED
1. Grant Edward	Sept. 1, 1866 at Salt Lake	Apr. 11, 1917 at Myton, Utah	Martha I. Tidwell
2. Marion Isaac	Jan. 19, 1868 at Draper	June 8, 1934	Pollyann Johnson
3. Amanda E.	Jan. 9, 1870 at Moroni	Dec. 3, 1934	William Hayes
4. Harriet Lillian	Jan. 4, 1872 at Richmond, Utah	June 16, 1930 at Portland, Ore.	Michel F. Gillen
5. Wm. Frederick	Sept. 17, 1873 at Draper	May 28, 1928 at Salt Lake City	Daisy Evans
6. Henry Wallace	Sept. 30, 1875 at Freedom	July 6, 1947	Lenora Mann
7. Mary Cornelia	June 10, 1878 at Freedom	Dec. 21, 1912 at Treasureton, Ida.	Ernest Young
8. Norman Lester	Feb. 16, 1884 at Fountain Green	Mar. 4, 1945	Beatrice Shumway
9. Sarah M.	Jan. 11, 1886 at Draper		1. John H. Remington 2. 3. William L. Giles

Even this chart does not indicate all the travels of this family. Fortunately, Grant had some special skills, otherwise his family would have suffered greatly. His wife was not robust and she found the going hard.

He had natural aptitude as a carpenter and during their brief stay in Dixie (probably Rockville), he constructed a honeymoon log cabin and furniture out of such raw material as he could find. Their bed was a frame supported on one side by a wall and on the other by two legs. Holes were bored through the ends and sides of the frame and ropes were threaded through the holes—gridiron fashion—to make a support for their mattress of oat-straw. Their table, likewise, was a two-legged piece supported on one side by a wall. Chairs were fashioned from trees and all other facilities were rustic and homemade. According to one's temperament, that kind of living would be depressing, or exciting. It was a lark for Grant, but his wife's health did not permit much enthusiasm.

So they moved back to Draper, where Grant's mother lived and near to Mary Ann's folks. That did not last long. Grant felt the pull of his brothers and his father at Moroni where he went and opened a small store.

Apparently he was not happy, and perhaps not successful with the store, for he pulled up stakes and moved to Richmond in Cache County. He was there long enough to learn of land available at Lewiston, across the valley, so there he moved and acquired 160 acres of farm land. Here his wife thought he would settle for keeps, but somebody came along and offered to trade him a team, harness, wagon, and perhaps a few other things, for the land. He made the railroad running to Draper, where he placed his wife until another child was born. Soon thereafter some of his brothers developed the new village of Freedom and he could not resist joining them.

He had always kept up his Church connection and was regularly promoted through the various degrees of the priesthood so he was able to assume a position as the counsellor to the bishop at Freedom. Two of his children were born there in succession which was the most that were born at any place in succession.

Notwithstanding this, he made several forays into Idaho after which he settled at Fountain Green, then back to Draper, and finally he became more or less permanently settled in Utah County.

On Provo Bench, he rented and ran a farm belonging to Newel K. Knight, sheriff of Utah County. He raised fruit and vegetables in abundance, as well as pigs and chickens. Nearly every one in the valley tried to produce, on their own places, all the things for their own families by reason of which there was little local market for farm and orchard products.

Neither was it easy to transport perishable fruits and vegetables to distant mining camps or to the people in the high valleys where such food products could not be grown. Neither were there canning plants to which they might resort to preserve their perishable products.

Consequently, drying was the only method available for getting such foodstuffs into commercial markets. Growing, preserving, and selling the crops had the merit, at least, of giving the whole family wholesome employment. It was difficult however, to get cash for their products and barter was the rule. Grant's descendants still have in their possession a large family Bible for which Grant gave $10.00 worth of groceries.

He was jovial by nature and a good story teller. Moving from place to place, as he did in wild undeveloped country, involved him in many exciting incidents—including narrow escapes from Indians—the telling of which made the large, warm kitchen a sort of theater for the children in the winter time.

No doubt Mary Ann enjoyed this as much as the children. She had never learned to read or write and therefore, was deprived of the comfort that may have come from books. She enjoyed her children greatly and cared for them well, in spite of the fact that she was never robust, and in addition to a long period of childbearing she suffered from inflammatory rheumatism, chronic headaches, and while they were living at Gunnison, Utah (one of the places not mentioned above) she fell and broke her hand, which, for want of surgical care, healed crooked, which handicapped her for the rest of her life. No greater tribute can be paid to her than to say that she submitted to her husband's roving nature without undue complaint and so loved her children that they gave her their complete love and devotion.

She died at American Fork, Utah, June 14, 1931. She was buried beside her husband at Pleasant Grove. Their posterity at that time consisted of 9 children, 57 grandchildren, 99 great grandchildren, and 1 great, great grandchild.

Isaac Grant Draper

Mary Ann Bateman Draper

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

AMANDA ELIZABETH MELVINA DRAPER SMITH

Amanda Draper, the subject of this sketch, was the last of the children of William and Elizabeth Staker Draper. She was born at Council Point, Iowa, July 3, 1847. She was brought to Utah in 1849, and settled at South Willow Creek (Draper) in 1850, where she lived until she married and had three children. She then moved to Lewiston, Cache County, where she had six more children. She died at the age of fifty-eight. She now has more than one hundred descendants—all honorable people. Those now alive are scattered throughout the Western states.

Very little has been learned of her personal life for the probable reason that she was practically lost to the Draper family after her father, William Draper, and most of his large family left Draper in 1858; she had but little association with them thereafter; for the further reason that all who knew her best are long since dead.

When her father, William, left Draper, her mother, Elizabeth, was a practicing midwife there and she elected not to follow him and his other wives into the wilderness again. Amanda was only eleven years old then and naturally she remained with her mother. The rest of the family finally settled in Sanpete County — one-hundred miles away—which would be equivalent to about one-thousand miles today. Then between 1871 and 1874, she put another hundred miles between herself and her people by moving to Lewiston, Cache County, Utah.

All of her full brothers and sisters are dead and she, herself, has been dead for fifty-two years, which accounts fairly well for the difficulty in getting the facts of her life today.

Nevertheless, there are facts enough to indicate that she married well and happily and had a large family of whom she could be proud.

She married Asa Downs Smith, a fellow townsman of Draper, March 24, 1866. He was born December 26, 1845, to Absalom Wamsley Smith and Amy Emily Downs, at or near Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois.

They made their home at Draper for four or five years after they married, after which they made their home at Lewiston in Cache County until they both died. She died September 30, 1905, and he lived on until May 4, 1924. During all that time he did not marry again. From this it may be assumed that they were happy and congenial in life.

They were also prosperous. I have heard from a prominent Salt Lake City lawyer, H. A. Smith, a cousin of Asa, who probated his estate, that he left considerable valuable property.

I am indebted to Mrs. Melba Smith Ziser, of Los Angeles, California, for the information disclosing what became of Amanda after she left Draper. Also, for a fine lot of family group sheets showing the descendants of Asa and Amanda. She is an interested and competent genealogical researcher, and our coming together enabled her to meet and visit with one of the living sons of William Draper, still living in spite of the fact that his father was born one hundred and fifty years ago. Melba is a granddaughter of Asa and Amanda and may yet uncover a full story of their lives.

The following is a complete chart of their children, compiled by Melba:

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED
Asa Draper	Jan. 7, 1867 Draper, Utah	1886 Lewiston, Utah	
Roxie Ann	Feb. 20, 1867 Draper, Utah		Feb. 10, 1892 Alfred W. Webster
Maria Jane	Nov. 29, 1874 Lewiston, Utah	Nov. 26, 1951	Jan. 27, 1897 M. J. Swinyard
Parley Franklin	Mar. 15, 1877 Lewiston, Utah	Jan. 24, 1953	Nov. 27, 1901 Lillie Tucker
Elva Melissa	Mar. 25, 1883 Lewiston, Utah		Nov. 29, 1903 Andrew J. Kerr
Guy Marvin	Apr. 12, 1888 Lewiston, Utah	May 31, 1953	June 1, 1910 Ethel M. Colwell
Mazelle	Feb. 14, 1891 Lewiston, Utah	1892	

The Draper influence in this family is shown by the names: Roxie Ann, Jane, Parley and Marvin. Amanda had brothers and sisters so named.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

MARTHA RAYMER WEAVER DRAPER

When Martha Raymer Weaver entered into the life of William Draper, Jr., his whole outlook was changed. She was his first plural wife and the circumstances under which he married her and a total of seven wives arouses the interest of his descendants as well as that of outsiders. It is likely that William himself marveled, in retrospect, how fate made him the ancestor of one of the largest families in America.

The circumstances surrounding his entry into polygamy seem to indicate that a chain of chance circumstances, rather than a studied course, led him into taking more than one wife. In the story of his life, written near the end of his career, he did not mention the name of any wife, nor did he speak of the doctrine of plural marriage. There were, however, circumstances and events preceding each of his marriages from which it might be thought that he was motivated in part at least by social necessity.

There is evidence which tends to show that William knew nothing of the doctrine of plural marriage until 1845. Indeed, not many people knew much about it until after that time. President Joseph T. Smith published the following statement concerning the doctrine, in 1888.:

> The great and glorious principle of plural marriage was first revealed to Joseph Smith in 1831, but he was forbidden to make it public or to teach it as a doctrine of the Gospel, at that time; he confided the facts to only a very few of his associates.[1]

The revelation was not reduced to writing until July 12, 1843. Lorenzo Snow, later president of the Church, knew nothing of it until that time, and it was not published until July 1852.[2]

William's opportunity to know what was going on at the Church headquarters at Nauvoo was limited. He did not live there at any time. After returning from Missouri, he lived at Pleasantville and Green Plain, Illinois until the great western movement began in 1846. He was driven from Green Plain by a mob in the fall of 1845 and found refuge again at his old home in Pleasantville. After getting his family settled there again, he worked his way back through mobs to Nauvoo in October 1845, to learn what future plans the

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[1] Deseret News, May 20, 1886, and copied in Church Encyclopedia, Book 1, page 219, et seq.

[2] Church Encyclopedia, Book 1, page 222, and Jensen's Church Chronology, pages 23 and 46.

Church might be making for its people in view of the growing hostility of the mobs. He found Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball directing the affairs of the Church. They told him that all the Saints would begin moving westward in the spring, and when he asked for advice as to what he, personally, should do, they said to him:

> Brother William, if you wish to remain with the Saints, go back and provide for your family as best you can throughout the winter, and make every effort you can to get ready to go with us next spring to the Rocky Mountains. Come again in about two months and get your endowments.[3]

It may be inferred from the foregoing direction to come back in about two months to get his endowments, and from events which followed, that it was at this time that the doctrine of plural marriage was explained to him, with the probable suggestion that if he chose to take additional wives he would not only be acting in accord with a divine principle but he would also be helping the Church to solve the problem of transporting, protecting, and caring for numerous widows and unattached women across a howling wilderness and into a savage unknown land.

Pursuant to the advice given, he went back to his family and remained with them until the latter part of January, 1846, when he returned again to Nauvoo as per instructions where he received his endowments on the 28th day of January, after which he again returned to Pike County and made final preparations to head for the Rocky Mountains with his family. He was all ready in the spring. He recorded the commencement of the trip as follows:

> I left Pike County about the 20th of April, 1846, and went to Nauvoo where I added to the family and to the outfit, and on the first day of May crossed the Mississippi and took the trail to follow those who had started befor us through a wilderness where no white inhabitants lived.

He recorded nothing at all about taking an extra wife at Nauvoo, but other family records disclose that a lady named Martha Weaver bore him a son at Kanesville, Iowa, October 28, 1846. This event gives meaning to the simple but somewhat ambiguous statement that he "added to the family and to the outfit" upon arriving at Nauvoo. It could only mean that he married Martha Weaver either in October, 1845, when he went up to Nauvoo to get instructions from the Church leaders as to his future movements, or in January, 1846, when he returned there for his endowments.

It is now clear that he picked Martha up at Nauvoo in April, 1846, and as she was a widow and had a daughter about eight years old, it was necessary for William to procure another outfit to transport them on the long journey. The fact that he chose to marry an encumbered widow has significance. He could have had two good reasons for doing so. First, because she *was* an encumbered widow and needed his help; and second because he may have owed her a debt of gratitude. She may have been the widow of Edward Weaver in whose home he had received unusual kindness as he was making his way from Kirtland to Far West, Missouri, in 1838. He recorded the details of this kindness thus:

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[3] Quoted from his own autobiography.

> I started from Kirtland April 16, 1838, with my wife (Elizabeth) and five children. . . . I traveled on (toward Far West) until sometime in June, when I was taken with a severe fit of sickness, so that I was obliged to camp by the way. Under a large oak tree on a nice plot of grass I took up my abode for a little season. This was at Huntsville, Randolph, Missouri. . . . After lying there for several days I was taken up by a good Samaritan and lodged in the house of a brother by the name of Edward Weaver, where my wants were amply provided for and I soon began to revive and get better.

If Martha was Edward's widow, it was no doubt easier for William's first wife, Elizabeth, to accept Martha into the family, for she, too, was helped greatly when the Weavers took all the burden of nursing her husband back to health.

It must not be forgotten, either, that the new leaders had very good reasons for encouraging this type of marriage, first, because their martyred prophet had put the stamp of divine revelation on the practice and besides, they were sorely put to it to find ways and means to feed, clothe and transport a whole people, including many widows, children and unattached women converts, through wild territory infested with border ruffians, adventurers, and savage Indians.

It took strong and resourceful men to assume and discharge such obligations and there were few men who were more seasoned and skilled in trail blazing, colonizing and getting along with all manner of men than William Draper, Jr.

Even before William reached the Missouri River he learned that 500 able-bodied Latter Day Saints were being recruited to join a U. S. Army in a war against Mexico. He reached the point of recruitment in time to see the battalion, including his sister, Phoebe, march away, leaving a depressing void in the families left behind. William was called upon to fill that void as best he could until the departing heads of families should be released from their military duties.

Brigham Young and his counsellor immediately showed the confidence they had in William as a leader and manager under adverse conditions. This is what he recorded in his autobiography:

> Something had to be done for the women and children who were left unprovided for and without protection in an Indian country. . . . The country was divided into districts or wards and a bishop appointed for each ward. It fell to my lot to be one of them, and when I looked up those that were in my district, I found there were thirty-three families.

This was at Council Point in Iowa where William served for three years until the members of the battalion returned to their families. Not only did these families have to be clothed and fed, but they had to have houses built for them. All of this was supervised by William, and in addition, he acquired a good farm for himself and he was soon comfortably situated.

On October 28, 1846, his new wife bore him a son whom they christened Almon. But unfortunately the mother died in 1848, leaving her daughter, Carrie, by her former husband and her young son Almon. Family records, still preserved by her descendants, show that her maiden name was Raymer and that she was born at Pittstown, Rensselaer County, New York, July 8, 1808. She was only forty years old when she died and her death was a serious loss to her nine year old daughter and her two year old son.

Life was hard at best, and although most of the Saints were strong enough to pull through, yet sickness and death were common. Across the River from Council Point in the winter of 1846-7 there were 334 sick people and 75 widows.[4] That William Draper had his share of sickness and widows cannot be doubted. At least there were widows in his little community for he married two of them. They were Mary Ann Manhardt and Marial Thompson Crosby. This proved to be fortunate for the children of Martha Weaver, for Mary Ann who was young and vigorous and without children "adopted" them as her own and successfully reared both to full maturity, after which both married and moved away from the main body of the Drapers. Many years later Carrie came to Moroni, Utah, to visit her foster mother, Mary Ann. When they met there was a moment of embarrassment for Mary Ann failed to recognize Carrie at once, but when recognition came they fell in each other's arms and cried as women will.

Almon spent most of his married life near Zions Canyon in southern Utah, and some of it in Arizona, but when he returned to Moroni from time to time he never failed to visit with Mary Ann to whom he owed a debt of gratitude. She was the only mother he ever knew.

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[4] Jensen's Church Chronology, page 32.

CHAPTER TWENTY

ALMON DRAPER AND HIS FAMILY

If Almon Draper were alive now (1956) he would be 110 years old, October 28, 1956. He has been dead since December 31, 1919. As shown in his mother's story, he was born to William and Martha Weaver Draper at Kanesville, Iowa, October 28, 1846. When his mother died and left him as a baby he was fortunate in having Mary Ann Manhardt Draper for a foster mother. He was also fortunate in having a hoarde of half brothers and sisters who ignored the relationship of half-blood and treated each other as full blood kin.

When he was about seventeen years old he left the home of Mary Ann Manhardt with his brother, William L. and his Uncle Zemira Draper to help settle Dixie, at Rockville, in Washington County, Utah. There he met his wife, Amy Hansen, who was a Terry on her mother's side. Amy was born September 14, 1852 and died April 23, 1889, at Springdale, Utah.

Together they had the following children. The first three were born at Rockville and the remainder at Springdale, Utah:

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED
Alzina	About 1867	About 1898	Thornton Hepworth
Cecelia	About 1870	About 1892	Squire Hepworth
Marilla S.	Nov. 27, 1872	Oct. 10, 1949	William Ruesch
Martha A.	About 1875	About 1939	Edward Taylor
Stachia	About 1878	Childhood	
Nellie H.	About 1881		Wm. Flannigan Cedar City
Cornelia	About 1884		
Erastus Almon	April 11, 1886		Linnie A. Seguine 110799 Sherman Grove Sunland, California
Alvira	About 1889	Childhood	

Amy, the mother of these children, died soon after Alvira was born. This was a blow to Almon. Several of the children were young. It was probably for this reason that Almon married again soon.

First he married Phoebe Barton, a Paragonah girl, who was born in 1866 and died in 1909 at Hinkley, Utah, and soon after his marriage to Phoebe he married Maria Durfee.

Up to this time Almon seemed to be settled and content — close to the mouth of Zion's Canyon, but after the death of Amy he seemed to be seized with wanderlust. He went to Arizona in 1890 and thereafter he moved twelve times, until he died at Hinkley, Utah, in 1919.

This no doubt was hard on his wives. Phoebe bore him nine children and died in 1909. Maria bore three, all of whom died in infancy.

Following is a record of the children of Almon and Phoebe Barton Draper:

NAME	BORN	PLACE	DIED	PLACE
Wm. Penn	About 1891	Springdale	Infancy	Springdale
Jos. Buther	About 1892	Paragonah	Infancy	Parawan
Lucy Belle	About 1894	Duncan (Wash. Co.)		Los Angeles
Jesse	April 6, 1896	Duncan	About 1848	Midway, Utah
Ernest	Sept. 29, 1898	Kanosh	About 1935	Twin Falls, Id.
Artemisia G.	About 1900	Freedom	Childhood	Freedom
Gilbert	About 1902	Freedom	?	Freedom
Charles	About 1905	Provo Bench	?	Provo Bench
May	About 1909	Delta		

In spite of the rough time most of Almon's children had, they and their descendants, for the most part, are occupying responsible positions in the world and all of them are honorable citizens.[1]

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[1] Erastus Almon (Allen) Draper supplied and corrected much of the data concerning Martha Weaver and her descendants.

Almon Draper and family

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

WILLIAM DRAPER AND MARIAL THOMPSON CROSBY AND THEIR SON NEPHI DRAPER

Marial Thompson Crosby was the widow of David Crosby, who died sometime prior to 1844 from exposure (probably pneumonia) while serving as a bodyguard to Joseph Smith. In addition to his widow, he left three children: Harlan, William and Emily Crosby. After the exodus from Nauvoo, Marial and these children followed the main body of the Saints to the Missouri, where they apparently settled at Council Point, a temporary community, under the jurisdiction of William Draper, Jr., in which were 33 families, left behind by members of the Mormon battalion and two or three widows.

After Martha Weaver died, William married two of the widows at Council Point—Marial Thompson Crosby and Mary Ann Manhardt, who became the foster mother of Mrs. Weaver's orphan daughter, Carrie.

He married Mrs. Crosby, about May or June in 1848. She was born May 7, 1808. She was 40 years old when she married William and her children were old enough to fend for themselves.

On March 23, 1849, a son was born to Marial and William, whom they named "Nephi" after a Book of Mormon spiritual leader. This marriage was not a success. The cause of the failure has never been revealed.

In July of 1849, William departed for Utah with his wives, Elizabeth Staker and Mary Ann Manhardt and their children, but Mrs. Crosby and her children remained behind until 1853, when they too, came to Salt Lake City with the last of the Saints who had lived on Pottawattamie lands in Iowa since 1846. There was no attempt on the part of William and Marial to reunite — neither did there appear to be any bitterness between them, at least in my long life among the descendants of William, I never heard a disparaging word spoken about Marial, although she was often mentioned by William's other wives and by their older children.

Upon her arrival in Salt Lake City, Marial settled her family in the Second Ward. Later they moved to Mill Creek, where they remained for a time and then moved to Rush Valley, in Tooele County in about 1862. Up to this time Nephi had never met his father, who was then living in Spanish Fork in Utah County, nor did he ever meet him until 1870, when some of Elizabeth Staker's older sons took him to Sanpete County where William had permanently settled, to bring father and son together.

At this time, Nephi was 29 years old, having been born March 23, 1849, at Little Pigeon Creek in Iowa. After the visit with his father, he returned to Rush Valley and married Charlotte Elizabeth Johnson, November 15, 1870. She was born at Winter Quarters, Nebraska, January 13, 1853. Her father was Luke S. Johnson, one of the most prominent men in the Church from its organization up to 1837. He was born April 3, 1807, at Pomfret, Windson County, Va., about ten miles from Sharon, in the same county where Joseph Smith was born in 1805.[1]

He, with Orson Hyde, Lyman E. Johnson and Wm. E. McLellin were honored by a revelation from the Lord, through Joseph Smith, explaining "the nature of the Aaronic Priesthood, and the duties of parents toward their children, etc," on November 3, 1832.[2]

On February 17, 1834, when the first High Council was organized at Kirtland, he was made a member along with Joseph Smith and others.[3]

On February 14, 1835, he was chosen by the Three Witnesses to the Book of Mormon to be one of the first Twelve Apostles in the Church, among whom were John F. Boynton and Lyman E. Johnson.

On September 3, 1837, he with John F. Boynton and Lyman E. Johnson were disfellowshipped.[4]

On November 9, 1862, Luke S. Johnson died at the home of Orson Hyde in Salt Lake City.[5]

His daughter, Charlotte Elizabeth Johnson, seemed not to have lost her faith, by reason of her father's falling from grace. On the contrary she remained a faithful member of the Church and helped to keep her lively husband, Nephi, on the straight and narrow path.

Nephi, to a large extent, was self educated. He was an extensive reader and he learned to play a violin in a spirited manner. His services as a fiddler were much in demand at dances throughout the county. It was common practice for the male dancers to offer the fiddler a drink or two during the intermissions, and Nephi was not adverse to such refreshments. But one time, to his wife's disgust, he indulged too much. When he got home on this occasion his wife,

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[1] Church Chronology p. 1.
[2] Ibid p. 7.
[3] Ibid p. 10.
[4] Ibid p. 13.
[5] Ibid p. 66.

Elizabeth, beat his fiddle to splinters on the kitchen stove. That put a permanent end to his fiddling and his drinking.[6]

But there was never any doubt, as to the soundness of his character. In his early life he was a trusted employee of the Jennings Cattle and Ranch Co., and at St. John and throughout Tooele County he was known as one of its most trusted and worthy citizens. He was always an active worker in the Church and community and he and Elizabeth left a family, many of whom have been, or are now leaders in the communities where they lived. The following are their children, all born at St. John:

NAME	DATE OF BIRTH	MARRIED	DIED	PLACE
Marial	August 4, 1872		January 13, 1873	St. John
Lovinia	November 23, 1873	John E. Huggins	April 8, 1954	Salt Lake
Walter N.	November 20, 1875	Clara M. Critchlow	February, 195....	Wellington
Emily E.	June 17, 1878		August 13, 1940	Salt Lake
Edith	August 7, 1881		November 21, 1892	St. John
Asa J.	January 5, 1884	Mamie Anderson—1st Ivy Matthews—2nd		
Ona A.	June 24, 1886	Clyde Russell (he died May 8, 1946)		
Amoret	Sept. 6, 1888	Leonard Savit	February 5, 1917	Salt Lake
Charlotte Eldra	July 3, 1891	George Sanders		
Lois A.	Sept. 26, 1894			

Charlotte and Lois are living at Pacific Palisades at the present time.

The following death notices appearing in the Salt Lake Tribune, under the dates given, indicate the types of accomplishment in his family:

February 25, 1951, Wellington, Carbon County — Walter Nephi Draper, 75, Carbon County farmer and rancher, died of a heart ailment Saturday at 6:25 a.m. at his residence here.

Mr. Draper many years ago was Carbon County Assessor.

He was born November 20, 1875, in St. John, Tooele County, a son of Nephi and Charlotte Elizabeth Johnson Draper.

An active worker for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, he served a mission to the west Pennsylvania conference from 1897 until 1899.

In 1900, he married Clara Maud Critchlow in the Salt Lake L. D. S. temple. The couple resided in Pennsylvania for two years, and returned to Wellington in 1904.

Mr. Draper was first counsellor in the Wellington ward for 19 years, and and was a Carbon stake high councilman for five years, and chairman of the state genealogical committee for three years.

His first wife died in November, 1934.

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[6] Story by Asa J. Draper.

On October 8, 1946, he married Emma Asay in the Salt Lake L. D. S. temple.

Survivors, in addition to his widow, include the following sons and daughters: Asa L. Draper, Wellington; Mrs. C. Blaine (Irene) Perkins, San Jose, California; W. Howard Draper, Ogden; Mrs. D. (Gladys) Myers, Long Beach, California; Mrs. Jack (Stella) Davis, Hiawatha, Carbon County; Mrs. Harold (Jean) Garber, Denver.

* * * * *

May 28, 1948, Harland E. Draper, 35 (son of Asa J. and Mamie Anderson Draper), Major in the United States Marine Corps reserve, died at his home in Chicago, Illinois, Thursday morning of a heart ailment. He was born January 30, 1913, in Salt Lake City. He moved with his parents to Spokane, Washington in 1925, where he attended Lewis and Clark high school and Gonzaga university, taking active part in the Spokane branch, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

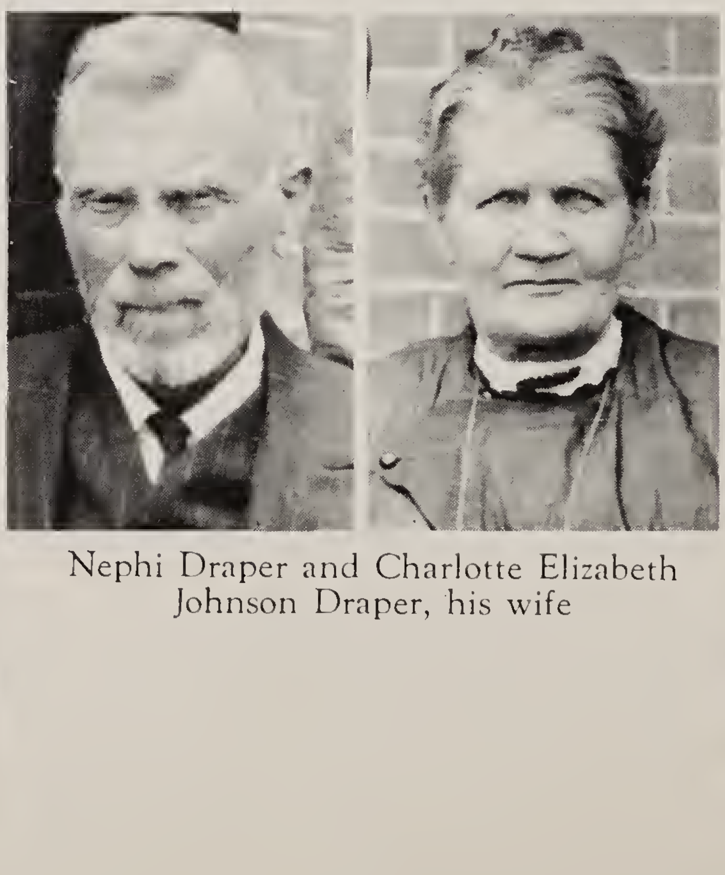
In 1932 he returned to Salt Lake City and later became active in the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association of the Lincoln Ward.

For a time he was an employee of The Salt Lake Tribune, working as a circulation salesman and later promoted to distribution manager at Twin Falls, Idaho.

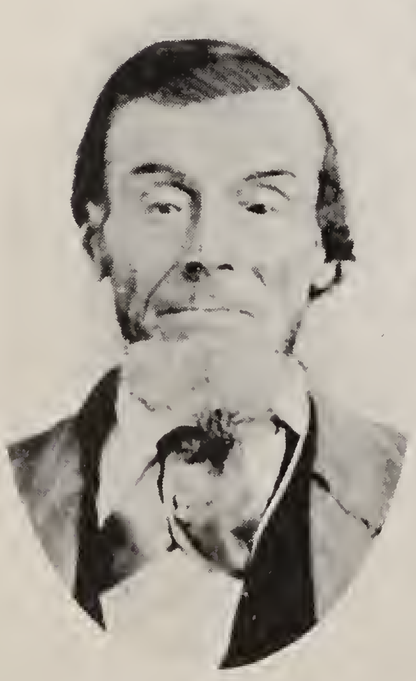
He participated in the major engagements in the Pacific theater in World War II and served with the occupation forces in Japan. In 1946 he returned to the United States where he was stationed in South Carolina until placed on inactive duty in August, 1947.

While in the service in South Carolina, he married Phyllis Langhorne. Since September, 1947, he had been attending University of Chicago, and had commanded the marine corps reserve in Chicago to the time of his death.

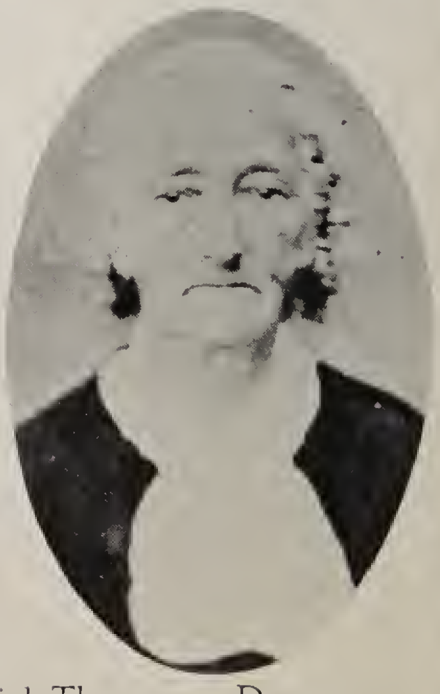
He is survived by his widow; a stepdaughter, Lang, Chicago, Illinois, his mother, Salt Lake City; three brothers: Nephi A. Draper, Denver, Colorado; David A. Draper, Hawthorne, California; and Wilford A. Draper, Spanish Fork; four sisters: Mrs. Amanda D. Thorpe, Hawthorne, California; Mrs. Pearl D. Thornton, Mrs. Mamie D. Bishop and Dorothy Draper, Salt Lake City.



Nephi Draper and Charlotte Elizabeth Johnson Draper, his wife



Wm. Draper, Jr.



Mariel Thompson Draper, third wife

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

MARY ANN MANHARDT, FOURTH WIFE OF WILLIAM DRAPER

Mary Ann Manhardt was born August 15, 1827, to William and Jane Gates Manhardt, at Johnstown, Canada. Her father, William Manhardt, was of German-English descent. His mother being Mary Ann Franklin, who, family tradition says, was closely related to Sir John Franklin, the famous British explorer (1786-1847), who lost his life in the Arctic after a brilliant career of discovery throughout the world. He was starving and dying in the Arctic at about the time his kinswoman, Mary Ann Manhardt, and her parents, were preparing to face the rigors of western exploration and settlement in the Rocky Mountains where they, too, had a brush with death in 1849.[1]

William and Jane Gates Manhardt, and their daughter Mary Ann, had joined the Mormon Church in Canada after which they joined the main body of converts and followed them to their ultimate destination. Mary Ann, though a very young woman when they reached the Missouri River, was a widow.

It appears they settled temporarily at Council Point, Iowa, to prepare for the final long pilgrimage to a hoped for haven in the west. William Draper was at that time being detained at Council Point to look after the families of the Mormon batallion until its soldiers should be released from military duty.

It appears that William found favor in the eyes of the comely Mary Ann for he married her in April, 1848. Her parents continued on to Utah and finally settled in Morgan, Utah, where they lived until they died in 1873.

Mary Ann was the fourth wife taken by William Draper, from which it might be assumed that Mary Ann's situation was not an envious one. However, a summary of his marital status at the end of 1848 was as follows: The family of his first wife, Elizabeth was complete and her oldest son was twenty years old. His second wife, Martha Weaver, had died in 1847, leaving an eight year old daughter by a deceased husband and an infant son by William. His third wife, Marial Thompson, had withdrawn from this marital arrangement and had left for Utah with William's only child by her.

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[1] The following item appears in Andrew Jensen's Church Chronology at page 83. "July, Wed. 13, 1870. Lady Franklin, widow of Sir John Franklin, visited Ogden, on her return trip from searching for her lost husband. She afterwards visited Salt Lake City."

Altogether the situation had elements of advantage to everyone in it. Elizabeth was forty-two years old. She had eight living children and the responsibility of caring for two motherless children of Martha Weaver. Mary Ann could, if she would, assume responsibility for the children of Martha. This she did gladly. She was only twenty-one years old and full of vigor and optimism. She was also under the protection of one of the most resourceful and experienced pioneers to be found in the Church.

The soldiers in the batallion returned in 1849 and William was released to make his way to Utah with such haste as he cared to exercise. By this time Mary Ann had a child of her own. It was incumbent upon William, therefore, to immediately provide safe equipment for the transportation of himself, two wives, and eleven children, with enough camp and household equipment, food, clothing and tools of husbandry, to get them across the plains and mountains and to give them a start in the promised valley.

It would seem that three or more conestoga wagons with ample horse and ox power to pull them would be necessary to transport so many people and so much equipment. There were plenty of teamsters in the group. William, himself, was a master hand with horses and oxen. His sons, Henry, and Moses, were almost equally as competent. Mary Ann also proved to be an expert teamster and wagon master. Her wagon had a platform built at the front and extending out over the oxen. On it was installed a large iron fire-pot over which she could prepare meals without descending to the ground. She could also keep the children warm in bad weather. Thus equipped, she began an awe-inspiring journey July 5, 1849.

But she was not alone. She was in a wagon train so long that it was divided in four sections. George A. Smith had general supervision of the whole train and William Draper was responsible for one division. They would travel for two weeks and then camp for three days to rest the oxen, make repairs and procure a new supply of buffalo meat and other supplies.

The Indians gave them no trouble. This no doubt was because they had come to know Indians from three years of trading and dealing with them along the Missouri River.

Much of the time Mary Ann walked beside her oxen, prodding and urging them on. She was a lithe, statuesque figure, five feet seven inches tall, making a pleasant contrast to the average bull-whacker of the plains.

After a couple of months travel, the dim outline of the Rocky Mountains appeared and in time their wagons were plodding up the long grade toward South Pass, the gateway to Salt Lake City. As they neared the top, Mary Ann noticed a lowering of temperature and a rising of fitful winds.

It suggested storm to her. She began to gather buffalo chips, dry grass and such fuel as she could find, which she tossed on her cooking platform in preparation against a possible storm.

As evening approached the long wagon train was formed into a sheltered basin, or hollow, and formed the usual circle making a corral for the animals and a sort of fort for protection against marauding Indians or wild animals. As soon as the evening meal and chores were finished the whole camp was soon in deep sleep.

In the early morning, Mary Ann was awakened by a muffled voice calling her name. It was George A. Smith, Captain of the train, asking if she was all right. She answered back that she was, except that she had a smothered feeling. Well she might have, because her wagon and the wagons in the circle were buried in snow and all the men in camp had been up for hours shovelling paths and tunnels from one wagon to another. Seventy-five head of weary livestock were huddled together, dead and buried in the snow.

Mary Ann pushed the snow from the cover over her platform and let in the air. "Have you either fuel or water?" inquired Captain Smith. "I have both" she answered. "God bless you for that," he said, "for many in the camp are in sore distress." In a very short time she had something hot prepared for those who needed it most. Her forethought on the day before earned the gratitude of the camp.

In one way camping in the hollow basin was a mistake. It gave shelter from the wind, but it permitted the snow to drift and pile upon them as it did. Luckily, the storm passed and the day became mild and warm. When they were able to get out of the hollow, the ground was swept clear of snow by the wind so that travel was not impeded. This was the only near tragedy that occurred on the whole trip. These hardy pioneers arrived safely in Salt Lake City on October 29, 1849.

William and his family were met by his brother, Zemira, who had reached the Valley the year before. He helped to make them comfortable while William in his characteristic fashion looked for a place to make a home. He acquired a lot in the Eleventh Ward in Salt Lake City, and then sought farm land further out. He found some acreage at Mill Creek upon which he raised his first crop in Utah in 1850. Some of his family remained in Salt Lake while the rest were taken to the farm.

Mary Anne's second child was born at Mill Creek after which both wives with their children were moved to Draper. Here, it seemed, William and his families had found their permanent homes. Mary Ann bore four more children at Draper. Then came the threat of a second great exodus, brought on by the approach of Johnston's Army. Mary Ann was moved to Spanish Fork in 1858. Here she bore four more children. Then a fuel crisis took her to Moroni in Sanpete County where she lived out the rest of her life.

Among her daughters, who were close to her, was the last one born at Spanish Fork, Artemesia, in whose life story many details of the life of Mary Ann are told.[2] Few pioneer women had a more stirring or fruitful life than she. She died at Moroni July 30, 1909, in her eighty-second year.

Following is a list of her children:

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED
Mary Ann	Feb. 21, 1849 Council Point, Iowa		Oliver Kimball June 28, 1869
Caroline	Oct. 2, 1850 Mill Creek, Utah	1853	
Eliza Jane	Jan. 13, 1854 Draper, Utah	Nov. 20, 1946 Price, Utah	A. O. Smith Nov. 9, 1874
Brigham M.	Oct. 11, 1855 Draper, Utah	Jan. 19, 1924 Moroni, Utah	Amy Yorgensen Jan. 23, 1883
Artemesia	Aug. 20, 1857 Draper, Utah	Sept. 11, 1940 Moroni, Utah	Ephriam Andersen Aug. 24, 1879
Franklin	Apr. 19, 1860 Sp. Fork, Utah	In Infancy	
Malona	Dec. 13, 1860 Sp. Fork, Utah	Dec. 25, 1944 Cederville, Calif.	A. O. Smith 1875
Alzina	Feb. 2, 1862 Sp. Fork, Utah	1862 Spanish Fork, Ut.	
Oren	May 26, 1864 Sp. Fork, Utah	July 7, 1943 Wendell, Idaho	Mary E. Taylor Jan. 3, 1885
Sarah M.	Dec. 7, 1867 Moroni, Utah	1867	
Aury	Oct. 7, 1869 Moroni, Utah		Retta Olson Nov. 29, 1893
Ordense	Aug. 9, 1871 Moroni, Utah	1871	

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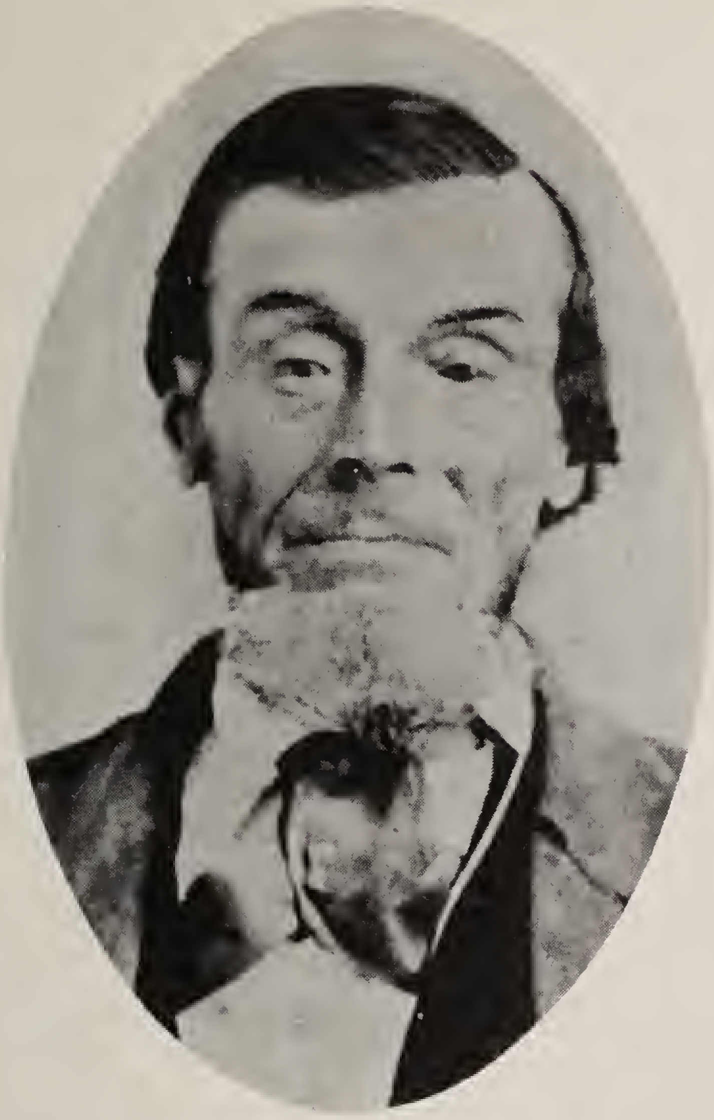
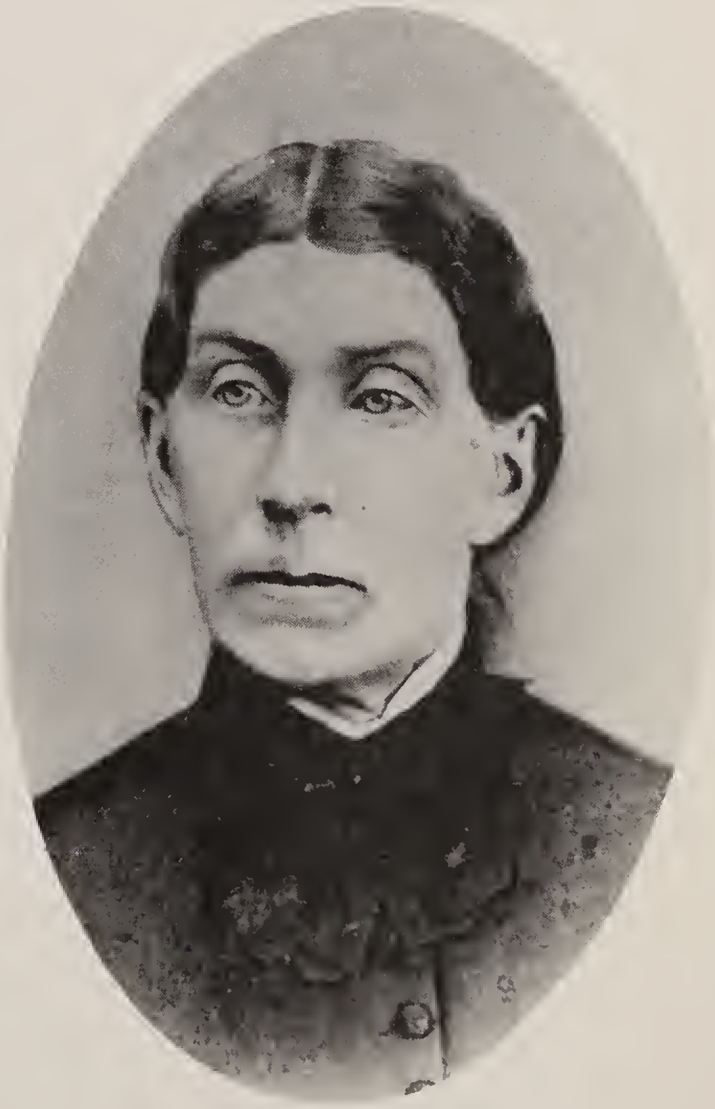
[2] See Chapter 27.



Wm. Draper, Jr.



Mary Ann Manhardt,
fourth wife

MARY DRAPER KIMBALL

Mary Draper was the eldest child of William and Mary Ann Manhardt Draper. She was born February 21, 1849, at Council Bluffs, Iowa. She married Oliver Granger Kimball on June 28, 1869, at Salt Lake City, Utah. She died on August 28, 1921.

Oliver, her husband, was born at Nauvoo, Illinois, on November 12, 1846, and died at Scofield, Utah, in Carbon County on May 11, 1911. They had three daughters as follows:[1]

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED
May Kimball	May 24, 1870 Salt Lake City, Utah	Still living (1956) at Salt Lake City	Robert Forester June 8, 1903 at Salt Lake City
*Sadie Kimball	Oct. 13, 1873 Alta, Utah	March, 1937 Denver, Colo.	Edw. W. Pitcher Sept. 29, 1903 at Salt Lake City
Florence Kimball	Oct. 11, 1879 Moroni, Utah	Still living (1956) at Apt. 3, 38 No. State St., Salt Lake City, Utah.	

* Sadie had two sons, Paul K. Pitcher and Ralph W. Pitcher.

Mary Draper arrived in Utah on October 26, 1849, at the age of nine months. She endured with fortitude the vicissitudes of pioneer life, both before and after her marriage.

After 1879, Oliver G. and Mary Kimball settled in the mountain coaltown of Scofield, in Carbon County, Utah, where they lived and contracted various business enterprises over a period of many years. Here they acquired some agricultural and coal acreage, a part of which acreage later became submerged in the Scofield Reservoir which furnishes irrigation water to the settlements in the Price area.

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[1] Information furnished by Florence Kimball.

CAROLINE DRAPER TRIPP

Caroline Draper was born to William and Mary Ann Manhardt Draper on October 2, 1950, at Mill Creek, Utah. She married William B. Tripp about 1873-4 at Salt Lake City, and she died at Sandy, Utah, April 17, 1926.

Her husband, William B. Tripp, was born at Wapello, Iowa, March 20, 1847, and he died at Sandy, Utah, May 4, 1891.

The had the following children:

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED
1. Flora Stella	Jan. 13, 1875 at Salt Lake City	July 19, 1935	Dr. J. E. Robertson
2. William Gart	Dec. 28, 1876 Sandy, Utah		
3. Mary Roxanna	Nov. 1, 1878 Sandy, Utah		Dr. A. G. Robertson
4. Vivian Aury	June 20, 1887 Sandy, Utah		
5. Harry T.	Mar. 12, 1888 Sandy, Utah		

It has been said that Caroline (or Carrie as she was called by the family) was her father's favorite daughter. This is borne out, in part at least, by the fact that during his last illness at Freedom he asked Carrie to come down from Sandy in Salt Lake County to cheer him in his last hours. This she did.

She was also greatly admired by some of her sisters. Aunt "Art" thought so much of her good taste and skill that she traveled from Moroni to Sandy to get Carrie's advice and help in preparing a trousseau for her (Aunt Art's) approaching wedding. Her sister Irene lived with her for some time, and Aunt Art's eldest son lived with her while acquiring part of his education.

Her husband operated a liquor store at Sandy, but he died at the age of 44, leaving Carrie a widow with five children, the oldest of which was sixteen and the youngest three years of age. Thereafter, she successfully brought her children to maturity and lived alone for thirty-five years.

Melona Draper Smith

Eliza Draper Smith

Smith Wells, between Price and Duchesne, Utah

Chapter Twenty-five

ELIZA JANE AND MALONA DRAPER SMITH

Eliza Jane and Malona Draper were daughters of William and Mary Ann Manhardt Draper. They both married a young man named Abraham Owen Smith. Thus three lives were merged together and are treated here as one family group. It was an odd, but by no means unusual, set of circumstances which brought them together.

Eliza was born at Draper in Salt Lake County and Malona, at Spanish Fork, Utah County and both were taken to Moroni, Sanpete County, while they were still young girls.

Abraham O. Smith, or Abe as he was called, was born in Missouri, of Tennessee and Kentucky stock. If events had followed a normal course, it is doubtful that he would have met these Draper girls in Moroni which was then a remote village.

Abe's mother was Martisha Smoot Smith—a sister of the famous Church leader and pioneer, Abraham Owen Smoot, who in turn was the father of the late Senator Reed Smoot.

The Smoot's—Abraham, and his sister Martisha, had joined the Church early in Tennessee and had begun to move northward together with the saints at Kirtland when Martisha, who was then unmarried, met a young non-Mormon man named Samuel Smith whom she married January 25, 1835. Three months after the marriage, Samuel also joined the Church. From then on they followed the movements of the Church into Missouri where a son was born to Samuel and Martisha whom they named, in honor of her distinguished brother, Abraham Owen Smoot.

It appears that Samuel Smith, his father, was not in robust health, by reason of which, he was unable to start across the plains for Utah until about 1854. When he did start, he was unable to go far. He died and was buried by the wayside. It was then that Abraham Owen Smoot took charge of Martisha and her family and, to all intents and purposes, he adopted young Abe Smith as his own son.

Abe grew up with his cousin Reed Smoot and with him got the same educational advantages and all the practical experience that an interested uncle and father could bestow upon them. Abe's sister Emma, also found favor among her uncle's influential friends. She became the wife of Wilford Woodruff, President of the Church.

Abe progressed to the entire satisfaction of his uncle until he was nineteen years old. He went to Calders College with Reed and there won a prize for excellence in penmanship. He served as foreman of the Smoot Cattle Ranch in Rush Valley, where, incidentally, he had a close brush with death. He got lost and exhausted in a snow storm and fell down unconscious and was buried in the snow. The snow cover saved him from freezing until he was found and rescued alive and not much worse for the experience. He served as a clerk in the Provo Coop store and when the first telegraph line began to be projected into Southern Utah he was sent to help project it. Young love then came into his life to the consternation of his uncle.

Brigham Young, with his usual foresight, established schools of telegraphy in Provo and Salt Lake City in order to keep the system in complete local control as well as to furnish professional employment for his own people.

Hettie Irons, an attractive young lady from Moroni, Utah, age seventeen, came to Provo to take the course, and while so engaged she met Abe Smith, also seventeen years of age. Both were physically attractive and both had somewhat similar backgrounds and aspirations. They probably were both smitten by something akin to love, but obstacles confronted them which no doubt prevented them from entering into a hasty marriage.

It is said that Abraham O. Smoot, Abe's uncle and foster father, opposed the match and no doubt Hettie's father, who was bishop at Moroni, urged his daughter to avoid entanglements until she could demonstrate her ability as a telegraph operator.

At any rate, Hettie finished her course and took her post at Moroni. That Abe refused to abandon her is evident from the fact that he married her and they made a home together at Moroni.[1] They had a child (date of birth unknown) but it died and Hettie herself died July 30, 1874.

Thus, Abe was a widower at the age of twenty-five, but he had lived six years at Moroni and probably knew everybody in town—especially the younger set. He and Hettie could hardly have missed visiting in the home of William and Mary Ann Manhardt Draper who had a number of popular daughters of about the age of Abe and Hettie.

There was Mary, who married Oliver Kimball of Salt Lake City in 1869; Caroline who married William Tripp of Sandy, Utah, the same year that Hettie died, and there was Eliza Jane and a couple of younger sisters still at home and unmarried in 1874. That Abe was well known and well received in this family is evidenced by the fact that he married Eliza Jane, November 9, 1874, and the next year he married her younger sister Malona. This was a so-called plural marriage and it probably was entered into impulsively for at this time such marriages were coming under close scrutiny of the Federal authorities.

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[1] The date of the marriage was very likely 1868. The record of Iris Cook Irons shows that to be the year she was endowed, which ceremony usually accompanies marriage.

Abe seemed to be aware of this, for soon after the wedding he took Malona with him to Arizona, in search of a new home. But they found Arizona hot and oppressive and irrigated land hard to come by. Even culinary water was bad, so much so that Abe's health was affected. They returned to Moroni only to find the attitude of the government toward polygamy had grown sterner. Several arrests had been made for unlawful cohabitation.

Plural marriage at that time had the full approval of the Church, so no stigma attached to those who had entered into the relationship in the communities where they lived. But that was not so in the rest of the country. It was becoming increasingly clear that men living with more than one wife were faced with heavy fines, imprisonment, or exile.[2]

Whether Abraham and his wives were made apprehensive by the trend of events is not known, but they did move to a somewhat remote locality known as Pole Canyon in 1875. This place later acquired the name of "Jerusalem," but it never did have sufficient water to support more than two or three families. After a few years it became clear to Abe that better opportunities were necessary for the support of his family.

The Rio Grande R. R. Co. was then engaged in an extensive program of road building in both Utah and Colorado. Abe decided to try his hand at railroading. Accordingly, he moved his family to Fountain Green, a little town a few miles north of Pole Canyon. He left them there while he sought employment in Colorado.

He was employed immediately and his services so pleased his employer that he was given a contract to furnish ties and do road-bed grading in Utah. He made some notable cuts through rough terrain in the Wasatch Mountains and particularly at Castle Gate. He also made some money. This employment, however, kept him too much away from his family.

He had considerable training in farming and ranching under his uncle Abraham O. Smoot, and now that he had money, he began to look for a place to settle his family permanently. In 1879, he learned that a few families from Sanpete County were settling on the

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[2] Church Chronology—Pub. 1899 pp. 93 et seq.

Huntington Creek in Emery County about twenty miles south of the railroad line upon which he was working. He visited the place and found good land with an ample water supply, remote from the centers of polygamous prosecutions. He moved his family there the next year. Things went along smoothly for a considerable period. He acquired property in Huntington town; a good farm on the north side of Huntington Creek; and a tract in the mouth of Huntington Canyon, suitable for a cattle operation and also for the raising of fruit.

But by 1885, the tempo of making arrests for unlawful cohabitation had increased and spread until it was reaching the remote places. "Prosecutions under the Edmunds anti-polygamy law were being carried on with great hostility by the Federal officials and courts in Utah and Idaho."[3] In 1886 the situation was truly critical. "During 1887, nearly two hundred of the brethren were imprisoned in the Utah Penitentiary, and in 1888 more arrests and imprisonments for conscience sake took place than during any previous season since the prosecutions under the Edmunds law commenced. In 1889 the Saints began to wonder "whether or not the Church to which they belonged could be robbed of its property by the government, and also whether they could be robbed of civil and political rights as individual citizens, because of their religious beliefs."[4]

There can be little doubt that Abraham O. Smith and his wives were deeply concerned about the situation. They had ten children, and should Abraham be imprisoned they were bound to suffer. Flight into exile was not a satisfactory solution to their problems, so it appears that it was agreed that Abraham should cease to cohabit with one or the other of his wives.

That some such understanding was had is indicated by the fact that Eliza had her last child in August 1889 at the age of thirty-five and sometime, thereafter, all the property at Huntington was deeded over to her, and Abraham and Malona moved to a lonely spot in the mountains between Huntington and Duchesne in the Uintah Basin, where they developed wells to furnish water to freighters and travelers, to and from the Basin. This wayside station came to be known as "Smith Wells."

Malona had her last child at Huntington February 20, 1890, from which it is assumed they moved to Smith Wells in the Spring of 1890. It is interesting to note that on September 24, 1890, President Wilford Woodruff signed and issued a manifesto in which the Saints were advised "to refrain from contracting any marriage forbidden by law." On October 13, 1890, the first sign of relenting in polygamy cases appeared in the court of Judge Zane when he imposed a small fine of $100 against a Davis County resident, charged with unlawful cohabitation, and imposed no prison sentence at all "in consideration of the manifesto just issued."[5] The Saints now began to breathe easier and in 1896 they were given statehood.

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[3] Church Chronology p. 117. Ibid p. 127.

[4] Church Chronology, op-cit pp. 117, 127, 142, 157 and 15.

Eliza Jane seems to have been entirely satisfied with the situation. After Abe and Malona moved to Smith Wells, she launched out on an independent career in which she was successful for more than fifty years. She outlived her husband by thirty-five years, and at no time did she falter in her religious conceptions nor her affiliations with her church.

She sold her interest at Huntington and began a new pioneering project of her own at Desert Lake in Emery County. There she became post-mistress, operated a ranch, and became an active member and officer of the L.D.S. Relief Society.

At the age of sixty-seven, she was able to retire and make her home at Price, the thriving metropolis of southeastern Utah where she again resumed her connection with the Relief Society and became a member of the Sally Ann Olsen camp of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers.[6] Her active life continued almost to the end of her ninety-two years and seven months of purposeful living.

Abraham and Malona left Smith Wells and settled in the Uintah Basin. They were in Vernal in May ...., 1897. It is known, however, that they lived at Myton in the Basin until Abe died there in 1911. There they owned a farm and operated a restaurant.

Malona was only fifty-one years old at the time but she never married again. She remained at Myton looking after her farm and interests until sometime in the 1930's when she sold the farm, and moved to California with her daughter Martisha B. Grigsby. She died at Cedarville, on Christmas day, 1944, at the age of eighty-four.

Her eldest child, Abraham O. Smith, Jr., is still living in Salt Lake City (1957). From him and Aury Draper, her only surviving brother, the author is indebted for much of the data appearing in this brief history.

Following are the family charts and vital statistics pertaining to this plural family:

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[5] Church Chronology, of. cit. p. 188.

[6] Salt Lake Tribune, Nov. 21, 1946.

Abraham Owen Smith was born at Round Prairie, Clinton County, Mo., August 15, 1849, to Samuel and Martisha Smoot Smith. He married Eliza Jane Draper at Moroni, Utah, November 9, 1874. He died at Myton, Utah, February 3, 1911.

Eliza Jane Draper was born January 13, 1854, at Draper, Utah, to William and Mary Ann Manhardt Draper. She died at Price, Utah, November 20, 1946, at the age of ninety-two years, nine months.

Malona Draper was born December 13, 1860, at Spanish Fork, Utah ...., 1875. She died December 25, 1944, at Cedarville, California, at the age of eighty-four years and twelve days.

Children of Eliza Jane

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED
Eliza Maud Smith	Oct. 27, 1875 Pole Canyon Sanpete Co., Ut.		Ralph Horsley Aug. 29, 1894
Samuel P. Smith	Apr. 19, 1880	 1948	Unmarried
Mary Ann Smith Huntington	Nov. 7, 1884 Huntington		John T. Powell Apr. 17, 1902
Brigham M. Smith	Jul. 20, 1886 Huntington	June 20, 1955 Price	Eva E. Singleton May 21, 1924
Lee Lemon Smith	Aug. 1, 1889 Huntington	Jan. 9, 1919	Emma Hansen

Children of Malona

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED
Abraham O., Jr.	Oct. 21, 1877 Pole Canyon Sanpete C., Ut.		Emma Householder 3227 So. 1170 E. Salt Lake City, Ut.
William G.	Oct. 23, 1879 Pole Canyon		Maud
Sidney J.	July 3, 1882 Huntington, Ut.	1918 Prescott, Ariz.	
Wilford C.	Mar. 20, 1885 Huntington, Ut.	In infancy	
Martisha B.	Aug. 30, 1887 Huntington, Ut.		Frank T. Grigsby Cederville, Calif.
Mike Nolen	Feb. 20, 1890 Huntington, Ut.	Disappeared	
Oren D.	May 24, 1893 Smith Wells		Jean Stoll
Malona	May 9, 1897 Vernal, Ut.		1st. H. R. McMain 2nd. Roy Holmes

THE FAMILY OF BRIGHAM M. AND EMMA J. DRAPER

Husband and Father: Brigham Manhardt Draper, born October 11, 1855, at Draper, Utah, to William and Mary Ann Manhardt Draper. Died January 19, 1924, at Moroni, Utah.

Wife and Mother: Emma Christina Jorgenson, born December 13, 1861, at Moroni, Utah, to Lars and .... Jorgenson. She died May 2, 1906, at Moroni, Utah.

They were married January 23, 1883, and had the following children:

NAME AND PRESENT ADDRESS	BORN	DIED	MARRIED
Brigham Franklin deceased	December 3, 1883 at Huntington, Utah	December 5, 1955	Serena Redmond and Ida M. Murphy
Emma Viola 3073 Lincoln Ave., Ogden, Utah	January 30, 1886 at Moroni		Wm. Ray Jensen
Annie G. deceased	June 26, 1888 at Moroni	May 7, 1912 Oakland, Cal.	George B. Stone
Flora 2041 - 45th Ave. Oakland, Cal.	July 17, 1891 at Moroni		Lee Rumph, at Salt Lake City divorced
Florence deceased	July 17, 1891 at Moroni	Sept. 4, 1928 at Fairview, Ut.	Unmarried
Oliver L. Mt. Pleasant, Ut.	November 27, 1893 at Moroni		Irel Reynolds
Mary deceased	September 4, 1896	Sept. 4, 1896	Unmarried
Owen Hilton deceased	January 9, 1898 at Moroni	May 14, 1924 Salt Lake City	Vivian Myers
Lula Dean 74 Elgin Park San Francisco, Cal.	October 31, 1901 at Moroni		Thos. Christensen Lynn Johnston
Ivan Harrison deceased	January 4, 1906 at Moroni	October 6, 1932 at Salt Lake City	Freda Bennett

Brigham, the father of these children, was ten years old when his parents moved from Spanish Fork to Moroni, after which he had the same struggles against adversity which was the lot of the other members of the immense family of William Draper, Jr., the intrepid pioneer from Canada.

All traditions that have come down concerning him, and the testimony of his younger brother, Aury Draper (still living in 1958) are to the effect that Brigham was a bright and ambitious man, making good headway until about 1871-2 when a small-pox epidemic struck at Moroni in which the family of Mary Ann Manhardt Draper was severely afflicted.

Mary Ann, her daughter Artemesia, and her son Brigham all had severe cases and all of them were deeply scarred from its effects, but Brigham suffered worst of all. The pox entered his eyes and affected them so severely that he was taken to Salt Lake City where an eye was removed. The other eye was saved, but vision in it was impaired to a marked extent.

Notwithstanding the serious handicap imposed upon him, at the age of about sixteen or seventeen he made his way in railroad construction, freighting to surrounding mining camps in Utah and Nevada and working at farming, logging and anything else that promised a good return.

He also found time to improve himself culturally. He acquired some skill as a violinist and as a composer of music and words for songs and poems, which was unusual in view of his lack of formal education.

He did not marry until after he was twenty-seven years old, which delay may have been occasioned in part by his partial blindness. A romantic attachment existed between him and a young lady named Emma Larson, but apparently he felt the need to establish himself well financially before taking a wife. He, therefore, remained somewhat aloof from the girl who had more admiration and affection for him than he suspected.

Thus neglected, she was lured into a polygamous marriage with James Jorgenson, a financially successful man at Fountain Green. This occurred when Brigham was about twenty-two and she was seventeen. He carried on as if he did not care. This situation continued for about four years, when they met and danced together at a community ball. It stirred up old feelings in both of them and she ventured to ask him why he had always avoided her. This opened flood-gates of sentiment within him, for he never knew she had cared that much for him. The inevitable happened. She broke off her relationship with James Jorgensen and married Brigham January 23, 1883. She had a son by Jorgenson, who to all intents and purposes became a son of Brigham. He was generally known to all as Orson Draper.

The marriage was an immediate success and remained so until death parted them, although at the end of eight years Brigham lost his remaining eye and thereafter was totally blind. He and his wife had just acquired the old home of his father at Freedom. On January 30, 1891, he was preparing to go to Moroni for a load of hay, and while lifting a hayrack onto a wagon a rack-stake pierced his remaining eye and totally destroyed it.

His brother, Aury, then bought a lot for him at Moroni and rebuilt the old home on it and moved his family down from Freedom. Those were undoubtedly bitter days for Brigham, although all his brothers were kind to him and contributed to the support of his family.

He found great comfort in his violin and his services were much in demand for country dances, where the square dance was most popular. He had a powerful voice and in addition to furnishing lively music he made all the calls for the square dances.

It seems that as he devoted more and more time to his fiddle, the idea matured in his mind that he might be able to make a living for his family with music. Living partially on family charity galled his spirit. Accordingly he bought a small portable organ and had a young son trained to play it. In time the boy was able to play accompaniments to his father's violin so that his dance music had more appeal.

His knowledge of mining camps, acquired in his early freighting days caused him to believe that he might make a living by offering his musical services in some remote mining camp, so he took his son, the organ and the fiddle and went to Butte, Montana, where he played and called for dances, which met with such favor that he began to play on the streets. From that time on, he was never an object of family charity.

The fact that he was among strangers helped to overcome his reticence about playing on the street, but he was so well received that this feeling soon passed away and in time he came back to Salt Lake City, where he became a familiar street musician, although he returned to Butte on occasion where he was first so warmly received.

In 1906 he suffered a blow that was worse to him than the loss of his sight. His wife Emma died, but he had to carry on for the sake of his young children. How much his wife remained in his mind is shown by a tribute and appeal he wrote to her memory in his lonely room at Butte, Montana, August 27, 1918, twelve years after her death:

My dearest wife, in death thou rest,
Beneath the clay thy body lies;
Thy spirit's with the blessed throng
In that fair land beyond the skies.

Yes, far beyond the skies, my dear,
Our God hath wisely called thee home;
Prepare a mansion for us there
And come to claim thy loving own.

Upon the throne of God, my wife,
All things in Heaven thou dost see;
Thou must behold the Savior's face,
Who died upon the cross for thee.

Thy earthly father thou shalt meet
Who died while thou wert very young.
Thy hand in his, he'll take and say:
"I'm happy thou to me hast come."

Two children also wait thee there —
A victory over death is won,
And thou shalt claim thy family
After the will of God is done.

Thy husband and thy children trust;
All things on earth for thee they do,
For thou hast been a mother here —
A noble mother, kind and true.

And when on earth their work is through
And they departeth from this life,
They'll come to thee for o'er the river
To seek a mother and a wife.

What joy there'll be when we all meet!
From sin and sadness, we'll be free
To reign in happiness and peace
Through endless time, eternity.

And on the resurrection day,
When Gabriel wakes the sleeping band,
Their Heavenly Father they will see
In splendor ruling all the land.

His children He will gather up,
And though perdition's sons be lost,
Every tongue will then confess
The God of Heaven and earth is just.

Home of Artemesia Draper

Chapter Twenty-seven

ARTEMESIA DRAPER ANDERSON

In a dozen towns and villages in North Sanpete County, Utah, Artemesia Draper Anderson was known to all the inhabitants as Aunt Art. This was not because she was related to all of them in blood, but because she helped to usher more than two thousands of them into the world. She saved their mothers from the perils of childbirth; she mended broken limbs and dressed wounds. She fought the scourges of small-pox, diptheria, and typhoid, with a minimum of formal medical training and modern equipment and a maximum of human understanding, practical experience, magnetic personality, and a therapeutic presence.

She was the product of a long line of hardy pioneers who had learned from a hundred years of living in the wilderness, how to survive. She belonged to the first generation of native-born Utahns. She was one of fifty-two children born to William Draper, who, if they succeeded at anything, they had to do so without financial aid from their parents and without the benefit of a formal education.

She was born at Draper, Utah, August 20, 1857. Her parents were founders of the place and during the seven years they had lived there, they had acquired considerable property and they felt that they were at last secure to enjoy the blessings of a stable and civilized society.

But in the very summer that Artemesia was born, Johnston's Army was approaching Utah to assert the authority and sovereignty of the United States over the territory and its people which the federal government had been led to believe was being flouted by the Mormon people.

Brigham Young was in no mood to have his people driven from their homes again without a struggle. At the same time he was not sure that he could withstand the military might of the government. Accordingly, he prepared to resist to the utmost, and if that failed, to flee again and leave a scorched earth behind.

In October Col. Smith and forty-three Mormon Rangers burned seventy-five loaded wagons in Johnston's army train. On Dec. 2, 1857, Brigham issued a proclamation in which he defended the innocence of his people.

He recited the slanders and mistreatment that had been heaped upon them and ended by forbidding "All armed forces of every description from coming into this Territory under any pretense whatever." But the Army showed no signs of abandoning its objective, so orders were given to the people to flee and burn everything behind them. William Draper heeded the warning and years later he wrote in his autobiography:

"In the spring of 1858, I was compelled to leave a good home and go south in the general move."

Such was the world into which Artemesia was born. Fortunately, however, an understanding was reached between Brigham Young and Governor Cummings and the new Governor was given safe conduct into Salt Lake City by Brigham Young.

By this time, William Draper had reached Spanish Fork, and there he decided to remain. It was there that Aunt Art first became conscious of herself as a person, and when she later wrote a short sketch of her life, it was there that her story began.

Her first recollections were of an adobe house in which she lived and a sand pile by it in which she played. She remembered Palmyra on Utah Lake and a trip she made there sitting in the back of a rig. Suddenly the rig seemed to be travelling backward and the earth was coming toward her. This alarmed her until she screamed and climbed into the front seat with her mother who tried to explain the optical illusion.

She remembered the sputtering black willows they had to burn, and how the lack of fuel and cricket damage to their crops finally forced them to move to Sanpete. It was there that she began to recognize her mother as her teacher and her friend.

She was with her mother, and other women, in a field one day digging new potatoes, when one of them uncovered a mother field mouse with a nest of new-born mice. The first impulse of the discoverer was to kill them all, but she was quickly restrained and chided by Aunt Art's mother for being so indifferent to motherhood and helpless young life. That inspired Aunt Art to wish to take them all home for pets. This created a dilemma for her mother. She now had to condemn the animals as unfit for household pets, but Aunt Art persisted until she was allowed to take just one home, where it died.

Aunt Art was so upset by this experience that her mother gave her a precious blue bowl to take her mind off the subject, but it also brought on another small tragedy. Dishes of any kind were very scarce — so much so that every kind of container, tin can or otherwise, was immediately converted into a cup or some other useful utensil.

The blue bowl was Aunt Art's most cherished possession. One day while she was playing housewife and had the bowl standing by full of water, her mother called her to go on an errand over to Mrs. Brockbank's to exchange a cup of flour for a cup of yeast.

"Oh, yes Mother, I'll go and I'll use my bowl."

"No, child you can't use that. You might break it."

"No, I won't mother," and before her mother could check her she was at the door throwing the water out of the bowl. In her haste, she let the bowl slip and it fell to the ground and broke into a dozen pieces. Both of them stood aghast. Aunt Art saw the look on her mother's face and began to cry.

"Oh, mother—I'm so sorry," she sobbed.

"Well, I'm sorry too, about the bowl," her mother said, "but I am more sorry that I have a little girl who does not obey me. First, it was the mouse and now it's the bowl. Yes, my child, I am sorry."

It was more than the child could stand. She ran to her mother's arms, mutely pleading for forgiveness through her tears. Now it was more than the mother could stand, and they both cried.

Small as these little incidents were, Aunt Art long years afterward, marked them as the beginning of her understanding of her relationship to people and things around her.

During adolescence her mother was her guardian angel, and during her courtship she was her companion and guide—never prying, nor overanxious. She had no need to be—for her daughter felt so uninhibited in her mother's company that she kept nothing from her that a mother ought to know. Nothing can make clearer than Aunt Art's own words. Late in her own life she wrote:

> No-one seemed just like her. She was fair, tall and graceful, with large, blue eyes with an abundance of wavy brown hair. I can see her in a brown dress with hoops, a black satin shawl, a white straw bonnet, with a profusion of white lace in front — a kind of poke of white and purple, striped ribbon. And when she put her hands in half gloves, or mitts as they were called, and walked away, it seemed as if sunshine and happiness went with her. She took pleasure in my pleasures, and when she would say goodnight to me, I felt that every wish of my life would be gratified if she could always be with me. She was all optimism and courage until her death, which did not occur until she was eighty-two years old.

She had a deep respect for her father as well, and was among the first to put down in writing the legends and stories he loved to tell to those who were willing to listen. She tried to preserve the story of his life in a narrative poem and it was she who first recorded the fact that the Mormon Drapers are of Puritan descent—a story she had heard from her father and grandfather many times.

This background helps to explain the progress she, herself, made in life against great odds. She was proud of her father's great family, and when, as sometimes happened, it was intimated that he was not altogether impartial in his treatment of the various members of his family, she would have none of it. Difficulties, almost insurmountable, he had had, but he could never be charged with shirking any duty or any responsibility he owed to any wife or child, she said.

As I continued the study of his life, I could see that what she said was substantially true. From the time he left Kirtland, Ohio, until he died in Utah, his family life, in some respects, resembled that of a colony of ants. An ant hill may be knocked over, dug up, and demolished time and time again, and its occupants may be scattered, harassed and some of them killed, but never does that deter the survivors from beginning to build anew at once.

And so it was with the family of William Draper, Jr. At Spanish Fork he was able to acquire good land which he soon had in production. But there was a fuel deficiency at this place which for a man with four separate homes to heat, constituted an almost insurmountable problem. Beside this, he had a couple of partial crop failures caused by crickets. In the meantime he kept hearing of the wonderful pinion pine and cedar forests over the mountains in Sanpete Valley to the south, which was also acquiring a reputation of being the granary of Utah.

Thither he went with his four wives and thirty children in 1864. This made the ninth time he started all over again, but he was now 57 years old, and aside from the plentiful fuel, he found everything else was disappointing. After 17 years of struggle against adversity in Sanpete he sadly recorded that they had been the most unhappy years of his whole life.

Against this background Aunt Art and all her young brothers and sisters had to struggle. There was no new land or water available to them as they grew up and educational opportunities were almost nil. That was more or less true throughout the territory.

In spite of the great efforts of the Church leaders to provide educational facilities everywhere, up to 1856, not much headway had been made even in the Salt Lake Valley. On February 10, 1856, Elder Orson Pratt deplored the situation in a speech at the Tabernacle as follows:

> Have we a high school here? Not in this Valley. But says one, we have had a parent school, and that is what we consider a high school. Yes, we have had a great many things in name, but mere name is not what is wanted. We have a University in name, and that is greater than a college, for it is expected that in a University all sciences will be taught, but as yet we have had no such University.

> Have we colleges? I believe none, even in name. Have we had academies? I believe not. If we have, they have been very inferior to those of the Eastern states. Go to the schools in the New England states and see the order that is kept in them, see the improvement of the youth who are taught in them, and then come back to our high and common schools and you will see that the common schools of the East will far surpass any that we have yet had in our Territory, for in those schools many of the higher branches of education are thoroughly taught.

When Aunt Art reached Moroni in 1864, she was old enough to go to school, but the educational outlook was much worse in Sanpete than pictured by Orson Pratt in the Salt Lake Valley. Great emphasis was placed on teaching the children religion, but there were very few of the settlers who had training enough to make good teachers of secular subjects.

General education in Sanpete County remained at a low level for more than a quarter of a century although the first generation born in Utah learned to read, write, and figure in an imperfect sort of way, which was more than was being accomplished in some of the older states outside of New England.

There were no free public schools and children had to work as soon as they were able, for a bare subsistance. Speaking of her early days Aunt Art said:

> We all had to work very hard in those days. I knit, corded and spun yarn when I was so small I could hardly reach the wheel head.

Of her early school days, she wrote:

> We gleaned wheat to pay for our schooling. We just had school in the winter season. I remember all my teachers. They were first, Eliza Draper, (an older sister) and Sara Ann Jackson, second, William Lewis, third, Dr. R. M. Rogers, fourth, Joel H. Childs, fifth, Dr. Ira Clark, sixth, A. O. Smith. (Eliza's husband).

Her common school education ended in the winter of 1872 when the schools were all closed because of a severe epidemic of small-pox, which she contracted and from which she bore marks all her life. When she recovered she spent the summer of 1873 with her eldest married sister, Mary Ann, who was then living at Little Cottonwood in Salt Lake County, and the winter following she lived in Salt Lake City. Then homesickness seized her. Of this she wrote:

> Homesickness to me is a most dreadful thing; if it can't be remedied. I could see old Sanpete and Moroni with the log houses and earth roofs, but it was the dearest place on earth to me. I could see the home circle around a big pine fire, so light we needed no candles, few lamps were seen at that time. After returning home, I helped Father and Aunt Mary (Mary Howarth, one of his wives) teach school.

Whatever she lacked in formal education, she began to make up for in practical experience. She had always been a handy girl in a sick room and her natural aptitude in this respect, and especially where new mothers and babies were concerned, suggested what her future calling might be.

In the meantime she had to work at whatever came to hand. She worked for a time for Mr. and Mrs. William Prestwich who had a business which they called the Industrial Co-op. But the home of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Bradley became the nearest to a home away from home until she married, except for one year when she worked at Nephi. The standard of living at the time is fairly well indicated by the fact that her services brought only fifty cents a week.

In 1875 Eliza R. Snow and other prominent Church women came to Moroni to establish a branch of the Young Ladies Retrenchment Association. Its first officers were Hannah O. Cloward, president, with Annie Swenson and Aunt Art as her counsellors. The purpose of the organization seems apparent from its name. "Retrench", means to cut down living expenses, to economize. The Saints had been in the Valleys twenty eight years, but extreme thrift was still necessary to survival.

The hardness of the times is more poignantly suggested by the following simple incident than descriptive words can make it appear. This story came from Aury Draper, the youngest brother of Aunt Art, when he was 86 years old and in a reminiscent mood.

While she was living with the Bradleys, and he was about eight years old, he thought it would be pleasant to have a little visit with her. So thither he went.

He was ragged and dirty. He wore a hat that was little more than a rag. When he presented himself to his sister, she was apparently shocked, and also filled with compassion, for she told him to go home, get washed and then come back so that she might take him to the store and buy him a hat. Good soap was almost unknown in those days. Nearly everyone used a harsh home-made, lye soap which was not pleasant to use on the hands and face.

So the young man merely went to a ditch, scooped up some soft mud with which he scrubbed his hands and face; and which he then rinsed off with clear water and dried himself in the sun. His sister was not too impressed with his wash job, but she kept her promise and bought him the new hat. He was so proud of it that he dashed home to show it off. It aroused such envy in a brother two years older than himself, that Aunt Art was compelled to buy him a new hat also. Thus, while earning fifty cents a week and as an officer of the Retrenchment Association, she had to teach thrift and saving.

Poverty was no bar to romance however, and Aunt Art and her girl friends had their beaus. Their pleasures were simple, satisfying and almost without cost. There were meadows and streams in the Valley, beautiful Maple Canyon on the West where wild raspberries grew in profusion and the inspiring Wasatch Plateau on the east where Aspen forests are unsurpassed in the world, and where hiking through wild flowers and the pines was an experience never to be forgotten. In the winter there was sleighing and dancing. And always there was Church, and for Aunt Art there were the long talks with her mother to whom she could tell all her romantic experiences and get in return interested encouragement, kindly restraint and wise counsel.

Out of her free and easy associations with the young men and women of the community, a love affair developed between her and a young man who was born at Cedar City, Utah. His name was Ephraim Anderson and his parents were early converts to the Church from Denmark.[1] They settled first in Iron County, and later moved to Moroni, where they and their children became leading citizens.

Aunt Art and Uncle Eph were engaged to be married in the early spring of 1879, after which she went to Sandy to have her wedding dress made at the home of her sister, Mrs. William B. (Carrie) Tripp. When her trousseau was completed she returned to Moroni and married "the best man in the world" August 24, 1879. On June 2, 1880, their first child was born, which, she later recorded in her memoirs, "was the fulfillment of love and joy."

Now that she was a mother, she was called to a new position in the Church. The first Primary Association was established in Moroni and its new officers were named as follows: President, Deborah P. Irons; Counsellors, Ellen W. Peterson and Artemesia D. Anderson; Secretary, Emaline Story; Treasurer, Mary Yergenson (Jorgenson). Aunt Art continued in this position until 1884.

On October 24, 1883, her second child was born and in July, 1884, her husband suffered an accident which changed the whole course of her life. For the time being she had to be the breadwinner for the family. "Suffered an accident" does not exactly describe her husband's misfortune. While in the East Mountains after poles his team of horses, which he had turned out to graze, ran away and left him. When he discovered that they were gone, he pursued them on foot. They were nearly out of the mountains, when he caught them after miles of running. He was hot, exhausted, and very thirsty and right at hand was a cold mountain stream inviting him to drink. He lay down and drank directly from the stream until he could hold no more. When he got home he was deathly sick and his chances of survival seemed poor.

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[1] His father was Peter Anderson, born June 18, 1817, of Ronneberg, Denmark. He came to Utah in 1854 in H. P. Olsen's company. Data furnished by Ephraim Draper Anderson.

For months he was an invalid during which time Aunt Art was his nurse, housekeeper and bread winner. She gave up her position in the Church and took in sewing to make a living. She had been taught to sew ever since she was a little girl and had become very proficient as a seamstress. In addition to making clothes of all kinds, she could make fine buckskin gloves. She had also acquired considerable skill as a practical nurse. The doctors who attended her husband noticed this and suggested that she ought to take up nursing, and obstetrics, as a profession.

This was just the inspiration she needed to fire a natural inclination to action. Her husband's recovery was slow. It was not until about 1890 that she dared to leave her home to take the training which had now become her fixed ambition. She had been putting her house in order for a long time. Like her mother, in addition to her own children, she had taken a little girl to raise who now was old enough, and well enough trained to care for the household while Aunt Art was away, especially since both her mother and her husband's mother lived nearby and were ready to see that nothing went amiss. As a final step she borrowed money and left for Salt Lake City to study nursing and obstetrics under Dr. Ellis R. Shipp. This took great courage for she left behind four children ranging in age from one to ten years old.

But in time she completed the course and took an examination before an examining board of doctors and having passed the same she returned to her home and within a few years she had a thriving practice at Moroni, Fountain Green, Freedom, Wales, Chester, Spring City and Mt. Pleasant.

She became "Aunt Art" to everybody. She traveled endless miles, in farmers' wagons, in her own horse-drawn buggy and on horseback at all hours of the day and night, sometimes through swollen streams or howling blizzards to reach some expectant mother, or to close the eyes of the dying, or to set a broken limb, or to do anything that a regular physician might be called upon to do.

When she entered a sick room, it was lighted up by her presence. Her prompt and efficient ministrations, her confident smile and words of encouragement banished gloom from homes where sickness had struck, and inspired apprehensive families into meaningful activity.

Gradually, better trained doctors entered the field of her practice, but they found it difficult to operate without her cooperation, which she did not withhold. From them she learned much about diagnosis and medicine and through her they acquired status with the people. This arrangement worked well in the public interest.

After Utah became a state in 1896, stricter rules for the practice of medicine were inaugurated. A new board of medical examiners was appointed and the qualifications of all person practicing medicine in the state was looked into. Aunt Art's license did not authorize the practice of medicine. But the reputation she had acquired among the people and the backing she had from regularly licensed physicians, together with an examination given her by the new State Board, earned her a new state license which she kept in good standing as long as she lived.

In 1893 she had a little experience that delighted her. A traveling patent medicine outfit came to Moroni and set up to sell nostrums to the people. They called themselves the "Kickapoo Indian Sagwa Company". The proprietors were white men, who had engaged some real Indians from Canada to give some show of authenticity to their Indian remedies. One of them was an expectant mother. Aunt Art was called in to attend her at the birth of her child.

"She was," Aunt Art wrote, "A very nice little squaw indeed. She had a nine pound, nimble papoose, or little "hungin" in their language. They named him Joseph Skybright."

It was a distinction for her that the Indians wanted Aunt Art in preference to all other doctors. Furthermore, the squaw was from Canada, the native land of Aunt Art's parents, and compared with the lowly, deprived Indians of Sanpete, she was a real aristocrat.

In spite of her demanding practice, Aunt Art, herself, did not shy from motherhood. She continued to bear children until she was forty-one years old, after which her most urgent desire was to give them educational opportunities that were not available to her and her generation in Utah. In this, her husband joined her. He had made a better recovery from his illness than was expected. In addition to operating a small farm, he had become a self-trained veterinarian.

Whether they knew it or not, the Sanpete Valley had about reached the peak of its possibilities. It was strictly a farming and stockraising area tucked into a valley about 30 miles long and 14 miles wide at its widest. Its seasons were short and water for irrigation was limited. About 25,000 people were occupying the land in 1890 which had been sub-divided for the benefit of her new generations until farming was becoming unprofitable. Also the free public domain was being overgrazed almost to the point of destruction. From that time until the present, attempts have been and are still being made, without success to date, to bring water into the Valley from the Colorado River Drainage Area on the East.

As a result, people began to emigrate to all the surrounding states, as well as to Old Mexico and Canada, in search of land.

Throughout the territory, people began to see hope for their children through education. Consequently, high schools, academies, and colleges began to multiply throughout the land and better education was brought close to home, and at a cost that poor people could afford.

Limited agriculture, however, still remained the chief resource of the state, so that for the most part, the schools were training young people to serve in other states. And so Sanpete County began to diminish in population, until in 1955 it had fewer legislative representatives at the Capitol than it had in 1896.

Aunt Art's children attended school at Logan, Salt Lake City, Ephraim and finally the high school at Moroni, after which for many years, the oldest sons served in county government positions at Manti, and later as bank cashiers at Moroni and Manti. A third one served as Postmaster at Moroni, but finally all but two drifted away and joined the thousands who left there and for the most part, became valued citizens of other states.

Immensely proud of her children was Aunt Art, and they had every reason to be proud of her. She stood high in the hearts of the people and had the confidence and admiration of the physicians with whom she practiced. She had a specially satisfactory association with a young doctor from the East named Cassidy. Together they made a fine professional team. Her long experience, understanding of her people, her excellent nursing abilities and her infectious smile and bedside manner combined nicely with Cassidy's advanced and modern medical knowledge. He was a handsome man and after a fashion of the time, wore a Van Dyke beard which gave him a certain distinction. They travelled together or separately, as occasion required, over a large territory. A horse and buggy was the best method of getting around in all kinds of weather, which could at best be severe in Sanpete. Their practice was so rugged that it tended to wear out horses, buggies and doctors.

It so happened that both of them were required to buy new buggies at the same time. This led to a discussion between them as to the number of miles they each traveled in a year. They agreed to record their mileage for the coming year in order to find out. This project was never finished. Sleepless nights and hard work lowered Dr. Cassidy's resistance to the extent that constant exposure to wind, rain, snow and extreme temperatures brought on pneumonia from which he died. This was a blow to Aunt Art, which made her forget, for the time being, the matter of mileage. Later she came upon her record which showed that 8 months of the year had passed when the doctor died, and that in that time she had travelled 1,380 miles which is about the distance her parents travelled from the Missouri River to get to Salt Lake City.

The death of Dr. Cassidy meant the serious loss of a professional associate, but on August 25, 1924, part of herself died. She lost her husband on that day. He was only 68 and she lived on until she was 83. Her grief was great, but she faced it with stoicism. From that time on her thoughts tended to turn inward. She began writing of her past life. These few lines written by her in 1925 plainly reveal how much her deceased husband was in her mind, and how she imagined him watching over her:

"Harken mourner! I who whisper low
Have passed this way—I know."

This was his intimation of immortality to her. Next to her husband and her children, perhaps the thing dearest to her heart was a horse that had served her faithfully and drawn her over endless miles of unpaved and bridgeless roads.

Faithful Horse Dick

She undertook to express her gratitude in poetry. She described him as a beautiful chestnut, with a star in his face, a proud arched neck, and a fiery eye, and with such speed that swifts could not pass him by. She proudly related that he galloped beside Teddy Roosevelt, with her own son as his rider when the Rough Riders honored Salt Lake City with a Cavalcade. But as she looked at him now she was saddened to note that his limbs were becoming stiff and tired and like all flesh he would soon pass on. She ended her reverie by addressing him:

Dick, old horse, I too am growing old,
And if with angels, I should pass your way,
You will know my call,
And I shall know your neigh.

As the years rolled on, she spent more and more time in bringing spiritual uplift, as well as physical comfort to those around her. She recorded in prose, in poetry, and in pen and ink drawings the scenes of her early days—her days on Silver Creek, in Maple Canyon, in the old Fort at Moroni, where the pioneers took refuge from the Indians; she wrote her father's history from the time he was born in Canada until he died in Utah, and many were the poetic tributes she wrote to humble people on their birthdays and when discouragement bore them down.

Many of her poems were printed in Salt Lake newspapers and magazines and while they often lacked in perfection of form, they were rich in poetic images and deep emotional content.

She lived to hear her name blessed and her praises sung. On October 7, 1938, she had a program dedicated to her over K.S.L. radio in Salt Lake City. It gave her full measure of praise for a long life of public usefulness, for unfailing optimism, and for letting her light shine in all the dark corners of life.

Then on September 1, 1940, she died and people from far and near came to do her homage in the Moroni Tabernacle.

Success is measured by the size of obstacles we overcome. Character is measured by the size of temptations we resist. Human dignity is measured by the degree of respect we have for ourselves and for our fellow men, and happiness comes in direct proportion to our accomplishments in all these fields.

Aunt Art was happy. She overcame the handicaps of poverty and lack of formal education. She learned the difference between good and evil from the example of her mother and father and the old pioneers so bent on salvation and she gained self-respect by devoting her life to the service of mankind.

Children of Ephraim and Artemesia Draper Anderson

All born at Moroni, Utah

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED
Ephraim D.	June 2, 1880		1st—Ora Cohoon (dec'd) 2nd—Katie Bradley (dec'd) 3rd—Rose M. Lewis
Franklin P.	Oct. 14, 1883		Fanny Kenner
William S.	Apr. 22, 1886	Sept. 1, 1951	Myrtle A. Lott
Minnie B.	Mar. 4, 1889		Lewis L. Blackham (dec'd)
Allen K.	Feb. 4, 1894		Myrle L. Redman
Clark K.	May 25, 1898		Lila S. Curtis (dec'd)

Ephraim Anderson

Artemesia Draper Anderson

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

OREN AND MARY E. TAYLOR DRAPER

Oren Draper was the next to the last son of William and Mary Ann Manhardt Draper. He was born at Spanish Fork, Utah, May 26, 1864. His wife was Mary Elizabeth Taylor, daughter of Martin Van Buren and Cornelia Mount Taylor. She was born at Springville, Utah, April 22, 1868. As may be seen, her father was called after Martin Van Buren, President of the United States, 1835 to 1839. She also had a brother, Mount Taylor, whom I knew personally, and whose given name (I now see for the first time) was his mother's maiden name.

Oren and Mary were married at Moroni, January 3, 1885, where they lived until about 1900. During his last years at Moroni, he served as City Marshall, where, I have cause to remember, he enforced the law with strict impartiality. Moroni had a curfew law which required minors to be off the streets at nine p.m. One Sunday evening three of my young teenage friends and I were parading the streets singing as a quartet—at least we thought we were singing. But the Marshall thought otherwise when we encountered him.

He advised us that we were disturbing the peace and breaking the curfew laws. Two of us were his nephews and we tried to laugh it off, but all four of us landed in the nearby city jail, partly for contempt, I think. He left us behind bars for about an hour and then released us and ordered us home, with the admonition to remember that the law is the law. We remembered.

Oren and Mary lived at Moroni from the time they were married until about 1896, when they moved to Boise, Idaho. After four or five years they returned to Utah and settled at Freedom. Then again in about 1906 they returned to Idaho, this time settling at Carey, Blaine County, Idaho.

Oren died at Wendell, Idaho, July 8, 1943, and was buried at Carey, July 11, 1943. His wife died before he did, at Shoshone, Idaho on December 22, 1922. Two or three days later she was buried at Carey.

Following is a list of their children:

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED	PRESENT ADDRESS
Oren Leland	Sept. 8, 1885 at Moroni	Nov. 1936	Tressa M. Chuly	
Helen	Dec. 2, 1888 at Moroni	April, 1933	Ernest Guive	

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED	PRESENT ADDRESS
Clair M.	March 3, 1890 at Moroni	Dec. 12, 1918	Chloe Campbel	
Hazel	Dec. 10, 1892 at Moroni	March, 1893 at Moroni		
Zora	July 17, 1894 at Moroni	May, 1895 at Moroni		
Levar T.	Jan. 31, 1897 Boise, Idaho		Clara Vance	915 East Bannock Boise, Idaho
Mary Zilma	May 12, 1899		John McChure Frank T. Johnson	317 Warren Lane Inglewood, Cal.
Barbara (Artie Mae)	Jan. 1901 at Freedom		John M. Chidester .... Riley	c/o W. H. Goesmann, 7634 Allen Grove, Downing, Cal.
Don Wm.	March 11, 1903 at Freedom			Carol Richards Cedar City, Utah
Ferris R.	Dec. 31, 1905 Carey, Idaho		Elizabeth Gifford	2506 Woodland Boise, Idaho
Eulalia	July 5, 1907 Carey, Idaho	Aug. 2, 1907 Carey, Idaho		

Aury Draper

Loretta Olson Draper

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

AURY DRAPER

Aury Draper was born October 7, 1869. He is still living (1958) and is in full possession of his faculties and blessed with an accurate memory of much that occurred in his father's large family, and much that was related to him by his father and his mother, Mary Ann Manhardt Draper, concerning the more distant past. This writer is indebted to him for corrections and much new information contained in this book.

He had the advantage of living close to his father, William Draper. Unlike many of his children, he also had some educational advantages. He studied for a time under a "professor" McLead from Nova Scotia, who was a more adequately trained teacher than many of the native teachers of the time.

However, Aury did not escape the struggle against poverty in which the whole family was trapped after old age and misfortune overtook its valiant, pioneer father and leader, William Draper, Jr.

In 1874 or 5, Aury's father and mother homesteaded 160 acres of land in the somewhat alkaline bottoms about a mile west of Moroni on a sluggish stream called Silver Creek. At the age of ten years, Aury and his two older brothers, Amos and Oren, became herdsmen for the community of Moroni. They entered into a contract to herd and manage more than 600 head of cows on the open range from May 1, to September 1 of each year. For this, they received a bushel of wheat and fifty cents in cash per cow, each season.

They worked under the close supervision of their father who would tolerate no laxness and who demanded the utmost fidelity and honesty in dealing with the owners of the cows. This work they continued for three years, which should have given them a handsome profit, but their father's family was a community in itself and the proceeds of their labor went to the support of all.

Thus they were employed for three years, but by this time Amos and Oren were mature young men and anxious to make a life of their own, so they quit, but Aury who was only 13 years old at the time continued to herd his mother's cows in the summer and to attend school in the winter.

In 1885 the homestead on Silver Creek was sold and the proceeds, for the most part, were distributed among the various families, and William and Mary Ann moved to Freedom, about three miles farther west where some of his older sons by his first wife were located. There they acquired a building lot and built a home on it, but the next year, May 26, 1886, William died and thereafter each of his families was left, more or less on their own.

Aury, being now 17 years old and the only son at home, became the head of his mother's household, and practically her sole source of support. During the first year after his father's death, he hired out to farmers in the summer and worked at a sawmill in the winter.

The next season he rented a farm in Emery County where two of his married sisters, Eliza and Malone, were living. This was a bleak and lonely job. He lived in a covered wagon and cooked his meals on an open fire on the ground. It was a wasted summer. All that he recovered from his labor was 10 bushels of corn on the cob and 5 gallons of molasses. He returned to the saw-mill and worked in deep snow throughout the winter for a dollar a day.

The following spring (1889) he was employed by a cattle company operating a large ranch in Colorado just over the line from LaSal, Utah. His first assignment was to take 10 head of horses, purchased in Utah, to the ranch. He left February 26th and arrived at the ranch March 11th, where he was put in charge of 1200 acres of ranch land. Among other things, he seeded 240 acres of this land to alfalfa. He was alone most of the time and very homesick. The boss came to the ranch occasionally to see how things were progressing. One time he arrived in time to lend aid when Aury was in real trouble.

The ranch had once been the grazing land of Ute Indians in Paradox Valley. One day six armed Utes swooped down upon Aury at the ranch and leveled a rifle upon him. While they were menacing him the boss arrived on the scene. He had had dealings with these Indians before. He ordered them in their own tongue to lower their guns and behave themselves. A pow wow followed, after which he took them to the ranch and gave them presents and sent them off the place. They went, but stole a ranch dog as they left.

Aury remained at the ranch for eight months at a dollar a day and board. He was paid in cash which was unusual. This he sent home to his mother and went to work for the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad just east of Green River, in Wyoming, where he was paid a dollar a day cash for 10 hours work. With part of these earnings he bought a pair of young mules and returned home and rented a farm upon which he did well. He then bought a small home in Moroni into which he moved his mother from Freedom. At the same time, he moved his brother Brig, who in the meantime had lost his eyesight, into the Freedom home, where he remained until the following spring (1890) when Aury bought a lot in Moroni upon which he hauled the Freedom house and moved Brig and his family to Moroni to live in it.

Aury, with his mule team was now able to take logging, lumbering and freighting contracts for better pay, but on local contracts he had to take produce or merchandise for pay. This was inconvenient and sometimes it entailed loss because to get what was needed he had to engage in barter and sometimes the produce was spoiled before he could make a suitable trade. These were hard times indeed, because the so-called Cleveland panic or depression was affecting the whole nation in the 1890's.

With all his responsibilities, as above outlined, Aury had grown to manhood, occupied almost wholly with work and plans for survival in a hard world. It is doubtful that he had time for any romantic pursuits until after he was 21. Of this he wrote:

> We didn't have much time for amusement in those days, perhaps a dance once or twice a month in winter and a few sleigh rides. We would put four head of horses on bob sleighs, then get 10 or 12 girls with their best fellows and would sing and sleigh-ride nearly all night, which we enjoyed, and at that time thought we were having more enjoyment than anyone ever would have.

Then close on the heels of this he wrote:

> Between times I managed to work and trade for brick and materials, and built a nice four room brick house, and on November 29, 1893, I married Myra L. Olsen in the Manti Temple, Manti, Utah.

It was ever a Draper trait to shy from excessive and lavish terms of endearment. Love and affection, for the most part, found expression in deeds; not slippery words.

Aury and Myra L. have lived in the closest human relationship known for 65 years. They are still two pleasant individuals, but in spirit they are absolutely one. How much they have spoken to each other of love, only they know, but what they have dared and done together has been only what true love could sustain. By way of modest tribute Aury has written:

> I will say here that with all our hardships my wife never did get discouraged, and always encouraged me in everything I undertook.

And so it was with his love of God. He never went on emotional sprees nor mouthed religious sentiments like a Pharisee. He bore a simple testimony of his belief in God after a lifetime of failures and triumphs, as follows:

> I just write this to show how bad things can look, but how our Heavenly Father looks after us if we try to do the best we know how.

After his marriage, Aury continued lumbering and freighting, but he was not satisfied with that. His heart was set on being a farmer, but there was very little opportunity to become a farmer in Utah in the 1890's. He heard of great tracts of land to be had in Alberta, Canada, at prices he could afford to pay. In fact, a land fever possessed the young men of Moroni at this time.

Accordingly, he and 14 other young men struck out for Canada from Moroni with high hopes, April 20, 1898. It took most of the summer to make the trip, but they were disappointed in what they found—a great wide open prairie and a severe climate. It seemed so forbidding that they became homesick and turned around and came home.

He then began herding sheep and doing whatever came to hand, until he had enough money to buy a half interest in a saloon. This was a successful venture, but he was unhappy in it. He still wished to succeed as a farmer. He learned that new land was being opened for settlement in Oregon, through the efforts of Charles W. Nibley, a Utah man who had made a fortune in eastern Oregon, building railroads and lumber mills.

Aury sold out at Moroni in 1901 and moved his family to Nibley, Oregon, so called in honor of Charles W. Nibley. But this farming venture failed. The land was poor and price of farm products was low, and the settlers lacked capital to the extent that they could not make the land support their families and pay for itself at the same time.

Aury was experienced enough to know that the project was almost sure to fail, so he sold out before the collapse came. This he did regretfully, because he and his family had made good new friends and he had taken a community position as an officer of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association. This was his first venture in pure community uplift and he liked it.

In 1903 he returned to Freedom, Utah, and with what he had salvaged out of the sale of his place at Nibley he bought a 10 acre farm with a house and orchard on it. But hard luck dogged him here also. This is what he wrote about this venture and others which followed:

> Weather conditions were such that I never got as much as a bushel of fruit off my orchard of some one hundred trees. This discouraged us very much, so in the spring of 1905 we sold out again, and again returned to Oregon, about 25 miles from where we first lived. There I bought 40 acres of tim-

> ber land with a small house and orchard on it. But it was very poor land and as my family was getting larger I decided to move to Idaho and take a homestead, which I did in the spring of 1909 (at Chilly, Custer County, Idaho). After taking the homestead I with my wife and three youngest children went into the mountains and cut logs and peeled them and piled them up to dry. Then my oldest son, about 14 years old, hauled them to the homestead, and I with the help of my wife, built our house of six rooms. After moving in the homestead and getting a few head of cows we were about broke for money, so I had to do something. It was a very cold climate (near Mt. Borah, 12,685 feet high) and there wasn't any work to be had in the winter, so I started a trap line, as fur bearing animals were very plentiful, although furs were very cheap. I put out a six mile trap line and went over it every day and at times it was 30 below zero. But I was healthy and enjoyed it. I made enough to feed and clothe the family until the spring of 1912 when things began to get bad. I hadn't got much of my land under cultivation, so I decided to look for new work; when a man came to my place and offered me a business proposition.

Aury was skeptical about the "business proposition" which he assumed the stranger was about to present. He thought it was an itinerant peddler or salesman trying to make a sale. So to him Aury said, "You may come in and get warm, but I haven't money to buy anything."

Once inside, the man said, "I don't want to sell you anything; I want to buy your services. A former employer of yours tells me that whatever you do you do well. I want you to construct a canal for me one mile long, ten feet wide and four feet deep."

Elation and disappointment seized Aury at the same time. "I need work badly, but I'll have to decline your very welcome offer for I have no equipment for such an undertaking and no money with which to buy it."

"Don't worry about that," said the man, "I'll send you all the equipment you need and pay you by the yard for all the earth you remove. Further, I'll pay you at the end of each month for 90% of the earth removed and the remaining 10% upon completion of the job."

The deal was closed and a contract was signed and in three weeks work was commenced. It was a bonanza. His oldest son, Kenneth, was hired as a helper; his wife was given employment boarding the surveyors and overseers on the job.

Kenneth earned enough money to put himself in college, Myra Loretta, his wife, got some ready cash and Aury fenced the homestead, put part of his land in cultivation, bought a full supply of goods for the winter, and still had a substantial sum to place in a bank. It was after that he acknowledged the hand of God in his good fortune as stated above.

They were now able to enjoy some leisure time on the ranch. Hunting and fishing were good and enjoying the great outdoors they always had the larder well stocked with game. There was excitement and good humor too; such as arose from the following incident:

Aury and one of his sons were out hunting deer. They tracked a big antlered buck into high country and finally shot him down. They were a long way from the ranch and the son was at a loss to know how they would ever get the animal off the mountain. Aury proceeded to show him a neat trick in transportation. He tied the buck's legs up beside its body and then jumped astride it and seized its antlers as a steering gear. He invited his son to ride with him, but the boy declined. "O. K., whoopee, here we go," and Aury sped away down the mountain with the speed of Santa Claus. The boy followed as fast as he could, only to see father, buck and all plunge over a ledge.

When the boy reached the edge of the ledge he peered over with fear and trembling. He could see his father partially buried in the snow. He was not moving.

"Are you dead poppa," he cried. "No, not hardly," came back a muffled reply, and they both laughed like two pleased boys.

Another incident was not so humorous to Aury. On a cold winter day, he was out on a treacherous swamp, which was frozen over, examining a muskrat trap line. While re-setting a trap the ice gave way and he went down in the mucky mud and water to his armpits. Luckily he was able to grab the muskrat's house and pull himself out to solid ground. He took off his boots, emptied them and wrung the water out of his socks, dressed his feet again and started home. In a few minutes his clothing froze around him until he was ice incrusted. He had six miles to go. Despite this handicap he reached home safely and suffered not at all from his mishap, other than the misery of getting home.

Thus the time passed for seven years on the ranch when the news was released that land on an Indian Reservation in the Uintah Basin in Utah was being opened to white settlement, the pioneer spirit again possessed Aury so thoroughly that he sold the ranch and all his belongings at Chilly, except household furniture, eight head of horses with wagons and a buggy, and on July 1, 1916, a journey of over 400 miles began, which in some respects was as rugged as the entry of the pioneers into Utah a half century earlier. Aury described the trip as follows:

> The roads were very bad when we left the main highways, but we were glad to get away from them as automobiles were always frightening our teams.

> They had never seen such things, and when we got to Ogden we could hardly get them through the streets. They acted as if the pavements were ice. They would just stand still and tremble. I had to get out and lead them on to it. After they found that they could walk without slipping we got through Ogden and turned off the main highway and proceeded eastward through Weber Canyon. Arriving at Devils Slide, we met two families who were also headed for the "Basin." We travelled together the rest of the way, and a very good thing it was for us and them also. The road was so steep, narrow and uneven that we often had to hold on to the upper sides of the wagons to keep them from tipping over. My wife drove one team all the way, except that in especially dangerous places one of the men would go to her assistance until the going got better.
>
> On the other hand, I had to go to the aid of our companions often. They had balky teams and I had constantly to help them over steep and rugged places. After 46 days of this kind of travel we arrived at Myton, Duchesne County, Utah, August 16, 1916. Our fellow travelers went on, but I remained at Myton and quickly purchased 80 acres of land, to which we later added 230 acres.

This sounds relatively simple, but they were hardly out of the mountains from the time they left Chilly until they reached Myton. The only surfaced road was in Ogden. They followed a crooked, narrow, dirt road along the Weber River until they reached Kamas in Summit County. Then they struck over Wolf Creek Pass to the headwaters of the Duchesne River down which they tipped and swayed and jolted to their journey's end.

Here they tilled the land and prospered, but their prosperity was partly induced by a streak of good fortune such as they had at Chilly, Idaho. On August 20, 1918, the United States Government, Indian Department, employed Aury to supervise the distribution of water between white men and Indians and to be advisor to the Indians in their farming operations. This gave him a sure cash income, which lasted for more than eighteen years, and resulted in all his sons becoming civil servants of Uncle Sam in various departments.

During the eighteen years, however, the boys raised cattle, hogs and bees on the farm under their father's direction, and all of them were graduated from institutions of higher learning with honors in the meantime.

Aury had great satisfaction in dealing with the Indians, as can be seen from the following description of his relations with them:

> I had many Indian farmers in my district. They were always kind and tried to do what you advised them to do. They were not as selfish as the whites and they were truer friends.

As a footnote to his relationship with the Indians, he wrote:

> I remember three old Indians and their squaws in particular. They loved to sit around the stores on warm days and if they happened to see me go in a store, they would line up outside the door — the squaws on one side and the bucks on the other and when I came out they would cry "Mike, Mike, Parawats", which meant "Hello, Hello, good friend". I always returned their greetings with pleasure. As long as we remained in the Basin they never failed to call at our home from time to time to inquire about our health.

Aury was about 68 years old when he was retired from government service, but notwithstanding his age he returned to full time service on the farm, but ere long one of his sons and a daughter were killed in accidents, and his remaining sons accepted full time government service in various departments so that operating the farm became an impossibility. Therefore, in 1942 he sold all his possessions in the Basin and bought a home in Salt Lake City. He closed his own memoirs by saying:

> We are very thankful, but wish our children lived nearer us so we could see them oftener. We have saved enough in our wanderings to put us away when our time comes and enough to live on the rest of our lives, so we won't be a burden to our children. We are very thankful for all our blessings and proud of a family that any parents could be proud of. We feel that our lives have been useful and intend to try to enjoy it to the last.

Following is a list of their children, all born at Moroni, except William Glen and John Floyd, who were born at Summerville, Union County, Oregon:

NAME	BORN	DIED	PLACE	MARRIED
Aury Kenneth	Feb. 21, 1895			Laura H. Williams
Eva Mildred	April 2, 1898			George P. Morris
Myra Ora	Sept. 21, 1900	Feb. 15, 1940	Myton	Syerl Dennis
Wm. Glenn	Sept. 24, 1905			Evelyn Johnson
John Floyd	Feb. 11, 1908	Jan. 11, 1928	Myton	Unmarried
Emerson Olson	June 21, 1912			Norma Betteridge

Chapter Thirty

MARY HOWARTH DRAPER

William Draper, Jr. married Mary Howarth, Fanny Newton and Ruth Hannah Newton in 1854. These were his last plural marriages and he entered into them as he did the first three marriages—in times of stress. The stress in the first instance was caused by the removal of a whole people out of civilization to a far away untamed country, in which widows, spinsters and orphans constituted a special problem.

In the second instance, a great difficulty arose, not from getting people here, but in caring for them after they got here. The young ladies named above were unmarried girls, fresh from England. A constant stream of displaced Saints and converts from all over the world—but principally from Europe, had been arriving in Salt Lake City since 1847. In 1853, about 2000 arrived from Liverpool alone, and in 1854, between January and April 24, another 2,453 set sail for Utah from the same port. The last of the Saints theretofore living in Iowa, also arrived in Salt Lake City in 1854. Salt Lake then had a fixed population of about 6000, who with their own limited resources could not absorb so many people, even temporarily.[1] That the general Church authorities were deeply concerned about the situation is shown by the following letter:

G. S. L. City, June 28, 1854.

To Bishop Edward Hunter, and the Bishops of the
several Wards in the Territory:

You are hereby instructed to proceed forthwith, and make diligent inquiry, to ascertain who in your ward can take into their families, or houses, some of the brethren, or members of their families, who are now on their road to this land, and give them employment and food until the harvest of 1855, and furnish those who may need it, transportation from this city to their several places of destination. . . . Bishop Hunter will see that all Bishops alluded to, make the desired reports by the 15th of August, that we may know how much we can assist, and where we can send the coming immigration.

In hopes of immediate action on your part, we are as ever,

Your brethren,

BRIGHAM YOUNG
H. C. KIMBALL
J. M. GRANT[2]

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[1] Church Chronology op. cit. pp. 47-51.
[2] From the Deseret News July 6, 1854.

Some of the young women who arrived in 1853, had been able to find employment as domestics outside of Salt Lake City, as was the case with Mary Howarth, who was employed in the home of Mary Ann Manhardt Draper in the south end of the valley, at Draper, Utah.

Her story, and the story of the Newton girls, will give a note of color and concreteness to the manner in which some of the unmarried women were absorbed.

THE STORY OF MARY HOWARTH DRAPER

Mary Howarth was the only daughter of Charles Thomas and Betty Collins Howarth. She was born at Mottram, Lancashire, England, February 14, 1831. Her father was also a native of Lancashire. He was born at Upholand, July 7, 1801. He was a textile worker, engaged in making reeds for looms and his workshop was up 10 flights from the ground. It must have been in a town near Manchester, for practically all the cotton weaving in England was centered near that city. He married Betty Collins in April, 1826. The time and place of her birth are missing.[3] It is possible that she was of Irish descent, judging from the name Collins and the nearness of North Ireland to Lancashire.

A glance at a map of great Britain will disclose a number of geographic features which form a background for the history of the Drapers, Howarths, Newtons and Morleys who intermarried to some extent.

First it will be noticed that Lancashire and Yorkshire join each other in the northern part of England. Yorkshire's eastern border is on the North Sea, while Lancashire's western border is on the Irish Sea. Ireland lies westward about 100 miles facing Lancashire, and the Isle of Man lies between the two places in the middle of the Irish Sea. The original home of most of the Drapers and Newtons was in Yorkshire, as was that of many Morleys with whom some of the Drapers intermarried. Lancashire was the home of the Howarths and North Ireland may have been the homeland of the ancestors of Betty Collins. The Isle of Man was the homeland of James Swail, who was the first love of Mary Howarth. Her family joined the Church in 1841. Besides the father and mother there were the following children, all born in Lancashire.

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[3] Most of the information concerning the Howarths is taken from the History of Mary Howarth Draper by her daughter, Irene Draper Bradley, written in 1932, except as otherwise noted.

NAME	BORN	MARRIED	DIED	PLACE
Thomas	About 1827	Unknown	About 1855	Salt Lake City
James	About 1829	Yes	After 1853	Lancashire
Mary	Feb. 14, 1831	Wm. Draper, Jr.	March 9, 1902	Moroni
Son	About 1834	Unknown	Before 1853	Lancashire
George	About 1837	Left Utah	About 1857	For parts unknown
Son	About 1840	Unknown	About 1861	Spanish Fork

The father, Charles Thomas Howarth, "was a devoted convert to the principles of the gospel, spending his time and means in spreading it. He kept an open house for all members of the church."[4]

Becoming a Mormon in those times was no light matter. It sometimes resulted in the loss of friends and the breaking up of families. In many cases it also called for radical change of habits. Sometimes the only hope of peace, thereafter, appeared to lie in following the Church to Utah. But it seems Mr. Howarth was resolved to fight it out in England for he made no attempt to leave for Utah for 12 years. He faithfully tried to live up to every standard proclaimed by the Church as gospel truth, including the Word of Wisdom. He was a user of tobacco, in both smoking and chewing form. He was also an English tea drinker. When he learned that these practices were frowned upon by the Church it was about all his faith could stand to give them up, as shown by this incident remembered and told by Mary Howarth to her children.

One day he sent her (Mary) to a tobacco store to buy clay pipes and smoking tobacco for his pleasure. This she did and she climbed ten flights of stairs to carry them to him in his workshop.

Apparently he had been in deep cogitation while she was gone, for when she handed him the pipes and tobacco he marched over to a hot stove and threw them in the fire. Never again did he use tobacco or disregard the Word of Wisdom in any way.

Next to her father, Mary seemed most faithful to the principles of the new church, as will appear in her personal story below. The children of this family were all young when they were taken into the Church. Mary was only ten years old at the time. Her eldest brother was about 14, while the youngest brother was not much more than one year old.

Mary and her father also seem to have been the most robust in health. The mother, Betty Collins Howarth, died at the age of about 52, and her eldest son, Thompson, died two weeks before she did at the age of about 28. Her second son was married and had a child, but he did not come to Utah at all. He died soon after the family left. Her third son was dead before the family left England. George, the fourth son, came to Utah at age of about 16, but left at the age of about 20 years and was never heard of again. It is believed that he returned to England. Finally, the last son died at Spanish Fork, Utah, at the age of about 21.[5]

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[4] History of Mary Howarth Draper, op. cit. p. 1.

A strong bond existed between Mary and her father. It was she, and not her brothers, who was called to wait upon him, as illustrated in the matter of the pipes and the tobacco, and it was she, more than her brothers, who took an active interest in the Church. Her attitude was sincere, but in addition she had a romantic interest which helped to bind her to the Church.

Keeping open house for Saints from everywhere, as her parents did, brought two young native missionaries from the Isle of Man to their home. One of them was James Swail, and he fell in love with Mary. The affection was mutual and they became engaged. Young James Swail came to Utah in 1852. He had a great desire to marry 21 year old Mary and take her to Zion with him. Her parents refused, saying they would come the next year.

But things did not work out as planned. Leaving their comfortable home and steady income was not easy, and it must have been particularly hard on the mother when her son James elected not to follow the family to Utah. He was 24 years old and had a wife and small child. To add to their sorrow James died soon after the family left for America.

The trip across the ocean was none too pleasant. They sailed from Liverpool on Wednesday, April 3, 1853, on the ship Camillus, under the direction of Curtis E. Bolton. There were 228 Saints aboard.[6] They were routed by way of New Orleans, and they disembarked and outfitted themselves for the trip across the plains at Keokuk, Iowa, on the west side of the Mississippi River, not far from Nauvoo, Illinois.

The ocean voyage lasted six weeks, during which time everybody suffered from lack of proper food and water. It is easy to imagine the distress of several hundred people on a poorly provisioned sailing vessel bobbing around on the Atlantic Ocean for six weeks with nothing to see or do except perhaps to pray. Changing to land travel was welcome, although it was by ox team and wagon.

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[5] Above family data is computed from facts found in the history of Mary Howarth Draper, op. cit.

[6] Church Chronology, op. cit. p. 48.

It is doubtful that the mother, Betty Collins, enjoyed any part of the journey. How could she keep her mind off her only married son and her only grandchild whom she might never see again? Besides she was not in robust health and how could she avoid thinking of her comfortable home and the pleasant surroundings she was leaving forever. Mary, on the other hand was especially light hearted, because she believed she would soon be united with James Swail. She was strong and healthy and she found it more pleasurable to walk than to ride behind the slow moving oxen. She always said this trip was pure joy and pleasure for her. It must have been a well-planned journey for no other comment is made concerning it, except that they arrived in Salt Lake City in good health and spirits October 16, 1853.

Mary's joy, however, turned to anxiety after they arrived. There was no James in Salt Lake City to claim her as his bride. Neither could she learn of his whereabouts.

After several months of waiting to hear from him, Mary decided she must find work. This she found in the home of Mary Ann Manhardt Draper, wife of Bishop William Draper, in the south end of Salt Lake Valley. An affection developed between these women that lasted all their lives.[7]

Mary Howarth had not been long in the home of William Draper when he received the letter from the general authorities requiring him to make a survey of his ward to ascertain who could assume responsibility for immigrants until the harvest season of 1855.

The making of this survey undoubtedly caused widespread discussion everywhere. Mary could not have missed it. She also knew many of the 1853 emigrants whom she met and made friends with at Church gatherings in Salt Lake. Among them were the motherless girls, Fanny and Ruth Hannah Newton, who seem to have sailed from Liverpool February 28, 1852 and arrived in Salt Lake October 10, 1853. They were still unplaced persons in 1854. I know of no person who could have brought these girls to the attention of William Draper, except Mary Howarth.

However that may be, he met them and in September of 1854. he married Mary Howarth and Fanny Newton on the same day, in a ceremony performed by Brigham Young. In December of the same year he married Ruth Hannah Newton, the younger sister.

Without any attempt to appraise the religious aspects of the subject of plural marriage, the foregoing is an unbiased statement of a few of the historical facts shedding some light on the plural marriages of William Draper, Jr.

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[7] History of Mary Howarth Draper, op. cit. p. 2.

When Mary Howarth consented to marry him, she had given up all hope of ever seeing James Swail again, but it was not long until her strength of character and fortitude was given a severe test. Young Swail appeared on the scene to claim his bride, only to find her married. He brought news that he had been in Cache Valley preparing a home for her.

The scene that followed this disclosure will have to be imagined, for no record of it has been made. But it is known how they behaved themselves thereafter. He returned to Cache Valley. He married another girl and lived and died in Logan. Many of his descendants still live there. He became Mayor of Logan and held many other positions of honor and trust.

Soon after the departure of Mary's brother James, her mother and her eldest brother died, within two weeks of each other. This occurred in about 1855. The mother's death "was believed to come from sorrow and grief."[8]

In 1857, William moved his family, including Mary Howarth, to Spanish Fork. At about the same time her father, Charles Thomas Howarth, re-married and moved to Spanish Fork to be near Mary. It was then that her brother, George, left Utah and never returned again. Mary's affection for him is shown by the fact that she named her first son George, and as an echo of her lost love, she named her second son James, thus honoring James Swail and a brother at the same time.

After about seven years, William and his family moved to Moroni in Sanpete County. There Mary became a real asset to the community. She was among the first school teachers at Moroni. She was also a cook to remember, according to her children.

> She made delicious soda biscuits, also lovely yeast bread, and mouth-watering molasses sweet cakes and currant bread in her Dutch oven, surrounded by hot coals. Oh, the wonderful chicken pot pie she made! At Christmas she made wonderful cut-outs from sweet dough fried in an old iron kettle hanging on a hook suspended on an iron rod securely fastened in the fire place. She made apple pie that would melt in your mouth. The spices were put in seamless sack cloth and pounded in.

She also carded and spun wool into cloth and tailored suits for her sons from it. I have heard it said that she made suits of homespun for some of the general authorities of the Church. She was an artist at braiding straw and modeling hats for her daughters.

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[8] History of Mary Howarth Draper, op. cit. p. 2.

When Mary moved to Moroni, her father could not bear being too far away from her so he followed her with his new wife, where they suffered great hardship and both of them died before 1875.

Perhaps Mary's crowning glory in the eyes of her family, her community and her Church arose from the fact that she never faltered in rendering service to them, nor did she ever doubt the divinity of the mission of Joseph Smith. She died March 9, 1902, at Moroni, where she lies buried.

The following were her children:

NAME	BORN	PLACE	MARRIED	DIED	PLACE
George Howarth	6- 4-1855	Draper	Mary L. Nicholas	4-26-1933	Moroni
Luana	4- 8-1857	Draper	James Bradley		Huntington
James	3-19-1859	Sp. Fork	Theresa Morley		Moroni
Irene	3- 8-1861	Sp. Fork	Orlando Bradley		Moroni
John	7- 9-1863	Sp. Fork			Moroni
Orvilla	4-10-1865	Moroni	John Shafer	12-18-1943	Salt Lake City
Mary Ellen	12-24-1866	Moroni	Hyrum Christensen		Moroni
Alfred	2- 6-1869	Moroni	Greta Peterson		
Thomas Charles	9- 2-1871				

Wm. Draper Jr. and Mary Howarth Draper

George H. Draper

Louisa Nicholas Draper

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

GEORGE HOWARTH AND LOUISA NICHOLAS DRAPER

George Howarth Draper was the first child of William and Mary Howarth Draper, born June 4, 1855, at Draper, Utah. He died at Moroni, Utah, April 26, 1933, at the age of 78.

His wife was Louisa Nicholas, who was born July 3, 1864, at Wales, Sanpete County, Utah, to David and Mary Cadoret Nicholas. She is still living (1956) at the age of 92.

George and Louisa were married June 15, 1884, after which they had the following children, all born at Moroni:

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED
Mary Louisa	January 28, 1886		William Brandon
Elinor	November 1, 1888		Edward Nielson
Eva Irene	October 28, 1891		Terry S. Morley
Hazel G.	August 6, 1894		Unmarried
Renel George	June 5, 1897	December 16, 1946	Unmarried
Rollin David	October 12, 1899	January 2, 1948	Ruby Thurston
Mamie Loretta	July 15, 1902		Wm. M. Madsen
Alice Dora	December 1, 1905		Ruben B. Rudd

George, the father of this family, moved with his parents from Draper to Spanish Fork, Utah, at the age of two, and from there to Moroni at the age of nine. Up to that time his life was relatively comfortable, but at Moroni the situation was worsened as explained in preceding chapters, and he, like the rest of the great family, was short on food and clothing and had to begin work at an early age, in a territory not too richly endowed by nature, and when the best of the resources were already claimed by earlier settlers.

So George herded cows, dodged Indians while doing so, learned to work a scythe like a man at the age of twelve and to do anything that came to hand until he was able to acquire, by homestead, a portion of land north of Moroni which had theretofore been used as community pasture. There he built a log cabin and lived with his family for a number of years, until he got an opportunity to trade the land for a large home in Moroni, where he and his family have lived ever since.

George and his younger brother, James, had no faltering or halfway opinions. In politics they were Republicans, all the way, and many were the heated arguments they indulged in on the streets of Moroni in defense of Republican doctrines—especially high tariffs. Some of their brothers were equally zealous in defending Democratic doctrines and especially tariffs for revenue only, with pleas for an even break for economic underdogs. It may be said that the Drapers, generally, were noted for independence of thought.

Louisa, George's wife, was a mild and very agreeable person, with an interesting background. Most of the people at Moroni were English and Scandinavian, but Louisa was fifty percent Welch and fifty percent French. Her father, David Nicholas, was a native of Fishguard, Pembroke, Wales, and her mother, Mary Cadoret, was born at St. Helier on the Isle of Jersey, just off the coast of France, and before she married David Nicholas she was the wife of Jacques Phillip Dufresne.

The circumstances which brought David and Mary together, other than that they were Mormon converts, do not appear. David was brought by his parents to Utah in 1854 and they settled at Malad, Idaho, but they did not remain there long. There were Welsh families in Spanish Fork, and a distinctly Welsh settlement in Sanpete County. The Nicholases first moved to Spanish Fork and then to Wales in Sanpete County. It was at Spanish Fork that David met and married Mary Cadoret, and soon thereafter they moved to Wales, where Louisa was born, as shown above. Three years after her birth the family moved to Moroni, where the Drapers were concentrated, and who lived at Spanish Fork when the Nicholases moved there.

Louisa had one sister and two brothers, but her sister and one brother did not live to marry. This left her with two living brothers, David, Jr. and Daniel. David married Margaret Ann Draper, a half sister of Louisa's husband, George Draper. Daniel did not marry, but the author was with him during the settlement of the town of Preston in Nevada, at the turn of the century and found him to be a fine person and a good citizen. He died at Preston in 1950 at the age of 80 years.

George and Louisa Nicholas Draper were a kind and hospitable couple. Friends and relatives found pleasure in visiting with them, and tramps and Indians were never turned from their door. Their daughter, Eva, writes that they not only fed the Indians, but tried to teach them cleanliness, especially with respect to their hair. This was a difficult undertaking, for I know from personal observation that most of the Indians in that vicinity were lousy in the early days.

The descendants of George and Louisa may take pride in the fact that they had sound and highminded ancestry, by reason of which they have good potentialities themselves, which they should never cease to develop and refine.

LUANA DRAPER BRADLEY

Luana Adelaide Draper, daughter of Mary Howarth and William Draper, Jr., was born at Draper, Salt Lake County, Utah, April 8, 1857. She married James Washington Bradley, January 18, 1874. He was a son of George W. and Cynthia Wagel Bradley, and was born December 28, 1855, at Nephi, Utah. His father was one of the early settlers at Nephi and later bishop at Moroni.

James and Luana lived at Moroni until about 1890, when they moved to Huntington, Emery County, Utah, where they pioneered and reared a large family. She died June 13, 1912, and he lived on until November 16, 1926. They are both buried at Huntington.

Following is a list of their sons and daughters:

NAME	BORN	PLACE	MARRIED
Mary Adelaide	July 18, 1875	Moroni	Jonathan Killpack
James Draper	Sept. 3, 1877	Moroni	Mae Seeley
Howard Howarth	Nov. 18, 1879	Moroni	Allie Shaw
Ethyl Lynn	Aug. 16, 1882	Moroni	Vernon E. Johnson
Irene	July 24, 1884	Moroni	Donald Wakefield
Robert Reid	Oct. 14, 1886	Moroni	
Luana	March 25, 1888	Moroni	Henry Mills
Ellawease	Nov. 30, 1891	Huntington	Guy Curtis
Ruel Manley	Dec. 3, 1893	Huntington	Ruth Huntsman
William E.	Dec. 29, 1895	Huntington	
George W.	May 4, 1898	Huntington	
Ivern M.	Sept. 13, 1899	Huntington	Jule Ward

All of the above children are still living (1956), except William E. Bradley, who died October 10, 1912, and George W. Bradley who died May 12, 1898.

James and Theresa Morley Draper

Chapter Thirty-three

JAMES DRAPER

James Draper was born March 19, 1859, at Spanish Fork, Utah, to William and Mary Howarth Draper. He married Theressa Morley, December 28, 1877. She was born April 24, 1859, to Isaac Morley, Jr. and Cynthia Abiah Bradley at Nephi, Utah. James died January 21, 1927 and Theressa died April 18, 1919. Both are buried at Moroni.

They had the following children, all born at Moroni:

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED
Mary Effie	August 16, 1878	March 21, 1951	Oscar Hansen
James Arthur	January 13, 1880		Augusta M. Larsen
Isaac Morley	May 1, 1881	April 22, 1935	Lorena M. Blackam
Pherrel	April 17, 1883		Nell Fairbanks
Ernest	April 18, 1885		Alvina Hansen
Theressa	December 13, 1886		Robert Mallinson
Lucy	March 27, 1889		Ernest T. Blackham
Katy Pearl	March 9, 1891	February 20, 1892	
Radie Blain	March 18, 1894		Fay Irons
Russell	June 16, 1897		Conda C. Draper
Margaret	July 8, 1900		Ronald L. Rensemar
Carl Silvan	March 14, 1903		Doris M. Christopherson

The writer, being a son of Riley N. Draper and Margretta Morley, is doubly related to the above family and has lived in close proximity to them all his life. Riley and James are brothers and Theressa and Margretta are sisters and their children are, therefore, double cousins. It would be trite to say that these cousins have a noble ancestry, but it is entirely accurate to say that they can now trace their ancestry through the Drapers and Morleys in unbroken lines for many centuries, and the record reveals nothing to be ashamed of and much of which to be proud.

The Draper Line

1859 1857
JAMES AND RILEY DRAPER

1817 1831 1834
Wm. Jr. and Mary Howarth and Fanny Newton

1774 1785
Wm. Sr. and Lydia Lathrop

1739 1745
Thomas and Lydia Rogers

1707
Thomas and Relief Hyde

1670 1680
Jonathan and Sarah Jackson

1622 1625
James and Miriam Stansfield

Abt. 1578 Abt. 1580
William and Grace Mitchell

Abt. 1554
Thomas and Grace Newhall

The last named couple lived at Heptonstall, England. Further genealogical records are missing, but other facts show that earlier ancestors came from France with William the Conqueror in 1066.

The Morley Line

1859 1857
THERESSA AND MARGRETTA MORLEY

1829
Isaac Jr. and Abiah Bradley

1876
Isaac, Sr. and Lucy Gunn

1758
Thomas and Edith Marsh

1684
Timothy and May Wood

Thomas and Elizabeth Wickham

1664
Thomas and Martha Wright

1633
Marmoduke and Mary Brewer

1608
Thomas and Elizabeth Dolman

1575
Edmund and Phillippa Bowyer

1531
Edmund and Margeret Hopkinson

Abt. 1507
William and Elenor Skipwith

The last named couple lived at Holme in Lincolnshire, England.

It is remarkable that authentic records show an unbroken line back to 1507, because, the keeping of such records was not required in England until about 1600.

The early seat of the above Drapers was in Yorkshire. Many Morleys lived there also for there is a city named Morley in Yorkshire not far from Leeds, but the Morleys named above came from Lincolnshire.

James and Miriam Stansfield Draper left England for America as Puritans, about 1647. They settled at Roxbury, Massachusetts. From there they spread through western Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio.

The first Morley of the above line to settle in America, as shown by the record of the marriage of Thomas Morley to Martha Wright at Westfield, Hampden County, Massachusetts, December 8, 1681. She was a native born American girl, while he was born in England, as above shown.

The first Draper of the above line reached America about 1647 and settled in Massachusetts and the two lines have lived in close proximity to one another ever since.

William Draper, Sr. and Isaac Morley, Sr. first met about 1834 in Kirtland, Ohio and since that time their histories and that of their descendants have been closely interwoven with that of the Mormon Church.

After they reached Sanpete County, Utah, intermarriages among them began to take place. James Draper and Theressa Morley were the first to so intermarry in 1877. Riley N. Draper and Margretta Morley were the next, in 1879, and others have followed since.

James came from Spanish Fork to Moroni with his parents in 1865, at the age of six years. Like most of the first and second generations born in Utah he had to assume family responsibilities at an early age. A number of the Draper boys found their first employment in herding the community cattle at an early age. James at the age of fifteen became one of them. He and John Blackham got the herding contract in 1874. Actual Indian warfare was over at this time, but Indians roamed through the valley and they never missed an opportunity to drive off horses and cattle if the opportunity presented itself. The herdsmen, therefore, had to be on the alert at all times to prevent serious losses.

The Sanpete Valley is long and narrow and lies between the Sanpitch Mountains and the Wasatch Plateau. A strip in the bottoms a mile or so wide, is good meadow land and before the coming of the Pioneers it had been a favorite grazing ground of the Indians. It is not unlikely, therefore, that they felt some justification in taking livestock found grazing thereon.

James was an alert and intelligent young man. His situation constantly improved because he was industrious and never asleep if opportunity beckoned to him, as we shall see. While he was gaining knowledge in the management of horses and cattle as a herd boy, he was also learning something of the economy through which the community lived. Land and water was the basis of it, but as has been stated in former chapters, most of the good land and the primary water rights in the valley had been appropriated when the Drapers migrated there.

While James was herding cattle the germ of an idea concerning the acquiring of land and water entered his mind, but he was young and romantically inclined, so for the time being social activities kept him from developing it.

Fun was not prohibited among the Saints and dancing was a popular form of enjoyment. James loved to dance and even rough board floors full of slivers did not deter him from dancing until slivers sometimes penetrated his feet. He had more than a passing interest in the young ladies and they in turn did not overlook this high spirited boy. The result was that by the time he was eighteen years old his interest had settled on one girl—Theressa Morley—the granddaughter of Church famous Isaac Morley, Sr. They were a compatible couple and just three days after Christmas, December 28, 1877, they were married.

Love is courageous. After a short honeymoon trip in a wagon, they took inventory of their possessions and found that they had just 25c whith which to begin housekeeping.

The record does not show where they lived at first, but it may be assumed that Theressa went home to her mother, while James set about making a home. It was quite common at that time to make use of unappropriated land and James found such a tract near his father's homestead, and in a short time he built a log cabin on it, to which he moved his bride. It was a rude dwelling, but with it came the first pride of ownership and the sense of complete emancipation.

As soon as they were settled, James took up freighting to surrounding mining camps and doing whatever came to hand to make a living. They lost no time in starting a family, which grew over the years until they had twelve children, all of whom, except one, grew to maturity and had families of their own. While they did not live in luxury, there was no time when they were in want.

After a few years of living, as above stated, James' mind seems to have turned to land upon which he first herded cattle at the age of fifteen. He learned that nobody had ever received title to it and that it might be acquired under the homestead laws of the United States and accordingly he and three of his brothers made application for homesteads on the lands once prized and owned by the Indians.

Again, with his own hands, James built a new cabin on his homestead and on about May 2, 1885, he moved his wife and five children into their new home on the Dry Bottom Meadows. Ernest, the youngest of the family, was just two weeks old that day, so Grandmother Morley went along to relieve her daughter Theressa from undue exertion. It was a typical pioneer movement. James lead the cavalcade in a wagon carrying Grandmother Morley, his wife and his infant son with some family belongings. Two sons followed with a wagon loaded with furniture and equipment. Arthur and Effie brought up the rear, driving the family milk cows and domestic animals.

When they reached their new home it was a welcome sight. The house stood in a lovely, green meadow full of wild iris, buttercups and meadow grasses. The house itself, redolent with the odor of pine logs freshly hewed, was inviting.

Here they lived for five years and it was a happy time for the children. A stream, called Silver Creek, ran through the meadows in which fishing was good. Wild deer grazed and played among the cows, while meadow larks, black birds and water fowl nested in the grass. They sometimes gathered fresh duck eggs, which they encased in mud and roasted along with potatoes and frog legs for outdoor feasts.

At first, roving Indians and tramps gave them some concern. Theressa could not feel quite at home when James was away. In time friendly relations developed with the Indians. Isaac, the second son, and a little Indian boy, whom they called Jimmie, became fast friends. As is often the case, friendship between children may bring their parents and older persons to a better understanding of each other. That was the case here.

The Indians had no cows and a cup of milk to them was a special treat. On one occasion a bold Indian asked for bucket of milk to take to his wickiup (wigwam) for his family. Uncle Jim had no objection to giving him milk, but buckets and utensils of all kinds were hard to come by, so he had doubts about parting with a bucket. He hesitated for a moment and then let the Indian take the bucket full of milk away. Mentally he said good-bye to the bucket, but the next day the Indian returned and expressed his gratitude for the milk and use of the container. This inspired trust in the Indians, but they were miserably poor and tended to become beggars.

At the end of five years the homestead was sold to James Yorgensen, of Fountain Green, for the sum of $3,500.00, which was considered wealth in the 1890's. It took James and Theressa some little time to find a suitable permanent home thereafter. First they moved to the northwest part of Moroni, locally known as the "Duck Springs", but the ground there was poor and after two years they moved to Freedom, which was a Draper village, but it too had little chance for future development, because it lacked an adequate water supply, so they moved back to Moroni about 1894. Here they acquired property on the Sanpitch River, which in 1865 had belonged to James' father, William Draper, Jr.

James then settled down seriously to farming and stock raising with substantial success. I remember seeing him bring to his new home a herd of livestock so big it looked like a community herd. I assume now that they were cattle taken from James Yorgensen as part of the consideration given for the homestead on Dry Bottom. Such cattle were then selling at about $12.50 a head and later James Draper sold about 40 head at that price.

A drawback to farming in the early days was a lack of money market for crops, so exchange was largely by barter and a drawback to barter among people in the same locality was that they had about the same things to trade, so there was not much gain in trading with one another.

At Moroni cereal grains were plentiful, but fruits and sweets were lacking. In Utah's Dixie, where several Draper families had settled, sugar-cane and fruits—including semi-tropical fruits—were raised in abundance. In fact grapes were so lush that the people turned to making wine. Thus it was that many farmers in the fall of each season, used to load up with grain and grain products and go down to Washington County to trade for molasses, dried fruits and wine. James Draper was one of them.

Some interesting repercussions resulted from one of his trips. They arose in part from another practice at Moroni. During the Pioneer days the horses and livestock of the farmers could hardly be called thoroughbreds, but by the 1890's they began improving their stock by importing thoroughbred breeding stock from Europe. This was an expensive procedure, because a single stallion, for instance, might cost three or four thousand dollars, which a single farmer could not afford. Ten to twenty farmers, however, might form an association and raise enough money to own such an animal jointly. Its care and custody was rotated among the members of the association. By this method the grade of their stock rose rapidly.

One season during the early 1890's, James Draper had the custody of an association stallion which he broke to work in a team after the breeding season was over, and as he was about to take a heavy bartering load of grain products to Dixie, he decided to use the stallion in his team. It may be assumed that he had the consent of the association to use and dispose of the animal as he saw fit, but when he returned one member insisted that he had not given such consent, and as he had given a note for his share, and the note was unpaid, he refused to pay because James had traded the stallion off in Dixie for a gelding, a big barrel of wine and a quantity of molasses.

Moroni was then about 100% Latter Day Saint and disputes were more often referred to Church rather than to civil authorities. For his refusal to pay the note the member was threatened to be disfellowshipped from church membership, but the threat was never carried out.

The wine gave more trouble than the horse note. Wine can make a drab world look bright—for a short time at least—and the great barrel stored in a cellar at James' home drew more visitors than a county fair. I was his nephew and visited and played often with his boys. I too, became curious about the pull of that cellar and once when no one was in sight I went down and inspected the barrel and smelled the wine. I was young and as far as I was concerned it smelled terrible. I went out with my curiosity satisfied, but as I approached the house Uncle Jim came out and with a look of keen disapproval he said, "Have you been down in that cellar?"

I felt guilty and ashamed and a lie seemed, at the time, to be the best defense, so I said, "No."

"No-o-o-w, no-o-o-w, my boy," he said, "don't make it worse with a fib." I broke down and confessed and was forgiven, but as I recall it now, the same sense of shame arises in me.

He, no doubt, felt some responsibility for the attraction on certain members of the community that the wine made, because as far as I know that ended his transportation of wine from Dixie. This type of thing must have happened in other communities, for I understand that sometime later the heads of the Church admonished the citizens of Washington County to discontinue the making of wine.

In 1910 James discontinued farming and went into business. He bought the property of Grandmother Morley on Main Street in Moroni and there established a livery business. He bought the first automobile that was owned in Moroni. It was such an attraction that most everyone, especially the young people, were willing to pay 50c for a ride to the north limits of the town and back.

Later he opened a small store on the premises at which towns' people liked to trade, because of his friendly and business-like ways.

He did his best at all times to advance the interests of his children. He equipped his oldest son, Arthur, with a fine outfit to go to Canada in search of new land. His oldest daughter he sent to an academy and, as far as I know, his son, Pherrl was the first Draper boy to be sent to a university.

He was compassionate and charitable. He never forgot the trouble that Grandma Morley took to help him and his wife out during the early days of their marriage. She lived to be 93 years of age and no son of hers did more than he to make her comfortable, in her old age. His religion found expression most in his love for his fellowman, although at one time he was a Sunday School teacher.

After political parties were formed in Utah he elected to become a Republican, and he remained one all his life. It would be inaccurate to say that he was anything less than a vigorous Republican. Some of his brothers became Democrats and around election time if they came together in argument I often thought I could see little blue flames rising from their words, but after election time brotherly relations were resumed as usual.

I knew Uncle Jim and Aunt Theressa all my life and as I look back now I am surprised to note that they both died young. She died at age 50 and he at 58. They were the parents of 12 children and their lives were so full and active that it seems that they must have lived more years than they did. On the other hand their accomplishments point up the truth of the old adage:

"We live in deeds, not years."

Irene Draper Bradley

Bishop Orlando Bradley

Chapter Thirty-four

IRENE DRAPER BRADLEY

Irene Draper was a beautiful dark-eyed girl with a disposition and character as sweet and unsullied as her face. In a short sketch of her own life written by her in her 88th year, she recites that she was born to William and Mary Howarth Draper at Spanish Fork, Utah, March 8, 1861, and notes as a matter of pleasant interest that her son-in-law and daughter now own the very lot upon which she was born, which is in the center of Spanish Fork's business district on Main Street.

All that she wrote is in an optimistic, if not an exhuberant tone, notwithstanding the fact that she belonged to a very large and hard-pressed family after it moved to Moroni during her babyhood. Her interest in education shines forth in her writing. She lived some distance from the one-room, white brick school house in which all ages and grades of pupils were taught together. Those were happy days both at home and in school, although unending work was the lot of all Draper children. But to her much of the work she did was pure pleasure. She relates with pride that "in walking to school and back to my home, I crocheted lace for six pairs of pillow slips." But the crowning event to the years of her youth was her marriage to Orlando Bradley in the Logan Temple at Logan, Utah. She closed her little sketch with thanks "for good health and for children who make life worth living."

Fortunately, her children remember and treasure a multitude of incidents in the lives of their parents observed by themselves as well as the oft repeated tales of the past recited by their parents. Most of the material incorporated in the brief history which follows was furnished by Laura and Sadie, the only living daughters of Irene and Orlando.

William and Mary Howarth Draper left Spanish Fork when Irene was only four years old. Oddly enough, the only remembrance she retained of her birth place was the Spanish Fork River which she crossed in a covered wagon as the family began the journey to settle at Moroni in the Sanpete Valley. From that time forward, she experienced much and remembered most of it during her long life.

Upon arrival at Moroni, her father built her mother a two-room log cabin with an attic on the Sanpitch River. It was a crude habitation with nothing but a big fire place for cooking and heating the place. But Mary Howarth Draper was a resourceful woman. She soon made it into a cozy home. Most of her cooking and washing was done on the outside when the weather permitted and inside when it was bad.

Food was scarce and luxuries of any kind were few, but she was a good cook and could convert the most common ingredients into food that was a delight to her children, which by the way, is the manner in which the famous and most loved prepared foods of the world came into being. To give variety to her meals, she gathered wild fruits and berries in the valley and in the nearby mountains for jams and preserves, and to beautify the cabin in the summer she would clean and white-wash the interior of the fire place and keep it filled with brass buckets of wild roses which grew profusely along the banks of the river. From this, Irene drew inspiration.

All of William Draper's children had to work to support themselves and their great communal family as soon as they were able. Irene was no exception. About the only work available to her other than field work on the farms was maid work in other people's homes. Girls so employed were called "hired help." There was no stigma attached to such employment. The hired girl usually became a member of the family in which she worked, joining them in their prayers, eating with them at their tables, and sharing in their social life. On this basis, Irene was "hired help" in the homes of Bishop George W. Bradley, Carrie Tripp, her older sister at Sandy, Utah, and the Postmaster at the same place, and JoAnn Anderson of Moroni.

Her mother, Mary Howarth, got a fair education in England before she emigrated to Utah. She imparted much of her learning to Irene, who profited by it when she entered the public school under Aaron Hardy, another Englishman. She progressed so rapidly that "Brother Hardy" as she called him, honored her by employing her to teach in the lower grades.

Thus, was she prepared to become the wife of and the mother of the children of Orlando Bradley—an estimable young man of Moroni. She married him December 4, 1884.

Their home was a happy one. It was widely known for its generous hospitality. Orlando was a capable, industrious farmer, caring for his farm animals, his garden and his farm crops with such interest and solicitude that the hides of his horses glistened, his flower garden cast its perfume abroad, his vegetable patch made cooking and eating a pleasure and his farm crops seldom failed.

In his early days he had some experience as a freighter to Pioche and other mining camps in Nevada. He got to see much of the raucous, wild and woolly, and sometimes uncouth life of wide-open Nevada. Among his fellow freighters, he had opportunity to swap tales both couth and uncouth, but he never did. He was a tolerant listener, thereby learning much of the nature of man. It is doubtful that he ever took a drink of intoxicating liquor, told a smutty story, or wilfully harmed another in all his life.

No wonder then, that he became Bishop of the Church at Moroni and served in that office for twenty years. He also became a State Senator from Sanpete County in which capacity he served with great earnestness and humility. Because his integrity was unquestioned, his influence was sought in the physical development of the town. He helped to bring in a modern, culinary water system, electric lights, an independent telephone service and a sugar factory to Moroni.

In all these undertakings, Irene was his clerk, secretary and advisor. She received special commendation from the Presiding Bishopric at Salt Lake City for her accurate and neat keeping of the Church tithing records of the Moroni Ward. In their church capacities they were virtually god-father and god-mother to the town. She was an ardent and devoted Relief Society worker and between them, sometimes going together and sometimes travelling separately, they were almost constantly performing some mission of mercy or love.

Orlando made the old mother-in-law joke seem like a feeble jest. Mary Howarth was a most welcome guest in his home. To her he was pure inspiration. In her last days, wracked by pains from heart seizures, she found her greatest comfort in him. During her last great seizure, she asked him to place his hands upon her head and pray for her. This he did and under his magnetic touch she quieted down and died with a smile on her lips.

In addition to her manifold duties as a churchwoman, Irene gave birth to six children to whom she gave her best love and devotion. She began her married life in a two-room brick home, but ended in a large imposing two-story red brick house in the center of town. Here she took in non-resident school teachers—not so much for profit, as for the influence they might have on her children, and their parents as well.

Only three of her children lived to marry and have children of their own. All of them became successful in callings related to relieving human suffering. One became head nurse to the L.D.S. Hospital; one became a physician and surgeon, and one became a druggist's wife, serving more than one city.

After her husband died in 1936, Irene spent most of her time with these children who returned the life-long love she had bestowed upon them. Hers was a tranquil old age. In 1946 while living with a daughter at Nephi she crocheted a table cloth in "rose filet" which won first prize at the Juab County Fair. She was then 85 years old. All her children now have afghans of intricate design in varigated colors, made for them in her declining years, which they now hold in reverent pride and remembrance of a perfect mother.

The chart below is a summary of the vital statistics concerning this family.

Orlando Bradley was born at Moroni, Utah, December 25, 1862. He married Irene Draper December 4, 1884, in the Logan Temple. He died at Moroni in 1936.

Irene Draper was born at Spanish Fork, March 8, 1861. She died October 6, 1951, at Nephi, Utah.

Their children, all born at Moroni, Utah, are as follows:

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED
Mary Elizabeth	July 12, 1886	September 1887	
Laura	April 13, 1886		Ernest Brough
Grover Orlando	November 15, 1891		Stella Olson
Sadie Miriam	September 22, 1893		J. W. Christensen
Elmina Irene	September 1, 1897	March 1901	
William Howarth	February 10, 1901	December 1907	

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

JOHN AND ORVILLA DRAPER SHAFER

Orvilla Draper was born to William and Mary Howarth Draper, at Moroni, Utah, April 10, 1865. She married John Shafer March 9, 1886. He was born at Lima, Ohio, March 8, 1861. She died at Salt Lake City, December 17, 1943, at the age of 78, and he died at the same place, November 11, 1949, at the age of 88. They were always known to me as Aune Villa and Uncle Jack.

They had a daughter and a son whose records appear below:

Daughter, Mary Elizabeth (always known as Mamie) was born at Salt Lake City, July 27, 1888. She grew up to be a very attractive young lady and married Stanley Elmer Simmons at the age of about sixteen. They had a son born to them, April 11, 1905. He died at birth.

She and Stanley were divorced and later she married Burt Smalling in 1907. He was an auto mechanic and racer. He died in 1930. They had no children.

Thereafter she married Cecil Johnston at Evanston, Wyoming, in 1936. Ten years later Cecil was killed in his own car in front of his home early in the morning of October 26, 1947, by a reveller in a car returning from the mountains after an all night party.

The defense of the killer was that he fell asleep and his car without his knowledge crossed the street, out of control. As a result it ran head-on into the Johnston car, killing Cecil, who was about to leave on a deer hunting trip. Mamie who was handing Cecil something through the open front door of the car was seriously injured.

In passing, it may be noted that Mamie's mother Orvilla, was struck by an automobile while crossing the street near her home. The injury she suffered hastened her death in 1943. Then Mamie herself was struck by an automobile on Sunday, March 24, 1952, suffering an injury from which she died the next day, March 25, 1952.

Cloyd Elmer, always known as "Claude", was born to John and Orvilla Draper Shafer at Salt Lake City, December 8, 1886. He married twice. His first wife was Edna Hayes. They were married April 26, 1905. His second was Edna Border. They were married August 26, 1911. Neither wife bore him any children.

This was a gay and hospitable family. They were restaurant people and sports lovers. Their early life was spent at Mercur, when it was a booming gold-mining camp. They were there throughout the gay ninties, after which they moved to Salt Lake City and became proprietors of the Chesapeake Cafe, which for many years was the leading seafood house of the city. It had large, separate banquet rooms where thousands of people entertained each other. Many business meetings and conventions were held there also.

Later they owned and operated the Wilson Cafe in the Wilson Hotel on East Second South, and still later they built and operated the "Blue Moon" on Highland Drive in Salt Lake County.

From the time he was able to work, Claude was associated with his father in the restaurant business. The whole family loved the great outdoors and spent a great deal of time on the streams and in the mountains of the west. Both in their restaurants and their home they had fine mounted specimens of fish and game captured by one or another member of the family.

They were known to sports people throughout Utah and other western states and friendship among them was often celebrated in sumptuous banquets and parties. No one ever missed attending a dinner or party given by the Shafers if it could be helped. Their hospitality was so generous, and their spirit of comradery and fun was so contagious that an evening with them was sure to be an evening of pleasure.

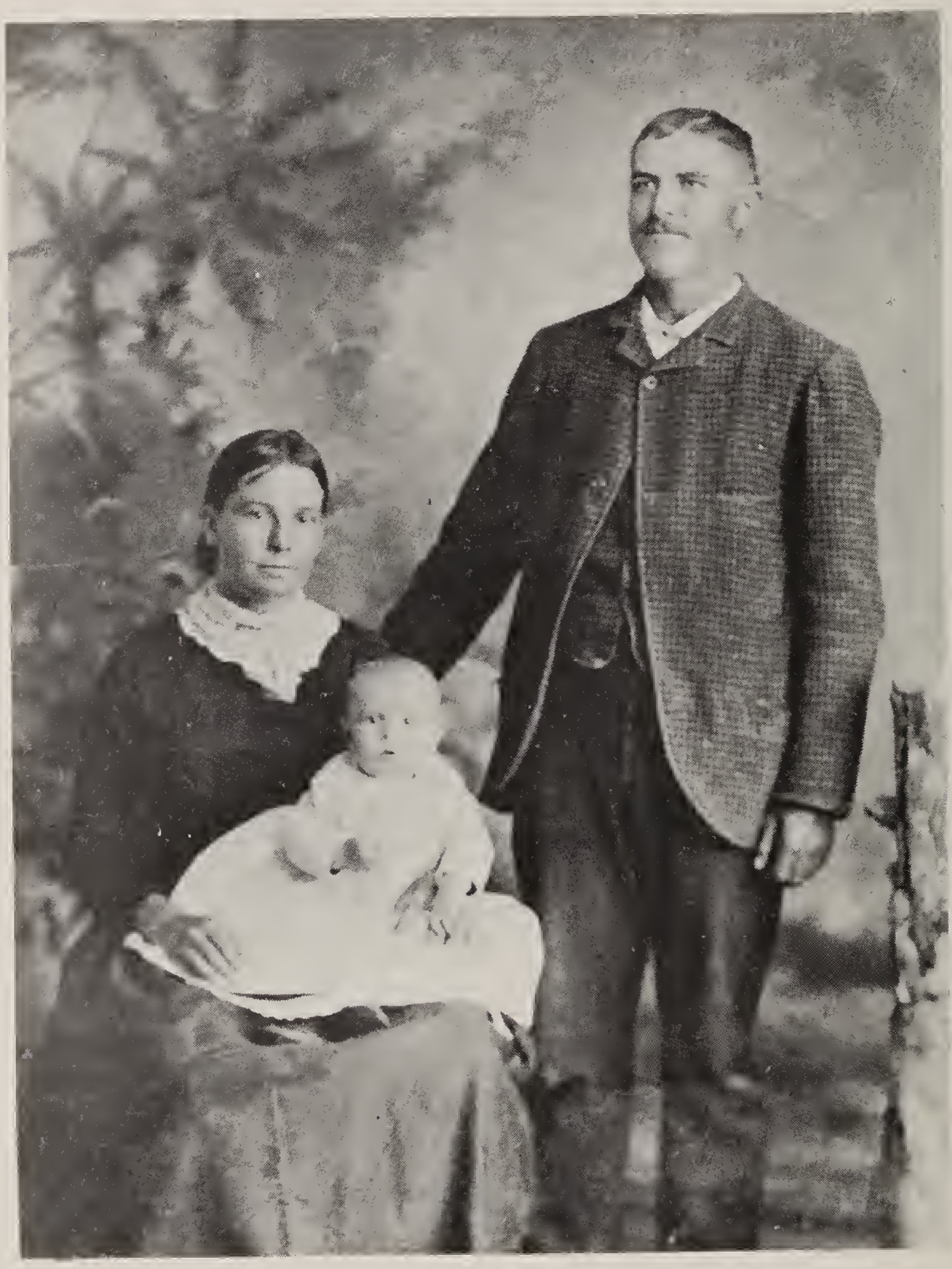
The Shafers were one of the first families in Utah to own a Pierce Arrow automobile. All the members of the family became expert drivers. As far as I know none of them ever caused injury or property damage to anyone while driving, yet automobiles in the hands of others took the lives of the mother, the daughter and her husband, thereby nearly annihilating the whole family.

As a ragged urchin in Sanpete County, I remember being awed by the magnificence of that Pierce Arrow car and the splendor of the clothes of the family. But this proved to be no bar to mutual respect and friendship. I remember taking Claude with me, and together bringing home cows for milking. When he wished he could discard his fine clothes and enjoy the feel of the soft earth under his bare feet and between his toes as I did.

After I came to Salt Lake City to attend the university, I enjoyed the warm hospitality, the humor, lively conversation and good will of these good people until death took them away—all but Claude who has just kindly furnished me with the picture appearing here of that first Pierce Arrow and his mother dressed in the fashion of automobile drivers of the time.

Remember When ?

Pierce Arrow Automobile



Mary Ellen Draper, son Hyrum Jr., Hyrum Christensen

Chapter Thirty-six

MARY ELLEN DRAPER CHRISTENSEN

Mary Ellen Draper was the youngest daughter of Mary Howarth and William Draper, Jr. She was born at Moroni, Utah, December 25, 1866. Like most of the Draper children, she had black hair and dark eyes, and like her sister Orvilla, she was gay and carefree, and full of laughter as a young girl. Her brother Aury, now (1958) approaching the age of 89, still remembers how much he enjoyed her company in his youth although she was somewhat older than he.

Like the rest of the children of William Draper, Jr., who were born at Moroni, Mary Ellen had a bitter battle with poverty. She went to school in the winter without shoes, and she, like some of her brothers, could tell her children how she ran through the snow until she was out of breath, and then stopped, threw down her bonnet and stood on it until she could run again.

Many of her sisters sought employment and their fortunes in the older and larger communities of the state, but except for a short stay in Spanish Fork, with a family named Dobey, Mary Ellen lived out her whole life at Moroni.

At the age of twenty, she married Hyrum Christensen, a hometown boy. They entered matrimony with the optimism characteristic of youth since time began. Looking back now in retrospect, it would seem that they had little to be optimistic about.

They were married February 6, 1887, at which time Sanpete County had about reached its maximum capacity for development. It is the smallest county south of Salt Lake County, and has an elevation of more than a mile at its northern end and has a growing season more than a month less than that of Salt Lake County. Its water supply is totally inadequate for the utilization of all the good land within its boundaries. Therefore, its crops are in constant danger of destruction from drought and frost.

Practically all the people in this county lived in the Sanpitch Valley which comprises a large part of the county. The valley itself is about fifteen or sixteen miles wide at its northern extremity and its apex dwindles to almost nothing below Manti in the south. It is closed on the east by the Wasatch Plateau, and on the west by the Sanpitch Mountains. Both are wooded. From the north a low dry ridge divides the valley as far south as Moroni giving it the appearance of a valentine heart. It bears southwesterly about 26 miles, where it closes together below Manti.

When the pioneers entered the valley its only available resources consisted of farm and grazing lands and limited amounts of firewood and timber. In spite of the fact that no more than half of the farm land could be fully utilized for want of water and crops were limited largely to cereal grains and hay, more than 18,000 people once made this valley home.

With the population ever growing by natural increase, it was imperative that new resources be found or children of the pioneers would have to seek their fortunes elsewhere. The economy was given a lift when coal was discovered in the mountains on the west side of the valley.

Fortunately there were enough coal miners among the converts from Wales to mine the coal. Accordingly, the little town of Wales in Sanpete County came into being as the home of these miners. Simon Bamberger, later governor of Utah, was enthusiastic enough about coal development in Utah to induce English capital to help him build a railroad into the valley from Nephi to transport the coal out.

But the deposit proved to be "bony" and inadequate. In the meantime, however, another deposit was discovered where the mountains came together below Manti. In 1884, the little railroad was extended to this new field, but it too failed as did the little railroad, and with it went the hopes for a coal industry in Sanpete.

Better luck was had in grazing the Federal domain from the Colorado River on the east to the Nevada state line on the west. A considerable number of the people of Sanpete were made rich through this use, which was entirely free and without limitation of any kind. Thus they were able to stock the range with all the cattle, horses, and sheep they were able to acquire.

This worked admirably for a long time but it was self-defeating in the end because overgrazing was destroying the watersheds and the forage on the range as well. The Federal government finally stepped in and severely curtailed the number of animals on the range and required fees to be paid on the limited number allowed to graze there.

An era of well being and hoped-for general prosperity was coming to an end when Mary Ellen and her husband were married. They had no land, sheep, or cattle, but they were able to build a small home on the hard-pan ridge in Moroni, described above. They lived there until their first child was born, when it became clear to all that they could not support a family on that little, ill-favored plot of ground.

Accordingly, they moved to the orchard and garden spot at the base of the west mountain, where her sisters Eliza, Malona, and Emeline Draper, and their husbands had tried to live when they were first married. This place was called successively: "Pole Canyon," "Lauritzes," and "Jerusalem."

There, nature was on their side and provided them with flour, meat, and vegetables sufficient for sustenance, but not enough to market for others' needs. Lack of water prevented expansion here as elsewhere in semi-arid Utah.

Then along about 1890, new land between the towns of Mount Pleasant, Moroni, and Fountain Green, came under cultivation by reason of a new canal project, from the Sanpitch River at Fairview which was designed to catch the high-waters from the Wasatch Plateau.

Hyrum and Mary Ellen acquired 40 acres of this land, after which they sold out at Jerusalem and settled again at Moroni, in the "Duck Springs" section, where they began farming on a larger scale. Their farm adjoined that of my father, Riley N. Draper. Sometime later, I was allowed, during one summer, to help the Christensens with their crops, but I fear that my services were not top quality for I had developed a sense of futility about the future of farming in Sanpete, and my heart was not in my work. They were tolerant with me, however.

A few years late, I began wandering about the country and lost track of the Christensens until about 1912. They were then living on the Dry Bottom farm and I was spending my honeymoon on my father's old homestead, which I had acquired by purchase. My wife and I took numerous trips into the mountains, and for those trips, Aunt Mary Ellen furnished us many a loaf of freshly baked homemade bread. She and her family were kind, cheerful, and hospitable neighbors. In an interview recently with their son Jack, he reminded me of a great electrical storm that took place, during which a bolt of lightning struck so close to their house, that I rushed over in panic thinking that the family had been hit. Luckily they had not.

Prior to this — at the turn of the century — I learned that Uncle Hy got into the sheep business. In retrospect this seems to have been unfortunate; first, because he had little experience with sheep; second, because Sanpete county had about come to the end of an era of free grazing. The watersheds had been trampled and overgrazed almost to the point of destruction. The local graziers were doing little, or nothing about it. It had taken years to build up their flocks and herds, and to cut them down would mean loss of profits. It was easier to believe that the forage would last forever, than to cut down their herds.

No doubt it was knowledge of the profits enjoyed in the past that caused Hyrum Christensen to seize the opportunity to get into the sheep business when it was offered to him. It was the hope of profits to come that caused him to buy a bigger and better home than they had owned before. It was also his dream to lay a foundation for more security for his children than he and his wife had ever enjoyed.

But he probably did not know nor fully appreciate the hazards that attend the raising of sheep on the open range, nor how to guard against such hazards, nor did he fore-see the drastic curtailment of the use of the range about to be imposed by the Federal Government. At any rate, he failed in the sheep business and was compelled to let his big home go and take up farming again as his principal occupation.

When my wife and I lived near them during the summer of 1912, we knew nothing of their misfortunes with the sheep. They were their usual hospitable and friendly selves. We saw them very little after that summer, but we now know that Aunt Mary Ellen was not well when she was doing little things for our comfort and pleasure. While still a young woman she had the misfortune to tip a large cauldron of scalding water on her legs, causing deep burns from which she never fully recovered. In 1915, she was taken to the hospital at Mount Pleasant to have them operated upon where, her grandson writes, "A blood clot broke loose and she died while talking to grandad (Hyrum) on the telephone." She was only 48 years old.

This was a hard blow to her husband and children. Hyrum carried on alone until all the children, except the youngest daughter, were able to care for themselves. He then married Linda Bradley Ford, who won the love and respect of all his children.

Hyrum was a big, robust looking man, but after a few years with the sheep he began to fail. His legs also gave him trouble. They were constantly swollen. One of his sons described his condition as, "Dropsy in the legs." Hyrum, himself, ascribed his ill health to bad diet and exposure while living on the desert with his sheep—no butter, eggs, milk, or vegetables. In those days winter fare at the sheep herd consisted mainly of "dough-goods," syrup, and coffee. He died August 30, 1930—probably from heart trouble, according to a statement of his eldest son who, himself, died of heart trouble in California, September 24, 1956.

Following is a summary of vital data pertaining to Hyrum and Mary Ellen Draper Christensen and their children:

Hyrum was born December 28, 1865, at Moroni. He married Mary Ellen February 6, 1887, and died August 29, 1930, at the age of 64, at Moroni.

Mary Ellen was born December 25, 1866, at Moroni. She died May 20, 1919, at Mount Pleasant.

Following is a list of their children:

All Born at Moroni

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED
Hyrum Draper	Dec. 25, 1887	Sept. 24, 1956	Caroline Anderson
Archibald Paul	Jan. 18, 1891		Florence Christensen
John Orlando	July 9, 1894		Thelma Hayward
Vera Ellen	April 3, 1897		Lees Syme
Goldie	May 4, 1900	May 7, 1900	
Franklin N.	July 13, 1901		Alida Jensen
Elmina	Aug. 22, 1908		Lavor K. Mower

ALFRED DRAPER

Alfred Draper is one of four survivors of the 52 children of William Draper, Jr. His mother was Mary Howarth Draper. Alfred is now (1958) past the age of 89 years. He was born February 6, 1869, at Moroni, Utah, and lived most of his life there. He is now living in retirement in Salt Lake City.

He was a sturdy tree who grew to maturity under the strict discipline of a mother whom he both loved and feared—feared in the sense that it is said one should fear the Lord. Seldom did she scold or nag him, but she made it clear that wrong doing would be followed by punishment—imposed either by the laws of nature or by herself. To make it more impressive, if she felt that a little corporal punishment was indicated she made young Alfred find a suitable switch with which to administer it. Never did she punish him in anger or vindicatively. Thus, with the knowledge of certain punishment, Alfred got a minimum of whippings and the reward of his mother's love. His children, who look after him with great solicitude, say that he loved and respected his mother above all other women, which love and respect he tried to express by building her a nice brick home when he was only 18 years old.

Alfred was a typical barefoot boy, born in a log cabin and his feet were bare in winter as well as summer. He remembers still, supplying domestic water from the Sanpitch River to his home, some distance away, when he had to pause for breath and stand on his old slouch hat to keep his feet from freezing on the ground.

But through it all, industry, honesty, modesty, sobriety and cheerfulness became a part of his nature which paid dividends all of his life.

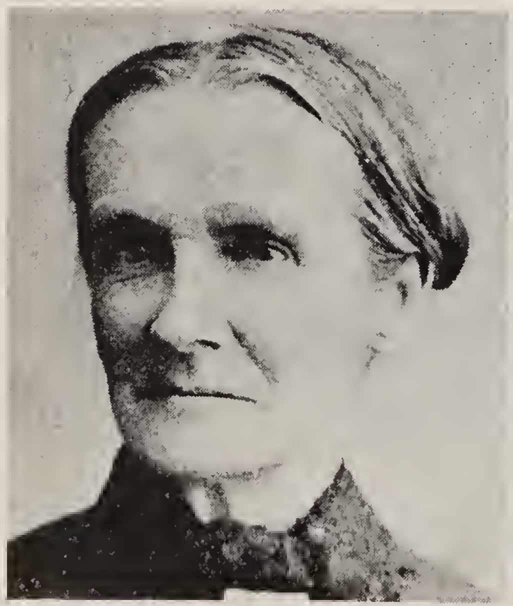
He married Bergetta Peterson November 25, 1891, and like his mother, she proved to be a woman with strength of character. Together they acquired a good farm, close to town, which they made to yield a good living and educational opportunities for their children—eleven in number, as follows:

NAME	BORN	MARRIED	PRESENT ADDRESS
Ellis A.	Nov. 22, 1893	Reba Porter and Ada Gunderson	1672 East 26th St. Ogden, Utah
Adella	1895	Deceased in infancy	
Floyd C.	Oct. 23, 1897	LaVee Neilson	Spring City, Utah
Andrew W.	Aug. 8, 1899	Gladys Johnson	Died Nov. 2, 1952

NAME	BORN	MARRIED	PRESENT ADDRESS
Luana	April 24, 1901	Harry Kendall	1610 South 4th East Salt Lake City
Orlando LeRoy	April 17, 1903	Reath Brotherson	Moroni, Utah
Howarth J.	Jan. 17, 1905	Vera Domgaard	Nephi
Howard J.	Jan. 17, 1905	Rose Beesley	473 4th Ave.
Catherine	Dec. 28, 1906	Waldo Hanson	
Sylvia	Nov. 14, 1909	George Worthington	1629 South 4th East
Oriole	Oct. 20, 1914	Robert Cardwell	1225 NE 55th Ave. Portland, Oregon

The mother of these children, Bergetta, died January 14, 1921, leaving a great void in the life of Alfred and the children, whom he desired to keep together if possible. Five of them were minors and the youngest was six years old. He carried on alone for nearly four years and then married Frances Livingston, November, 1924. She was his faithful companion and helpmate until 1949, when she died, leaving him entirely alone, as all his living children by this time had homes of their own. They, however, have not neglected him. On February 2, 1956, they gave him a rousing birthday party at the completion of his 87th year.

In attendance were his living children and most of his thirty-two grandchildren and forty great grandchildren, and friends and neighbors in great number.



Fanny

Wm. Draper

Ruth Hannah

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

FANNY AND RUTH HANNAH NEWTON DRAPER

Fanny and Ruth Hannah Newton were sisters and the youngest of the plural wives of William Draper, Jr. They were born at Hunslet, a suburb of Leeds, England. As it happens, Yorkshire is the ancestral home of the man they married.

The first of his ancestors came to America in about 1647. The Newton girls followed more than two hundred years later, in 1853, little suspecting they would meet and marry a hometown man, so to speak. Yorkshire provided a fertile field for Mormon missionaries during the early history of the Church. This was especially true in West Riding, the western third of Yorkshire.[1] Three large Mormon families—the Morleys, the Newtons, and the Drapers—all came from West Riding and lived in Utah in an area having a radius of about twenty miles. Many Drapers now living have the mingled blood of these three families.

Lack of records in Yorkshire pertaining to the Newtons has made it difficult to trace the ancestors of that family. Perhaps a reason for this is the fact that the Newtons migrated to Yorkshire after the Industrial Revolution, which began in England after 1770. This was the time the steam engine, the spinning jenny, and other power textile machinery were invented. Transportation was made easy and production of goods increased tremendously, and by 1821 the population of England had increased about fifty percent.

Vital records at Leeds concerning the Newtons suggest that the ancestors of Fanny and Ruth Hannah lived somewhere other than at Leeds prior to about 1775. Their grandparents, Richard and Ann Smith Newton, were married at Leeds Parish Church on April 26, 1775. No record of the birth of either has been found at Leeds, which is some evidence that they originated in some other part of England. Among their children, who were born at Leeds, was Benjamin, the father of Fanny and Ruth Hannah Newton. He married Ruth Whiteley and the couple had the following children born at Leeds and its suburbs:

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[1] The word *Riding* is of Scandinavian origin, and was originally spelled *Thirding*, which means "the third part." However, the combination of *North* with *Thirding* to make *Thorththirding* results in a word which is difficult to pronounce. The English shortened it to *North Riding*, and did the same with *East-* and *Westthirding*.

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED
Jane	April 12, 1821	March 3, 1865 Newcastle, Eng.	William B. Child
Martha	April 6, 1824	Nov. 17, 1854 Salt Lake City, Utah	Thomas Cope
Benjamin S.	May 20, 1829	June 2, 1902	Agnes Brown
Samuel S.	Feb. 28, 1832	Aug. 15, 1882	Elizabeth Burton
Fanny	March 1, 1834 Hunslet, Eng.	March 17, 1907 Moroni, Utah	William Draper, Jr.
Ruth Hannah	April 1, 1837 Hunslet, Eng.	April 14, 1896 Moroni, Utah	William Draper, Jr.

The record of the parents shows that the father, Benjamin, was born January 30, 1792 at Leeds, where he died in 1855. His wife, Ruth Whiteley, was born in 1797 and died June 2, 1837. They were married January 23, 1818.[2]

Ruth, the mother, died at age forty leaving, in addition to her other children, a two-month-old infant, Ruth Hannah. Benjamin married again. His new wife was Mary Smith, born at Kenross, Scotland on October 28, 1803. They did not come to America. Whether this is because the couple had not joined the L.D.S. Church or because Benjamin was in ill health does not appear. In any case, he died two years after his daughters left for Utah.

Fanny and Ruth Hannah were absorbed by the Draper family. Because they lived and worked together throughout almost their entire lives, their biographies are presented here together. They were born and lived during a crucial time in the history of England. The industrial revolution had changed the country over from an agricultural to a manufacturing economy, resulting in great wealth and pomp on one hand and much poverty and misery on the other. There were foul slums in the factory cities, and the curse of child labor was fastened onto the people like a plague.[3] This created a great moral issue, but there is little evidence to show that even the churches were doing anything about the problem. In the midst of these conditions the newly created L.D.S. Church began its missionary work in Great Britain. The working people found a special appeal in its message, which was an offer of freedom from oppression, to come about by the gathering of Saints in the new Zion in America and by a glowing plan for salvation in the life after death. Some of the motives which caused the Puritans to flee to America two hundred years before were again stirring in the minds and hearts of the lowly people of Europe in the middle of the Nineteenth Century. The Newtons were one of these families.

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[2] Much of the above data was derived from research work done by Lillian C. Roberts of Raymond, Canada, and by Thomas Child of Salt Lake City.

[3] A recent novel, *The Tontine*, by Thomas B. Costain, New York, 1955, graphically presents the plight of children at that time.

Fanny Newton was devout by nature and endowed with the gift of faith and the will to believe. Before she, or any of her family, had ever seen a Mormon missionary, Fanny had had an experience which is now legendary among her relatives. As the story goes, at about age seventeen, she failed to appear at the dinner table one evning after being called. It was an offense to be late for meals. Her father ruled the household with an iron hand, and when he noticed Fanny's absence he rose in irritation and marched to her room to bring her down. He pushed her door open without ceremony, but what he saw made him close it quickly and retreat to the dinner table where he announced that something strange was happening in Fanny's room and that she was not to be disturbed until she appeared voluntarily with an explanation.

Fanny did not come downstairs for more than an hour. Then she explained that while she was preparing for dinner she saw her room beginning to glow with a strange light. Then an angel appeared to her and told her that two men would soon arrive at the Newton home bringing with them a message of great importance. The family was thrown into some confusion over this message, but Fanny's father disposed of the matter by saying that they would wait to see whether anything came of it. A few days later Fanny was sitting at her window when she saw two men approaching their gate. She jumped up instantly and went out to meet them. She informed the men that they had appeared to her in a vision and that her family was ready to hear what they had to say. After many more visits and a long course of teaching, the outcome was general conversion of the family.[4]

When they were admitted to membership, the Newtons began planning to join the Saints in Utah. It was about two years before they were able to accumulate sufficient money to pay their passage over. The great day finally arrived, and on February 28, 1853, they set sail for America on the sailing vessel "International" from Liverpool, England. Newtons aboard were registered as follows:[5]

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[4] This is the substance of the story as remembered by Olive and Myrum Draper, two of Ruth Hannah's daughters.

[5] Shipping Files, Church Historian's Office, Room 310.

NAME	AGE
Thomas Cope (husband)	39
Martha Newton Cope (wife)	29
Henry Cope (child)	8 months
Fanny Newton	19
Ruth Hannah Newton	16
S. Newton	37
Sarah Newton	37
Mary Newton	14
Samuel Newton	12
Joseph Newton	3 months

A Captain Brown piloted the ship and supervised the crew and passengers generally, but Elder Christopher Arthur was aboard to make the journey agreeable and spiritually uplifting to the Saints. Elder Arthur first organized the ship into an ocean-going stake of Zion. Then he divided the passengers into eight wards with a full program of Church teachings and disciplines. His program must have been dramatic and effective, indeed. All of the officers and crew of the ship with the exception of three were baptized into the Church during the voyage![6]

From time to time Elder Arthur reported to President Samuel W. Richards. His reports give us an interesting and unique picture of the voyage of the "International". The first report recounts:

> Never, I believe since the days of old Captain Noah . . . has a more respectable company of Saints crossed the wide deluge of waters . . . than has sailed in the International. . . . We have had five weeks of head winds and some heavy gales, in which our good ship was nearly tossed upside down . . . about 1400 miles from Liverpool. But, wonderful to relate, in fifteen days we nearly reached the mouth of the Mississippi, sailing most days at the rate of 220 miles per 24 hours.[7]

The ship reached New Orleans on March 31, 1853, and proceeded up the Mississippi River free from the buffeting of ocean waves. A spirit of good fellowship and gayety pervaded the ship, not only because the group had reached the promised land, but also, because preparations were afoot to celebrate the twenty-third anniversary of the founding of the Church, which took place on April 6, 1830.

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[6] *Emigration records,* Church Historian's Office, Room 310

[7] *Ibid.*

When the celebration day arrived, the forenoon was devoted to a sacrament meeting and to the celebration of four marriages. In the afternoon, something of a pageant was produced, with voices raised in songs of praise and thanksgiving and speeches and recitations. Presidents and counsellors appeared wearing sashes and white rosettes on their breasts. Twelve elderly men dressed in robes with Bibles and Books of Mormon in hand, twelve robed youths, and numerous women dressed in white and carrying scrolls tied with ribbon portrayed and proclaimed a new dispensation of the gospel. The evening was given over to gaiety. Henry Maiben from Brighton, England, had composed a song which graphically and wittily portrayed life aboard the ship and its progress from Liverpool. The celebration ended tripping "the light fantastic toe until a late hour."[8]

Some of the songs, readings, proverbs, and pithy remarks made on that occasion were repeated so often thereafter that they were remembered by Fanny and Ruth Hannah and passd on to their descendants by word of mouth. The following is an "International" song, which, though perhaps imperfectly remembered, still preserves the spirit of that memorable voyage.

On board the "International",
Joyful and light-hearted,
Four hundred European Saints
From Liverpool departed.

English, Germans, Dutch and Swedes,
Tanned and brown as leather,
All were bound by solemn oath
To serve their God together.

In Zion's peaceful valleys,
Purged of bitter gall,
Bound to speak the holy truth,
Or never speak at all.

So sing aloud, ye Saints of God,
In one united chorus,
Old Babylon we leave behind,
And Zion is before us.

To appreciate the ensuing part of the pageant it must be remembered that these passengers had just learned of a new scripture called "The Book of Mormon," which supplements the Bible. They had been taught that both books were recorded by early tribes of Israel, the Bible by the tribe of Judah, and The Book of Mormon by the tribe of Ephraim. With this in mind, it is easier to recreate the picture of the old men chanting:

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[8] Condensed and paraphrased from a report of Elder Arthur to President Samuel W. Richards, *Emigration Records,* Church Historian's Office, Room 310.

Hail, Holy Bible! Text of sacred truth,
Guiding star, and censor of my youth,
I love each line and holy page,
And ever shall from age to age.

Followed by young men gesturing and chanting:

The Book of Judah doth my right hand hold,
The Book of Ephraim doth my heart enfold.

and women with scrolls singing:

Great God, great Father
And eternal King,
My soul's best love
To thee I bring.[9]

The voyage ended at Keokuk, Iowa, where a final check showed that there had been seven deaths, seven births, and five marriages enroute. The passengers debarked and remained at Keokuk until June 3, 1853, long enough to make preparations for the trip across the plains to Utah.

Of the four hundred and twenty-five Saints who arrived on the "International", three hundred and twenty-one were assigned to the company of Joseph W. Young for the long overland trek. Among them were the Copes, with Fannie and Ruth Hannah. Forty-two wagons were needed to transport this group. They reached Council Bluffs safely and rested there until July 11, 1853. Then they struck out over the plains in territory where only the Indians roamed. A few days later, Isaac C. Haight, Emigration Agent at Council Bluffs, followed and caught up with them, reporting to Brigham Young as follows:

> On July 29th we overtook Captain Joseph Young's company in the sand hills between Loup Fork and Wood River and travelled with them to Wood River and stayed over Sunday the 31st. Sister Young's health is very delicate, also Elder Rostron's. After making some repairs we held meeting in the evening. All seemed to feel first rate and rejoiced that they were thus far in their journey enjoying good health, except in the above cases.[10]

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[9] The program numbers above were reconstructed by Olive Draper Andersen and Myrum Draper Lund as they remembered Fanny and Ruth Hannah reciting and singing them.

[10] Emigration Records, *op. cit.*

Wood River is in Nebraska, about two hundred miles west from Omaha. The next report concerning the company was made by Henry Pugh, at Big Sandy, September 22, 1853, to Brigham Young. It appears that Captain Young had gone forward to meet Brigham Young at some point not named, and that Mr. Pugh found the company suffering from lack of leadership. He found that the livestock, particularly the ox teams, were dying for want of grass. He wrote:

> I trust my son-in-law Joseph W. Young has met you ere this arrives and that he will hasten to return to this camp for I am sorry to say things are not going as comfortably as I could wish.

The difficulties were resolved, whatever they might have been, inasmuch as the company reached Salt Lake City safely on October 10, 1853. Fanny and Ruth Hannah seem to have stood very well the long ocean and land journey, but Martha died a year later at the age of thirty, leaving as survivors her husband and their nine-year-old son, Henry.

The next problem of Fanny and Ruth Hannah was to find work. All of their funds had been used up during the eight months it had taken them to get from Leeds, England, to Salt Lake City. Fanny found a place in Draper with Mary Howarth, and Ruth Hannah was taken in by a family in Salt Lake who kept a cow. She was assigned, among many other tasks, that of feeding, watering, and milking the cow. Before milking, it was customary to give the cow a bucket of mash consisting of water in which a portion of "bran" had been stirred. This was known as "slopping" the cow. After a few days of employment in this household, Ruth Hannah was given a bucket of mash and a pail and told to "slop" and milk the cow. An inexperienced dairymaid, she carried out the instructions by pouring the mash over the cow's back. Her employers were furious. They told her that they could not tolerate such stupidity and they turned her out into the streets of the city where she wandered about in despair until she came to the tithing yard on which the Hotel Utah now stands. Forlornly, she sat down and wept. It was raining and she was wet and bedraggled. Just then William Draper, Jr. and his wife drove up with a load of produce which they were going to turn in as tithing. Seeing Ruth Hannah, William stepped down from his wagon, raised her tear-stained face and remarked: "It seems to be raining both inside and out. What makes you so sad?"

Ruth Hannah poured out her tragic story. She didn't know what to do nor where to go. Her older sister, Fanny Newton, had gone to the country but she didn't know where. This aroused Mary Ann, William's wife, for Fanny was living in her home at Draper. She descended from the wagon and assured Ruth Hannah that she would be with her sister before the day was over. Thus it was that Mary Howarth, Fanny Newton, and Ruth Hannah found refuge at Draper under the protection of William Draper and Mary Ann Manhardt at the town of Draper.[11]

Not long after this, William made all three of these young women his plural wives. All of his wives, prior to these, were widows when he married them and as heretofore shown, his taking them was probably influenced by necessities of the time. Six years elapsed between the time he married the last of these and the year when he married the young English women.

Why did he marry them? It must be assumed that he did so to fulfil the requirements of a law of marriage propounded to him by the Church authorities at Nauvoo. It may well be that he had romantic ideas about the matter, and the history of the times suggests that there were some social, economic, and political reasons for the practice.

At this time, the ever-increasing flow of Mormon converts and gold seekers into the valleys created serious problems. Many of the converts were unmarried women and many of the gold seekers were male adventurers. Converts and gold seekers alike centered in Salt Lake until preparation could be made to get the converts placed throughout Utah and the gold diggers on their way to California. The women of Utah, especially the unmarried, were sought after by adventurers. One young man wrote a letter to the editor of the Deseret News which on its face, at least, appeared to be a well-meaning inquiry. He said:

> Can a gentleman of good reputation and character, not of your religious creed, be permitted to associate with your females and enjoy the chit-chat and sociability with them that are usual in the circles of what may be termed good and genteel society of the world at large?

Under date of September 21, 1954, the editor answered the man at length indicating, in effect, that he would have to do more than Isaac of old had to do to win Rebecca, concluding his admonition as follows:

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[11] See Chaper 30.

> . . . there is no female in our Church that stands upon her good name and honor as a Saint . . . that respects herself, her religion and her God, that will freely mingle in the society of any, except those who are soul, body, and spirit, devoted to the cause of the Latter Day Saints.

During 1854, the converts were arriving in such great numbers that Brigham and his counsellors were hard put to it to get them placed as the following notice sent out to all the bishops of the territory plainly shows:

> You are hereby instructed to proceed forthwith, and make diligent inquiry to ascertain who in your ward can take unto their families, or houses, some of the brethren or members of their families, who are now on the road to this land, and give them employment and food until the harvest of 1855 and furnish those who may need it, transportation from this city to their several places of destination.[12]

As bishop of Draper, William received these instructions and made the survey required by them. The people of his ward took their quota of this influx, and some of the men of Draper took full responsibility for some of the single women by marrying them, including William and his brother-in-law Ebenezer Brown.

But no matter what motivated these marriages, they last for life, and in the cases of William and Ebenezer their social consequences to this day cannot be said to be bad. Fanny Newton Draper, all the days of her life looked upon her marriage as the fulfillment of divine law. Ruth Hannah, too, was faithful to her vows and firm in her faith, but she was not as complaisant as Fanny. She reserved the right to criticise anything or anybody who displeased her.

She and Fanny shared the same household, and each was as much a mother to the other's children as if they were her own. There was order in the home, however, and a clear division of labor and duties on the basis of preference and ability. Fanny sewed and patched, made soap and washed and scrubbed the children while Ruth Hannah, with only a minimum of foodstuffs, baked, broiled, roasted and stewed foods over a fire in a dirt-floored fireplace in pots and kettles hanging from hooks and bars, and in Dutch ovens buried in live coals on the fireplace floor.

Edibles and materials for making clothing were unbelievably scarce. A walk of five miles to get just a pan of flour was not uncommon, and small pieces of homemade linsey-woolsey were highly prized. The working day was as long as sunlight, and for the women it was as long as light remained in the fireplace or the flame flickered from a homemade candle. Luxuries were unknown. When the time arrived enabling them to live just a little above the bare subsistence level, self denial had become habitual. It was considered, therefore, a little sinful to covet luxuries, even if they could be paid for. A little incident in Ruth Hannah's life emphasizes this point. Living at Draper she grew rapidly in the knowledge of domestic animals and became expert in the production of chickens and ducks. By fall she had a number of both kinds to sell, and with the help of her husband she took them by ox team to Salt Lake City to trade them for necessities. She managed to sell the lot for cash, after which she and her husband went to shop around town. In the store of Gilbert S. Harris, much to William's consternation, Hannah's eyes fell on a neatly framed looking glass, which she wanted to buy even more than food, clothing, or pots and pans. This mirror was the first decent glass she had seen since she had left England. William tried to dissuade her from buying such a luxury when bare necessities were so badly needed, but Ruth Hannah said, "If I have to, I'll go barefoot and hungry, but I'm going to buy that looking glass." William gave in. But it was a wise investment after all, inasmuch as the mirror became a morale booster for the whole family. Today that same glass is in the possession of her daughter Myrum, now eighty-three years old (1958), who cherishes it as her dearest keepsake.

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[12] Reported in the *Deseret News,* June 28, 1854.

Just as soon as any of the children of these families were able to do anything at all they were pressed into family service. Their chores gave them a sense of responsibility and equipped them to survive in a hard world. In most cases they went barefoot until they were able to buy shoes for themselves. Yet they were not unhappy. They used to dance and sing and invent their own amusements. Almost unknown to them, were such delicacies as oranges, bananas, nuts and candies, but they had substitutes. They found carrots and potatoes, especially those touched slightly with frost, wonderfully sweet. No pampered palate of today can appreciate the goodness of a peeled thistle, a plump sego bulb, a lush carrot or a frosted potato, especially a "mashantic" potato with white and purple flesh. The individual accounts of their children, portray such matters in more detail.

Following are lists of their children:

Children of Fanny Newton Draper

NAME	BORN	PLACE	DIED	PLACE
Emaline	June 8, 1855	Draper, Utah	Oct. 7, 1926	Moroni, Utah
Riley Newton	May 7, 1857	Draper, Utah	Mar. 14, 1927	Moroni, Utah
Martha Jane	Feb. 6, 1859	Spanish Fork, Utah	Jan. 3, 1933	Preston, Nevada
Lois	May 8, 1862	Spanish Fork, Utah		Boise, Idaho
Althera	July 29, 1864	Spanish Fork, Utah	Aug. 1, 1934	Burbank, California
Marvin C.	Feb. 5, 1867	Moroni, Utah		Ruth, Nevada
Fanny Louisa	July 14, 1870	Moroni, Utah		Idaho

Children of Ruth Hannah Newton Draper

NAME	BORN	PLACE	DIED	PLACE
Almira	Sept. 22, 1855	Draper, Utah	1875?	Moroni, Utah
Kimball	July 21, 1857	Draper, Utah		Moroni, Utah
Barnabas	Sept. 4, 1859	Spanish Fork, Utah		Moroni, Utah
Joseph O.	March 19, 1861	Spanish Fork, Utah		
Amos	March 4, 1863	Spanish Fork, Utah	1944	Moroni, Utah
Tranquilla	May 16, 1865	Moroni, Utah	Dec. 11, 1948	
Ruth Hannah	Nov. 22, 1867	Moroni, Utah	May 22, 1950	Salt Lake City, Utah
Launy Olive	Nov. 29, 1869	Moroni, Utah		
Chester	Sept. 22, 1873	Moroni, Utah	(infancy)	Moroni, Utah
Myrum	1875	Moroni, Utah		

Daniel and Emmeline Draper Cook

EMMELINE DRAPER AND DANIEL HENRY COOK

Vital Statistics

Emmeline Draper was the first child of William Draper, Jr. and Fanny Newton. She was born June 8, 1855, at Draper, Utah. She moved with her parents to Spanish Fork in 1858 and then to Moroni in 1864. She married Daniel Henry Cook, October 3, 1872. She was the mother of seven children. She died October 7, 1926, at Moroni, Utah.

Her husband, Daniel Henry Cook, was son of William Newman and Elizabeth Heard Cook, born December 1, 1850, at Gold Hanger (suburb of London) Essex, England. He was baptized a member of the Mormon Church September 18, 1863, and came to America in 1867, with an older brother, Charles. He met and married Emmeline Draper in 1872. He died May 23, 1911, at Moroni, Utah.

Following is a chart of their children:

NAME	BORN	PLACE	DIED	MARRIED
Lilly May	June 9, 1874	Mill Creek	July 23, 1875	
William Newman	May 4, 1876	Moroni		Elsie Brotherson
Charles Riley	August 4, 1878	Moroni	Dec. 24, 1943	Hannah Monson
Edna Estella	March 10, 1881	Ft. Green	Feb. 8, 1938	C. T. Christiansen
Clara Blanche	March 21, 1883	Ft. Green	Jan. 23, 1948	Will Manley Irons
Chloe	April 25, 1885	Ft. Green		Gilbert Bailey
Macel Evella	April 11, 1888	Moroni (Jerusalem)		L. Wilford Tidwell

MY MOTHER AND FATHER

by

Chloe Cook Bailey

Emmeline Draper Cook was born June 8, 1855, in Draper, Utah. She moved to Spanish Fork with her parents when a small child. Then she went to Moroni to live with an older brother, Henry, when just a little girl. When she was nine years old, she lived with a Frost family in Spring City and told us many exciting stories of Indian raids. The people of the little community were under martial law at that time, and no one went out alone to work in the fields. Everything was done in companies.

One story remains vividly with me as nearly as I can remember, as mother told it. Things had quieted down for quite a long time, and the men ventured out alone to bring in their crops. It was early one summer morning that Sister Frost sent Mother out to climb on the corral shed to see if she could see Brother Frost and his son coming home with their load of hay, as breakfast was ready and waiting for them. They had gone out at the break of dawn feeling that the safest time to work. While she was on the shed a man came riding fast through town on horseback shouting "Indians!" All women and children were ordered to the meeting house where they were kept all day long. A few older men were left to guard them while all the rest of the male members went to protect their cattle and horses and fight the Indians. I believe one man, a Brother Meeks, was massacred that day. He and his daughter had gone into the fields that morning for a load of hay. The daughter was made to watch them scalp her father, then was set free, unharmed.

While still a young girl, Mother went to Salt Lake City to work. She lived with Mr. and Mrs. Reed, an eastern couple, who were in Salt Lake during the big railroad and mining booms. They offered to adopt Mother and educate her if she would go with them back home. She said they had lots of money, and she was sorely tempted, but felt that the Lord was always present to protect her at such times.

When she was in her teens, she went to Draper to live with Jim and Ellen Green,[1] a childless couple, and dear friends of the family. We always knew them as Aunt Ellen and Uncle Jim. While she was with them, a friend of Aunt Ellen's, who ran a hotel and boarding house at the point of the Mountain, a few miles south of Draper, induced Aunt Ellen to let Mother go work for her as she was sorely in need of help. The railroad was being built south of Salt Lake, and most of the activities were centered there. It was while working there that Mother met Father. He was following the railroad, and shoeing the horses for the stages. He invited Mother to go into Draper to a dance one evening and she, having been taught to beware of all strangers, refused to go unless another couple went with them. So the landlady's son and another girl who helped with the work went along.

It was customary for everybody to take a stroll during intermission, so the four of them went for a walk. The other couple quietly fell behind and then disappeared, this having been pre-arranged by father and the other young man, then Father proposed to Mother, and refused to take her back to the dance until she promised to wait for him. He was leaving the next morning and told her he would be back for her as soon as he could return from his work. A year went by before she saw him again. Then he came for his answer. Mother was just 17 years of age in June of that year, 1872. They were married in October in Salt Lake City.

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[1] Ellen Draper Green was a daughter of Zemira and Amy Terry Draper.

They lived for some time in the mining camp then called Lewiston, later known as Mercur. Mother told us many thrilling stories of the rough life there. She said she was so frightened being alone while Father was at work at his trade as mechanic for the mines, that he moved her to Mill Creek, South Salt Lake, where their first baby, Lilly May was born.

Travel at that time was very hard, and they had been married more than a year, and none of Mother's family had met Father. Rumors were carried out to her parents by freighters and the few who did get from the city to Sanpete County, that she had married a stranger who followed the railroads, and, of course, they were all wicked men, so poor Grandmother was beside herself with worry and finally tied up a small bundle of clothes and set out for Salt Lake City, getting rides along the way whenever possible with freighters, etc. She finally arrived and was overjoyed to find that Father was a real honest man and had come to Utah from England, a convert to the Church. He was baptized a member in Gold Hanger, Essex County, England, his birthplace, in 1863, at the age of thirteen years, and when he was seventeen, he came to America with an older brother, Uncle Charlie, to earn money and help their parents to follow later.

Grandfather Cook was a master mechanic and wheelwright, and his three sons were apprentices under him and followed that trade when they came here.

After Grandmother's visit to Salt Lake, Father and Mother went to Moroni so Father could meet her family and Father was so enthralled with the country and the free style of living, that they decided to remain. So he set up a blacksmith shop and followed that profession in Sanpete County the rest of his life.

The baby girl, Lilly May, died the first year of their life together in Moroni at the age of thirteen months. The two boys, Will and Riley, were born in Moroni. Father was doing a business and had so many farmers bringing their work to him from the neighboring town of Fountain Green, that they finally persuaded him to move up there and set up his shop. While in Fountain Green, the three girls, Estella, Blanche and Chloe were born. Then father bought a ranch at the foot of the mountains three miles west of Moroni where Macel was born.

Father always wanted to be a farmer in the country, although he knew nothing about it, and after three years of trying, he went to the San Francisco mining district, near Milford, Utah, as a horseshoer for the stages and freighters following the railroad being built out there, leaving Mother and the boys who were only about eleven and thirteen years of age, to run the ranch. While he was gone, Mother sold the place or made a trade with an Uncle Hyrum Christensen for property in Moroni, where she could have her children in school. So Father set up his shop again after his work was finished with the railroad, and they became an integral part of the community the rest of their lives. Father and Mother both loved music and were good singers. The evening was never complete at the large family parties or get-togethers unless they sang a certain duet that was a favorite of all the relatives. Father also played the concertina and accordian. Mother used to tell us how he would go out in the front yard on summer evenings and swing his concertina and it would draw the neighbors from all around for an evening of entertainment.

Mother was a wonderful seamstress and took great delight in sewing for her four growing girls. She would sacrifice most anything in order to have us all dressed up in pretty finery for the Fourth of July celebration, which was the great event of the summer in those pioneer days. I've known her to sew by the lamp light until dawn for such occasions, sewing for neighbors and friends, also. In fact, Mother always thought you could do anything if you tried hard enough, and wanted it badly enough. At one time she painted our entire home climbing the ladder to paint the fancy gable ends and cornices of a two-story home, mixing her own paints and colors, and it was really a work of art. She used to paint pictures on glass, also.

Both Father and Mother were always ready to help the sick, both being well adapted to nurse those in need. Father was called into most every home when the diptheria plague was so bad in Fountain Green. He and William Johnson of Fountain Green did most of the nursing and caring for the sick as doctors were hard to get in those days. I remember distinctly as a little girl, when a very bad epidemic of diptheria was in Moroni. Death was in so many homes. Father used to go in and help so much, and he and Mother would wash and lay out the dead. They kept clothes out in the granary to put on before coming in the house to us children. The townspeople were in a terrible fright through the spread of the deadly disease. It is imprinted on my memory yet of one Tom Cloward running and screaming, "Oh, Dan, Oh, Dan," for Father in the middle of the night. The town marshal lived across the street from us, and they had forbidden anyone from entering the homes for fear of spreading the disease. Father went with Mr. Cloward, but the marshall went along to prevent him from entering the house. The little child had died with its mother fainting away and alone inside. Father stood by the window and instructed the parents how to prepare their little girl for burial. Then in the darkness of night, Father and Mr. Cloward took a lantern and the coffin and buried the child. This happened often that terrible winter. A cousin died the same way. Father and two uncles buried her by lantern light in the night. Even after the turn of the century, 1902, Father was called down to Redmond, Sevier County, to help with a diphtheria epidemic.

In May, 1906, Father was called to fill a mission. So he sold a portion of his land and departed for England. He was sent to the London Conference which made him very happy, because he had the privilege of laboring and visiting the place of his birth and visited with his eldest sister who had never joined the Church, and whom he had not seen since he left as a boy of seventeen years. He converted several members of her family to the Church. He was shown old church buildings where Grandfather had made the hinges and locks and they were still in use.

Mother was a good saleslady, and bought a horse and buggy and sold suits, dresses, wall racks and other commodities, traveling all through Sanpete County to help keep Father on his mission. She also had the front room of our home plastered and painted, paying for it out of her earnings. This she kept as a surprise for Father on his return.

Father returned in May, 1908 and just three years later, May 23, 1911, was stricken with a cerebral hemorrhage while on his way to the pasture for his cow. He died just two hours later. Although he was only 60 years of age, he lived a full active life right up to the hour he was called to his final rest.

Mother died October 7, 1926, having also spent a well-planned life, having been active in every organization of the Church. She served in the Primary presidency for many years, eleven years in the YWMIA, as president, Primary Stake worker, YWMIA Stake Worker, Relief Society visiting teacher most of her life.

She was young at heart and a wonderful companion to her daughters up to the very last. She surely earned a peaceful rest and reward in Heaven.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE AUTHOR

My first recollections of Uncle Dan and Aunt Emmeline Cook go back to the time when they lived at the base of the San Pitch Mountains, which were known to most of the people of Moroni as the West Mountains. The little community where they lived consisted of not more than a half dozen families. It had no name, but was always referred to as "Lauritzes," probably because Lauritz Christensen was the first to settle there. Later it became unofficially known as "Jeruselum."

It was a pleasant place to visit, because cherries and berries, apples, peaches, pears, plums, apricots and melons grew in profusion, while in the valley below hardly any fruit could be grown, and because the inhabitants, knowing the fruit hunger of the valley dwelling children, were liberal in allowing them to have their "fill."

Uncle Dan had a shaggy, black dog with some white marking, which I thought then, and still think was a wonder. His name was Romeo. (Uncle Dan, being a Londoner, was familiar with the writings of Shakespeare and made us acquainted with a considerable amount of English culture). We had a dog named "Spring." He was an excellent farm dog, but he was as far behind Romeo in education as we were behind Uncle Dan in culture.

One lazy Sunday afternoon old Romeo lay sleeping under an apple tree. Uncle Dan leaned over him and said: "Romeo, it's about time to get the cows down from the mountains." Romeo rose slowly and shook himself and then looked up at Uncle Dan with sleep-reddened eyes, as if to assure himself that he had received an order. Uncle Dan said, "Well, what about the cows?" and Romeo trotted off toward the mountains. He was gone upwards of two hours and I thought it foolish to expect him to come back with cows, but just as the sun was setting the steady clang of a couple of cow bells registered on our ears and presently the cows and Romeo came in view with Romeo carefully nudging them on and keeping them pointed in the right direction. When he arrived at the corral, a count showed all cows present. I was a child of 6 or 7 years, but I think the visiting adults were more surprised than I by this feat.

A trivial incident, which persists in my memory, involved a four year old cousin with whom I used to play at this place. He was younger than I, but nearly as large, but he was still nursing at his mother's breast. I thought that this was something less than manly.

When the Cook's moved to Moroni they lived in the next block east of us. I was a constant visitor there. Here they had no fruit to draw me to them, but there was Uncle Dan's blacksmith shop where the anvil rang and the sparks flew excitingly. "The smith, a mighty man was he, with strong and sinewy hands." By this time I was in school and I always thought that Longfellow had Uncle Dan in mind when he wrote "The Village Blacksmith."

Then there were the girls and Aunt Emmeline in the house—the boys, Will and Riley, were a little too old to play with me. I may have been a pest to them, but if so they did not make me feel so. Blanche, especially, used to dimple and close her eyes in laughter at my lame witticisms.

It was the musical instruments which they owned that intrigued me most, especially the organ. On its music rack there were organ lessons for beginners, and alone, without the help of a teacher, I learned to read notes and to play simple tunes (mostly one finger) on this marvelous (to me) instrument.

Uncle Dan and Aunt Emmeline were strong for "higher education" which in my home was regarded as somewhat superfluous. I remember an occasion after my mother's death when my father and I came home from evening services with them. They then had their daughter Estella attending the Snow Academy, which was something out of the ordinary for our little farm community. My father thought this was a useless expenditure and might have some unfortunate results, but he was confronted with strong rebuttal. None of them knew how interested I was in that argument and none of them knew how fervently I hoped for opportunities to continue in schools beyond the grades.

My father was sufficiently impressed by the rebuttal statements to say that he could not see what use a higher education could be to a girl, but that it might be of some use to a boy. That was wonderful news to me, for I knew how he felt about education. He recognized the necessity of the fundamentals: reading, writing and simple mathematics, but he felt that the grade schools could teach as much of these subjects as was needed.

He made some points that I have lived to learn may have validity. Unless students enter schools of higher learning with a burning desire to serve themselves and the world better than they could possibly serve without such higher learning, then they are likely to come out with their will and desire to work impaired and with tastes which they cannot satisfy.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, depending on the point of view, my father, who had a large second family, was unable to help me through high school and college, but I shall never forget that wonderful evening when he admitted that a university training might be all right for a boy.

Although Uncle Dan was a true Britain by birth and training, he became a genuine and enthusiastic American by adoption. On the Fourth of July when we celebrated our successful throwing off the yoke of England, it was inspiring to see him on a float, under the stars and stripes firing broadsides from cannons of his own making, in token re-assertion of our Declaration of Independence.

He likewise remained firm in conversion to the Church which caused him to come to America, and for which he performed a mission in his last days, made possible by a faithful and loving wife, who, when past middle life, assumed the role of breadwinner for the family while he was away.

Eliza Petersen and Riley N. Draper

CHAPTER FORTY

RILEY NEWTON DRAPER

Riley Newton Draper was born May 7, 1857, at Draper, Salt Lake County, Utah. He was the son of William, Jr. and Fanny Newton Draper. In the fall of 1857, when they moved to Spanish Fork, where they lived until 1864, when they moved again — this time to Moroni, Sanpete County, Utah, where they lived the rest of their lives.

Riley was seven years old when he arrived in Moroni and from that time on he had to help support his mother and her other children, because of the reverses suffered by his father in this last move, and because of the extraordinary size of his family.

But there was a spirit of mutual helpfulness existing among the members of that family notwithstanding its size and diversity.

Parly Pine Draper, a son of William's first wife, Elizabeth Staker, was a married man when the family settled at Moroni. He was also a seasoned frontiersman and pioneer with the advantage of youth and vigor on his side. He felt compassion for Fanny Newton Draper, the sixth wife, and her young children. Accordingly he took young Riley into his home, gave him employment and trained him in the care and use of animals and the business of farming.

This relationship proved to be so satisfactory that when Riley felt ready to strike out on his own, Parley presented him with a fine team of horses. Riley's elation was great, but it ended too soon in deep disappointment. He felt like a man, but in fact he was still in that period between adolescence and manhood. His father looked upon him as a boy, fully subject to a father's will and in the interest of the family as a whole, he took Riley's team and disposed of it as he thought best.

Whether Riley offered resistance to this procedure is not known, but he did not forget the incident because it became known to his own children as an example of the type of control parents had over their children in his time. Whatever his reaction was at the time, he lost no time bemoaning his fate. He was both Spartan and fatalist, so he went to work, harder than ever, to repair his fortunes.

It was not long until he developed romantic interests. He fell in love with Margretta Morley whose background was much the same as his own. Her ancestors, and Riley's joined the Mormon Church soon after it was incorporated. These families met first in Kirtland, after which they followed the Saints in all their wanderings until both families finally settled in Sanpete. Margretta's grandparents were Isaac Morley Sr. and Lucy Gunn. Her parents were Isaac Morley, Jr. and Cynthia Abiah Bradley. The Bradleys were also early converts and leaders in the Church.

Joseph Smith, the founder of the Church, knew them all well. He usually referred to Isaac Morley, Sr. as "Father Morley." A couple of entries in his journal in 1844 show his easy acquaintance with the Morleys and the Drapers:

> Sunday, May 20, 1844. Emma (his wife) started for St. Louis to purchase goods. I rode out with Dr. Bernishel and my boys. Frederick and Alexander, to the prairie which is now very green. Elder Brigham Young and Woodruff rode to Lima and spent the night with Father Morley . . .
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> Monday, May 22, 1844. Elders Young and Woodruff started for Nauvoo, but on account of a tremendous storm of hail and rain, they were glad to take shelter at Brother William Draper's where they spent the night.[1]

Isaac had founded a place known as Morley's Settlement in Illinois and William Draper, Jr. had founded a place known as Pleasantvale, but he was living at Green Plain, between Carthage and Nauvoo at the time the above entries were made. When they got to Utah, "Father Morley" settled Manti and "Brother William Draper" became the first bishop and a founder of Draper.

In temperament the Morleys seem to have the gift of faith, while the Drapers tend somewhat more to independnce of thought and action.

Riley and Margretta were married January 2, 1879. She was a model wife and mother—even tempered, tolerant and devoted to her husband and children. Prior to marriage, her life had been somewhat easier than Riley's, because her people got into Sanpete in 1849 and had a first choice of land and water, while there was not much left to choose from when the Drapers arrived in 1864. In addition to a farm, Margretta's father, Isaac Morley, Jr. was a mason and builder, and therefore able to provide a good home, such education as was available in the community, and the necessaries of life to his children.

Riley, on the other hand, had scarcely any formal education and nothing but his hands and a will to work to offer to his bride. Wage labor at that time would not bring more than $1.25 for twelve hours.

Nevertheless, he faced the future with optimism and confidence. Not long after they were married there began to be talk about constructing a new irrigation canal from the Sanpitch River to irrigate some unclaimed land between Fairview and Fountain Green. Relying upon this talk Riley immediately filed upon a homestead between Moroni and Fountain Green. To perfect a title to this land he had to pay filing fees and live with his family on it continuously for four years.

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[1] History of the Church, Vol. 6, page 342.

This he did, and in the meantime he had to earn money to support his family. First, he built a log cabin with a dirt roof on the land to house his growing family, then he took a job as a section hand on the narrow gauge railroad that ran through the valley. He left home before daylight and did not get home until after dark and he worked seven days a week for the sum of $1.25 a day.

There was no income from the farm, and there could be none until the canal reached the land and he could buy water to irrigate it. Furthermore, there was sage and rabbit brush on it so tall that horses could hide in it. This all had to be removed before crops could be planted. To accomplish this he had to suspend work on the railroad and grub and burn brush as long as the family could subsist on the pennies saved from the railroad job.

Later he tried sheep-shearing in the spring. The pay was based on the number of fleeces shorn in a day. This work was seasonal, but it gave a much better return than current daily wages. Thus by degrees a portion of the land was cleared with the help of all members of the family old enough to render assistance of any kind, and in due time the canal was ready to carry the water a distance of more than ten miles to the land.

But water was not free. Its cost was almost prohibitive and obviously this family, of which I was a member, had no money at all. Our only hope was to borrow, but there were no Utah institutions at that time prepared to make loans against undeveloped farms. There were, however, foreign loan companies ready to lend limited amounts on this type of security at an interest rate of twelve per cent per annum.

This was a fair example of free enterprise in the so-called gay nineties—wages $1.25 for a twelve hour day and the use of money twelve per cent a year. We borrowed $5,000.00 for which we had to pay $600 each year. At $1.25 a day my father could only earn $450.00 if he worked 365 days. Clearly then, the new farm had to produce $600.00 a year, plus a living for the family or we were sunk.

Fortunately the land proved to be exceptionally fertile. The first year we planted most of the cleared land in Touse wheat—a tall, slow growing grain. Frost hit it before it was ripe and all that we harvested was shrunken, light weight kernels, fit only for animal fodder. The next year we got a faster maturing club-head seed. It matured and promised more than forty bushels to the acre, but while it was drying in shocks the rains came and continued to pour down upon it until the wheat began to sprout in the shocks. Every time the rain ceased the whole family turned out to turn the bundles around to air and dry. No sooner was it dry enough to stack and thresh than rains descended again.

I was but a small boy, but I fully appreciated the tragedy to the family if our crops were lost again. My mother, Margretta, was blessed with a gift of faith. She had a sense of the nearness of God and the joys of heaven—so friendly and inviting—that I once asked her why we could not go there at once and be free from the worries that beset us. She replied that it was God's purpose to put us on our own to struggle against adversity that we might learn the difference between good and evil and through experience acquire some God-like qualities ourselves; that he was always near and could be approached through prayer. Accordingly, she taught her children to say simple prayers, the most familiar being:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
Save me Lord, for Jesus sake.

I neither expected to die before morning, nor did it occur to me that I needed saving after death, but now that our earthly existence was threatened, the idea did occur to me that a prayer for temporal salvation might not go unheard. My anxiety, not only for myself, but for the whole family, was so great that I knelt among the shocks and in words of my own—for the first time—fervently prayed for Divine intervention. But the sky remained black and brooding and continued so throughout the next day. I prayed again, more fervently, and near the end of the day, it happened. The sky did not clear, but toward evening most of the manpower of the town of Moroni, three miles away, left their homes, the barbershops, confectionery stores, taverns and gathering places, as if by common impulse, to avert a disaster. A long train of wagons, equipped for hauling grain, and manned by men and boys in holiday mood, approached and spread over our farm. Immediately grain bundles began to fly from shock to wagon with a rhythm beautiful to behold. In an amazingly short time, the whole crop was on the wagons and the golden cargoes were headed for the threshing lot, and before midnight four proud, high stacks stood ready for threshing.

In the morning, the same gay crew was on hand to finish the job. Sturdy horses were hooked to a rotary power machine. They began a circular march like circus horses in a ring. The sharp-toothed clyinder in the mouth of the thresher began to whir, and immediately the rhythmic flow of bundles from stack to machine commenced. But the machine coughed and shuddered and threatened to stop. The damp bundles caught on the cylinder teeth and clogged. A sharp command went up to the men on the stack to slow down. The feeders ripped loose the bundles in the cylinder teeth and began to spread the bundles more carefully before they hit the cylinder teeth. There was doubt that the damp grain would separate from the chaff and straw. Anxious eyes were on the spout from which the grain was expected to emerge. Finally it began to flow out in a golden stream and a shout of relief went up. All day long it flowed and before nightfall it was safe in a dry granary, needing only to be stirred from time to time to prevent it from sprouting again.

I never told anyone of my prayers. I was afraid of ridicule or praise, or both. I realized that what had occurred might have happened regardless of my prayers. Mutual helpfulness was a part of the Mormon code and had been the basis of their very existence from the time the Church was founded. The people of Moroni were undoubtedly aware of our plight, but the timing of their action made it seem that a miracle had been wrought; and, so it had, as I think now, to the extent at least that God implanted in their hearts a sense of brotherly love and compassion.

Thereafter, for a time, our situation steadily improved. The family unit was well adapted to a farm economy. By 1894, seven children had been born—two girls and five boys. Two of the boys were twins, but one of them died of diptheria in 1885. The remaining six were still too young in 1894 to be of much use, but time promised to cure that.

Time, however, brought sorrow and hardship. The eldest son, the remaining twin, died of typhoid fever in 1894, and three years later, the mother, Margretta, died at the age of thirty-six. That was stark tragedy for us, and particularly for father Riley. Emotionally, he was torn asunder, and practically he was faced with almost unsolvable problems. Laverna, the eldest daughter, was seventeen, and I, the eldest living son, was thirteen years old. The youngest child was only three. Neither Laverna nor I proved equal to what was expected of us. She had reached the age when boys were her principal concern, and I could develop no taste for farming. My case was diagnosed as pure laziness.

Thus situated, Riley had to be father and mother and manage a farm that could well absorb the labor of a half dozen adults. There were just not enough hours in the day for one man to do all the things that had to be done on the farm and at the same time supervise the things that had to be done in the home. But he struggled on to the full extent of his strength—which was great. All the while his sisters and friends were urging him to take another wife for the sake of his small children. This he did October 19, 1898. Shortly thereafter, Laverna married and moved to a home of her own, and I also struck out for myself, but not without a guilty feeling that I was running away from my duty. For this I tried to atone by giving my father three hundred dollars of my first earnings.

His new wife was Eliza Maria Petersen. She was young, vigorous and no stranger to work, but her new status was not enviable. In the beginning, she was confronted with all the possible frictions that usually arise between a step-mother and step-children. After the departure of the two eldest children she had only the three youngest children to deal with. One was a boy four years old; one was a girl, age ten, and the other was a boy of twelve. To her credit, it must be said that she did a good job and in spite of minor friction she gained the respect and loyalty of all of them.

In 1899, she bore a child of her own and in succeeding years seven others were born to her. She brought them all to maturity and all of them are still living. Her loyalty and devotion to her husband, and the loyalty and devotion of her children to their father was outstanding. All of them practiced thrift, suffered privations and labored hard with a minimum of complaint. Between them and the children of the first family good relations have always existed. None of them, I think it fair to say, ever brought shame to their parents because of unbecoming or unlawful conduct. Considering the lowly position from which they began, most of the children have attained more in life than was expected of them by people more fortunately situated.

Riley had definite ideas about the future of his children. He believed it to be slightly less than honorable for individuals to seek to live by their wits. He had mild contempt for people who sought to avoid manual labor and so it was his hope to secure enough land to enable each son to settle down beside him and engage in the ancient and necessary business of farming. With that in mind, he bought additional tracts of land whenever he could, but, ironically enough, not a single son became a farmer and not a single daughter became a farmer's wife. They went in for mining, carpentry, salesmanship, postal service, stocks and bonds, banking, teaching, law and Government service. They probably never knew how much their father suffered as he watched them drift away. On the other hand, he probably never knew how much they yearned to be free from drudgery without reward, or hope of adequate reward. They loved his kindness and integrity, but they began to doubt that his dreams of a more abundant life for so many, could ever be fulfilled on the farm.

Some of them also thought that his standards of honor and fair dealing were a little too ideal for this world. No matter what others asked for the products of their labor, he held to the standard that he was entitled to no more for his products than the sum of his necessary production expense and a fair wage for his labor. I once heard him refuse a buyer's offer for his grain on the ground that it was more than his costs and labor warranted. He then made a lower counter-offer, whereupon the astonished buyer closed the deal at considerable profit to himself. It seems strange that he was no more affected than he was, when people from whom he had to buy didn't treat him the same. The seller usually fixed the price on a take-it-or-leave-it basis, knowing well that the buyer would have to take it. Thus he had no bargaining power whatever. It is strange, therefore, that he succeeded in life as well as he did.

From the time he was born, until about 1890 the Church had guided its people in all their affairs—temporal and spiritual. They had tried cooperative and communal living, but gradually they began to fall in step with business practices of the whole country where competition was said to be the life of trade and the best known business maxium was, "Let the buyer beware!"

The first generation born in Utah had little opportunity to learn anything about the functions of the Federal government in Washington, but by 1890 it was becoming apparent to the people of Utah that laws passed in Washington could directly affect business and industry throughout the nation. Laws imposing high tariff rates on the advantage of the producers and dealers at home, but perhaps to foreign goods could exclude such goods from the domestic market to the disadvantage of buyers who must purchase such goods no matter what the price.

The wisdom, or lack of wisdom, of high tariffs was very much in issue at the very time the Church had concluded that its members should play a greater part in national government. A national Democratic party was formed in Utah in 1891, which was soon followed by a national Republican party. Every citizen of Utah was urged to join one or the other of these parties by zealous campaigners for each party. It was a new experience for most of the people and Riley was no exception. He knew little or nothing about government or politics. But he did know that he was struggling with debts bearing twelve per cent interest per annum, and the old maxim that "God helps those who help themselves" was beginning to take on new meaning.

Tariff was the main topic of discussion. A tariff to raise revenue for government expenditures was favored by all, but tariff to protect business and industry was hotly opposed by all speakers for the Democratic Party and warmly supported by adherents of the Republican party.

Congress for years had run the gamut between high and low tariff laws until 1882, when the party in power thought the whole matter could be more wisely handled by a tariff commission composed of experts. Accordingly, a nine member commission was established. Unfortunately every member was a Protectionist and four of them were connected with great protected industries. It is not strange, therefore, that tariff rates were upped in 1883, and an extensive educational program was commenced to convince laborers and farmers that high tariffs produce higher wages and greater buying power and hence prosperity for all and not just for protected industries. This brought victory to the protectionists in ensuing elections, but by 1890 disillusionment had set in and high tariffs began to kick back.

This bit of history was scarcely known to the rank and file of Utah citizens in 1891 when they were urged to join national political parties. Riley joined the Democrats and helped to elect Grover Cleveland in 1892. He remained a Democrat all his life.

Those were the days of the great torchlight parades and impassioned oratorical rallies. They were thrilling events for the youngsters. I attended them all. The Republican parades seemed to be more colorful and pretentious. Many of my young friends belonged to Republican families and I confess that I was impressed by their rallies. I began to think that my father had made a bad choice in joining the Democrats. So one day I asked him why he chose to join them. His reply surprised me. "I am afraid," he said "I can't give you a very good answer. I have no education and only limited experience. I have always lived in the country and have never been in a large city. I know only the people of my own small world. My notions of right and wrong are derived from them. Some are disposed to sacrifice much for the common good, while others seem determined to succeed even though in doing so they impoverish their neighbors." He continued:

> I observed how they lined up when they were advised to join a political party of their choice. Most of the men who were already in favored positions, or trying to get there, went Republican. The large sheep and cattle men whose advantage lay in the free use of the public domain for grazing; the merchants and those who owned and controlled all public services who were in a position to take more than a fair profit if they so desired, and most all who were fortunate enough to be employed by them seemed to fall on the Republican side. On the other hand, the small farmers, cobblers and small, independent artisans, and common laborers of every kind seemed to fall instinctively into the Democratic ranks, I belonged among them and while I was as anxious as any to succeed, I felt that my choice lay between helping to promote the general welfare or seek my own special advantage to the disadvantage of others. For what it is worth, that is how I became a Democrat.

That was my first, partially understood lesson in political science. I have given the subject much thought since and I never could shake the idea that there was some truth in my father's point of view.

Religiously, his views were as pure and uncomplicated as his economic and political beliefs. His conduct revealed an instinctive and natural belief in God and the brotherhood of man, but I never heard him expound religious dogmas to anyone, although as he grew older, he took an active part in Church classes and ward teaching which probably gave him a better understanding of the tenets of his faith. He apparently believed in man's free will as taught by the Church, because he made no objection to our attending other churches. I, at least, was a regular attendant at the Protestant Mission Church in our community—after attending the Mormon Sunday School first.

Although he was born in poverty and schooled in adversity, he was a man of natural refinement. There was order and good manners in our home based upon recognition of the rights and sensibilities of others. We were poor to the point of destitution, but our egos expanded somewhat in finding others in worse circumstances than ours. Emigrants were still coming in from Europe. Among them were skilled artisans, but there were also some of feeble or slightly unbalanced minds, in whose presence we could feel superior. We laughed at their strange tongues and tantalized the "crazies," but once caught in this kind of sport by our father, we were brought to a sudden and permanent halt. He would have none of it. In time, we learned that the emigrants were our equals or betters, and that "making fun" of the mentally unfortunate was degrading to ourselves.

The foreigners proved to have a keen and subtle sense of humor, as well as a fine spirit of tolerance. In time as their use of English became more facile they excelled in telling dialect stories at their own expense. Miss Ida Petersen, daughter of Stake President, Canute Petersen, and wife of Dean Thomas A. Beal of the University of Utah, could convulse an audience with tales in dialect of the doings of her own people, and Tony Lund, son of Anthony H. Lund of the First Presidency of the Mormon Church, excelled Ida in imitating the Scandinavians of Sanpete County.

We all enjoyed these diversions, but life for us remained a struggle for existence, and we were not allowed to forget the mandate that bread should be made and eaten in the sweat of the brow. By the turn of the century higher education was becoming available in the rural districts, and to some this seemed to offer opportunity to escape from the toil and drudgery of farming and manual labor.

Father had little sympathy with this point of view. To him, people who shunned manual labor were either downright lazy or inclined to be parasites in the economy. He was probably misled to some degree by lack of information, but there was some truth in his deductions. Formal, higher education almost uniformly resulted in making white-collar workers out of farm boys and girls. Even those who attended vocational and agricultural schools preferred white-collar jobs after leaving school, which meant that they contributed little or nothing to the solution of farm problems, by reason of which many farmers came to feel that it was not worthwhile to make sacrifices to get their children into institutions of higher learning. Those were the days, too, when the self-made man was in the ascendent. Abraham Lincoln did not go to college, neither did Joseph Smith, the Prophet, yet in the minds of the people of Utah, few men ever reached greater heights than these two.

As the years rolled by, Riley's views expanded and he was able to see more clearly the relationship between mental and manual labor, and the wider aspects of individual and social living. He was honored in the community where he lived for his industry, integrity and tolerance. He was loved by all his children for the example he set them all his life and for the impartial justice with which he dealt with them all.

It is difficult to appraise a life accurately and without undue sentiment, but the following lines may serve as a sincere summary of Riley Newton Draper. They were written by me sometime after he died, but long before the writing of this book was completed:

Father

In the sterile, sun-baked valley
He swung his grubbing hoe,
While by his side, his children
Heaped the brush, and thought it fun
To watch the flames, at evening,
Light the sky.

It took five years of bending toil
To break the grip of age-old sage
On eighty, arid acres; to dig canals
To carry water to the thirsting grain
Until it waved upon the gray expanse,
A golden sea of gladness
And of hope.

The crop was ripe for harvesting,
But when the reaper came,
The mother who had borne the strain
Of want, and work, and motherhood
Fell ill and died.

A line of dusty wagons followed to the grave
Where clods of earth and alkali
Fell with hollow thud upon the coffin box.
A prayer was said, a marker placed,
And cactus flowers were planted
On the grave.

Dazed and mute, the swinger of the hoe
Bent his back and carried on.
By force of will, he drove his hands
To tasks untried and new,
And though his grief was masked
His voice grew thick, when little eyes
Turned up to him with welling tears—
And questions.

Lines of care crossed lines of pain,
But still he worked as if he saw
The broken threads of life unite again.
For thirty years he sowed and reaped
And shared the bounty of his land, and heart,
With others.

And then one spring he died.
Tense at heart, but tearlessly,
His children bore him to his grave
And laid him by their mother.
They planted iris by the cactus flowers
And went their way.

The dearest ties are cut
And yet they walk, as he had walked,
Unmoved by hurts and ills . . . If darkness comes,
The sky is lit with fires of sage
And in the light, a deathless figure stoutly swings
A gleaming, grubbing hoe!

Delbert M. Draper

Vital Statistics

Riley Newton Draper, born May 7, 1857, at Draper, Utah. Died March 14, 1927, at Moroni, Utah. Married Lena Margretta Morley, January 2, 1879.

Lena Margretta Morley, born April 29, 1861, at Moroni, Utah. Died August 18, 1897, at Moroni, Utah.

Eliza Maria Petersen, born June 20, 1874, at Moroni, Utah. Married Riley Newton Draper, October 19, 1898. Died December 26, 1928, at Moroni, Utah.

Children of First Wife

NAME	BORN	PLACE	DIED	MARRIED
Margretta Laverna	January 2, 1880	Moroni, Utah		Orson Eliason
Riley Philemon	January 9, 1882	Fountain Green	1885	
Riley Philetus			1894	
Delbert Morley	May 7, 1884	Moroni, Utah		Frances Rogers
Roswell Newton	Sept. 15, 1886	Moroni, Utah		1. Zelma Smith 2. Ada Bills
Fanny Abiah	Nov. 23, 1888	Moroni, Utah		Unmarried
Sherman Lavell	August 12, 1894	Moroni, Utah		Lucylle Christenson

Children of Second Wife

NAME	BORN	PLACE	DIED	MARRIED
Eliza Irene	October 22, 1899	Moroni		Julius Hovinghoff
Andrew Maiben	December 18, 1900	Moroni		Della Ruish
Riley Clinton	September 23, 1902	Moroni		Florence Magnuson
Marvin Peterson	March 17, 1904	Moroni		Minnie Belliston
Anna Lena	January 9, 1906	Moroni		Unmarried
Nida Emeline	June 19, 1909	Moroni		1. Alden Draper 2. Lee Redmond
William Allen	April 3, 1912	Moroni		Delores Titus
Dennis N.	September 14, 1916	Moroni		Evelyn Dazily

Riley Draper and Family about 1892

MORONI TABERNACLE
Moroni Tabernacle. Moroni Utah 1906

Chapter Forty-one

MARTHA JANE DRAPER

Martha Jane Draper was the second daughter born to William and Fanny Newton Draper, April 16, 1859, at Spanish Fork, Utah, and the second wife of Zephaniah Richmond Bradley, whom she married April 6, 1876, at Moroni, Utah. She died at Preston, Nevada, January 3, 1933.

Zephaniah was the son of George Washington and Betsy Kroll Bradley. He was born at Manti, Utah, April 7, 1851. He died at Preston, Nevada, January 5, 1933, where he and Martha Jane were buried the same day. They had the following children:

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED
Zephaniah D.	March 16, 1877 at Moroni	May 18, 1935 at Ely, Nevada	Manette Simonsen
Wm. Clifton	February 11, 1879 at Moroni	Nov. 9, 1935 at Las Vegas	Emma J. Terry
Almira Jane	May 12, 1881 at Moroni		A. O. Cloward 397 East 5th S. Vernal, Utah
Carson	July 2, 1883 at Moroni	Jan. 23, 1947 at Preston	Eliza E. Leavitt
Louisa	Feb. 1, 1886 at Moroni	March 31, 1891 at Moroni	
Abiah	June 21, 1888 at Moroni	July 26, 1889 at Moroni, Ut.	
Jos. Riley	August 4, 1889 at Moroni	Aug. 12, 1926 Preston, Nevada	
Royal Everett	May 20, 1892 at Moroni	April 18, 1927 Ely, Nevada	
John Wells	July 25, 1895 at Moroni		Vina Dye 110 Pacific Ave. Alemeda, Calif.
Othello Carlyle	March 5, 1898 at Moroni		Maggie Windows Ely, Nevada

Zephaniah was first married to Almira Draper, the first daughter of William and Ruth Hannah Draper, who was born September 22, 1855, at Draper, Utah. This marriage took place .... 1873, and unfortunately Almira died about a year later.

Aunt "Art," another sister of these girls, described the two and Zephaniah, poetically as follows:

Almira: A maiden fair with
Rosy cheeks, sky-blue eyes,
And Golden hair.

Martha Jane: A damask rose,
With sparkling eyes and
Jet Black hair.

Zephaniah: His eyes were black,
His hair was fine; countenance grave,
But Genuine.

The writer never had the pleasure of knowing Almira, but he has the most vivid recollection of Aunt Jane and Uncle Zeph from the time he was old enough to know anything until they died. Their home was two or three miles south of Moroni and built on the gentle, southern slope of Squaw Hill. The house of red brick contrasted pleasantly with the towering green poplars growing on the banks of a canal running in front of it.

The yard in the rear separating the house from the barns and outhouses was a light shale stone which drained readily and was free from mud up to the top of Squaw Hill. The hill itself was full of mystery with its glittering mica, or isinglass, as we called it, and Indian relics so numerous that an archeologist might conclude that hill itself must have one day been an Indian fortress. It was literally covered at one time with fine specimens of beautifully formed flint arrowheads.

We waded in the canal and played on the hill in the summer and coasted down its steep northern slope in the winter, and there were none to shout, "stop it!" or "don't! don't!" And in the house there was good will and food for hungry youngsters.

Family parties were something to remember in this house. I remember a New Year's Party which began in the day with games and feasting and dancing to the music of a fiddle, a harmonica and a banjo, which progressed well into the night when someone suggested that there be no let-up until the sun rose on the New Year. It was agreed, and no one agreed more heartily than the kids who should have been in bed for some time.

Our parents tried to persuade us that we must have our rest and that we could not keep awake all night even if we tried. This we met with hoots of derision. The matter was finally settled by allowing us to stay up on condition that we should not be allowed to go to bed until the party broke up. This we agreed to most heartily.

We capered and cut-up outside the house and in, until about one o'clock a. m., and after that the whole affair had lost its charm. We yawned and rubbed our eyes and looked longingly at the beds covered with hats and wraps. Our elders winked at each other and urged us to go outside and play "run-sheep-run" or some other lively game. We couldn't comply and we couldn't refuse and thus we moved or sat in a semi-stupor until the break of day when they relented and put us to bed.

Since that time I personally have sat up all night with the sick or the dead, but I think that none of us among those who suffered through the last half of that night so long ago has ever sat up all night just for a lark.

By 1898 Aunt Jane and Uncle Zelph had a family of six boys and their little farm under the canal was wholly inadequate to maintain them all. None of the children had any training except for farming and household arts.

Almost all the families of Utah were land hungry in 1898. They were looking for land everywhere for their growing families. Migration to all the surrounding states and to Old Mexico and Canada was taking place.

The L.D.S. Church, to which most of these families belonged, was well aware of the need for new lands and industrial opportunities for its people and accordingly began to promote new industries and acquire new lands in and beyond the boundaries of Utah. At about the turn of the century the Church acquired three large ranches in the Steptoe and White River Vallies of White Pine County, Nevada, which it converted into typical Mormon towns. One was on Cherry Creek, about two miles northeast of Ely, Nevada. George Morley, my mother's brother, was made its first Bishop. The town was christened Georgetown. Two settlements were made in the White River Valley about 40 miles south of Ely. One was named Preston and the other Lund.

The people of Lund came largely from Utah's Dixie under the leadership of Thomas Judd. The water to sustain it rose from several springs at the foot of the mountains on the east side of the valley.

The stream that gave life to Preston rose to full capacity from a single spring from the valley floor. It was too warm to freeze over in the winter and never a willow or tree grow on its banks. A thirsty prospector would hardly be aware of its existence unless he stumbled on to it by chance. The town was settled principally by people from

Moroni. I do not recall who presided as its first Bishop, but to all intents and purposes Zephaniah Bradley became its leading high-priest, and his wife Martha Jane Draper was its matriach.

They moved to Preston in the spring of 1898 and in the spring of 1899 I joined them, having walked most of the way driving milk cows and cattle for my Aunt Marilla Morley and her husband John Sorensen. I was then only fifteen years old. It was my first trip outside the State of Utah and I was full of excitement and anticipation. We prepared our meals over open fires and I slept on the ground. When we reached the great Pavant Valley, I awakened at dawn in my bed surrounded by sage, and when I arose to look about I could see a forest of black pines in the distance, and noiselessly bouncing toward it, in high graceful leaps, a magnificent herd of deer, traveling tandem fashion. As the light increased, the forest and the deer disappeared altogether. I had just seen my first mirage, as I was informed when I gave my incoherent statement of the phenomenon to the rest of the party.

There was never a dull moment on this trip. One day as I walked barefoot in the dust of the road I thought my eyes were deceiving me. In front of me lay a big fat walnut. Was it real? In Moroni walnuts were a luxury which only rich people could afford. I picked it up and examined it. It was clean and fresh. I broke it open and its meat was golden enticement. I nibbled it slowly to make it last, but before I was through enjoying it another one appeared before me on the ground. I picked it up and put it in my pocket to save for a treat later on in the day, but nuts began to appear periodically with such regularity that my pockets could not hold them, so I waited for the wagon to overtake me to give everybody a treat.

In the evening we came upon two large freight outfits, camped by the side of the road. I asked them if part of their load was walnuts. And they said, "yes, why?" I told them how I had found nuts scattered along the road. A brief inspection showed that a large hundred-pound sack of these nuts lay on top of the load, rubbing against a wagon bow until a hole was made in the sack, allowing first one nut to escape, and as the hole grew larger, their loss and my pleasure increased. They thanked me for the information and "guessed" that I had been sufficiently paid for it.

A day or two later, while passing through a mountain defile called Death Canyon, I came upon the freshly abandoned camp of a sizeable group of Indians. Their campfire was still smouldering and fresh moccasin and horse tracks gave me a notion as to the number in the party. I had no desire to meet them alone, so I held up the cattle until my own party reached me.

Distances between watering places were great. Our wagons were equipped with water barrels, but they needed filling often for so many people and animals. Water was usually free where we found it, but on the last leg of our journey before reaching Ely, a Mrs. O'Connor had a monopoly on all the available water. She had piped it down to the highway from a distant mountain spring and whoever sought to drink or carry it away had to pay for the privilege. My cattle smelled or sensed the water as we approached it, so they hastened their pace and began bawling in anticipation. To my surprise, when we reached that water there stood Mrs. O'Connor on guard with a rifle. There was a glint in her eyes and determination in the lines of her leathery face sufficient to scare off more than a fifteen year old boy.

We learned later that cattle rustlers and other lawless characters sometimes let their cattle and horses drink up her water and then refused to pay for it. Our emigrant train soon pulled up and while she was satisfying herself that our intentions were honorable, a swarthy "Portugee" rode up with a look more menacing than that of Mrs. O'Connor. We learned that she owned cattle which lived on the open range winter and summer and that the murderous looking "foreigner" was her cowboy and general protector. We inquired what it would cost to water our cattle and horses and to fill our barrels, and having been advised we tendered the amount demanded. Things immediately took on a more friendly aspect and the incident settled down into something to tell our grandchildren in the years to come.

A couple of days more brought us to Georgetown and Ely. It was pleasant to see our people at Georgetown and a real surprise to find a small city in the middle of nowhere, blazing electric lights and modern conveniences, although its nearest railroad connection was more than 125 miles away.

But we had to press on. We had been on the road more than two weeks and still had forty miles to go. We followed Cherry Creek southward toward the high mountain peaks from which the waters of Cherry Creek came and as we skirted it on the west we ran into the most dense and extensive pinon and juniper forest I had ever beheld.

We made our camp in it one night and cooked our meals over fragrant cedar and pine-knot fires, which lighted up a circle among the trees and cast sharply outlined shadows about until I who had no training in art wished that I might capture the scene on canvas forever.

The next day we reached Preston and met Uncle Zeph and Aunt Jane and all the rest of the Moroni people in their new log—pioneer cabins. To my young eyes everything looked most promising. With my cousin Carson Bradley I was soon chasing coyotes with a large hound that could outrun them and break their backs with a single bite of his powerful jaws. There was also an Indian village not far away where we found pleasure and excitement talking to the young "bucks" and in learning something of Indian lore.

Because of the attitude of the Mormon people toward the Indians, inspired by the Book of Mormon and church doctrine, a friendly bond existed between the Bradleys and the red men. Aunt Jane employed and paid them for work in and around her home and Uncle Zeph became a sort of patron saint to all of them. A little Indian boy who had been left an orphan, they adopted and raised as their own. Out of him they made a Latter Day Saint and a patriotic citizen. He enlisted for military service and went overseas in the armies of Uncle Sam during the Frst World War, where he was killed in action. No child of their own was ever more sincerely mourned.

I too was a semi-orphan. My mother died in 1897, and for that reason, I also, got special attention. They thought I ought to have a tract of land in the new settlement, which gave me a sense of pride because they were treating me as an adult. Accordingly I went over the available lands which might still be purchased and under the guidance of an older settler, found a 40 acre tract which might be made valuable.

I let my intention to acquire it be known, but that was a mistake. Land after all was very limited, and a young married man, I was informed later, thought it unfair that an unattached kid should have it when he could use all the land that was still available. He, therefore, rode off to Ely and contracted to buy it himself. I was disappointed and perhaps a little bitter, but it turned out to be a blessing in disguise.

After that I spent some time wrangling wild horses in the Steptoe Valley and tending a stage station on Robinson Summit between Ely and Hamilton, Nevada, and acting as a relief driver on the stage line. After a year, homesickness took me back to Moroni where I was inspired to make higher education my goal. After a profitable winter in the 8th Grade under Ezra Christiansen, I returned to Nevada with a load of freight and after selling the load, I went to visit with Aunt Jane and Uncle Zeph.

By this time it was apparent that agricultural opportunities were no better at Preston than they were at Moroni, as far as the oncoming generation was concerned. Aunt Jane, however, was not prepared to concede this to be a fact. I attended Church with her and to my surprise they sang "Nevada the Queen of the West," The words were a paraphrase of "Utah the Queen of the West," and it seemed to me a defensive effusion in song.

Two of the Bradley boys, young Zeff and Will, together with other Preston men, had just concluded a contract to cut and deliver cordwood from the great forest, above mentioned, to the Chainman Mills where the ore crushing machinery was run by steam, generated by burning wood. The contract was completed just a day or two before Christmas 1901 and we all began planning to return to Preston for the holidays. The morning we left, we were gay—too gay in fact. When the last load of cordwood was delivered at the mill the driver procured a couple of cases of liquor to take back to camp, and while we were preparing our breakfast, in the sharp winter air, everybody had a drink. Indeed many of the boys continued drinking after we were on the road. What began as a joyous occasion turned out to be a sorry affair and most of the participants spent the holiday in misery and repentance.

Uncle Zeph and Aunt Jane treated the affair with great tolerance and understanding and did what they could to restore tranquility to the community. They were always engaged, it seems, in ministering to someone else. At the time, they were fully occupied in trying to restore Thomas Blackman to health. He, too, had come out with a load of freight and had contracted pneumonia from which he sought relief at the Bradley home. He was mortally afraid that he was going to die, and upon learning that I was returning to Utah he begged me to allow him to follow with his team so that if he did die it would be at home. He got home all right, but that is another story.

I saw Aunt Jane and Uncle Zelph only once after that until they died. They returned to Utah for a visit in about 1923 and it was my pleasure to take them on several sight-seeing trips in my new Columbia car.

Martha Jane Draper and Zephinian Bradley

Then early in January of 1933, I received word that they had both died at about the same time and would be buried on the same day. I needed no urging to pay my last respects in person, and in less than a day I covered the ground that had taken me more than two weeks to cover thirty-four years before. Upon arrival at Preston, I was sad and depressed. The little place had hardly grown at all and the hope that had buoyed the people up when they first settled there seemed to be gone.

I viewed the faces of these dear, dead, departed with sorrow and compassion and followed their bodies to the only chapel in town which turned out to be a shrine to their memory. It was small, but new and sturdily built and I learned that it had been brought into being largely through the efforts of this couple alone.

Their coffins were the product of living neighbor hands. They were made of native lumber and covered with white "factory cloth," decorated with such materials as were available in this remote village.

Soon the mourners began to assemble. First there were the survivors of the family and the inhabitants of the town, followed by an unusual assortment of what appeared to be strangers. There was the District Judge, his clerk and the District Attorney. There were humble people from Ely, Ruth and other towns in the Steptoe Valley. There were dozens of Indians wrapped in their native blankets and a few women in fine furs which they drew closely around them to avoid brushing the Indians, and perhaps most unusual of all there was a Greek singer down from the "Line" in Ely.

In due time the services began with notes from an organ so wheezy as to be disquieting, but the voices of a small choir along with more subdued tones from the organ tended to restore tranquility.

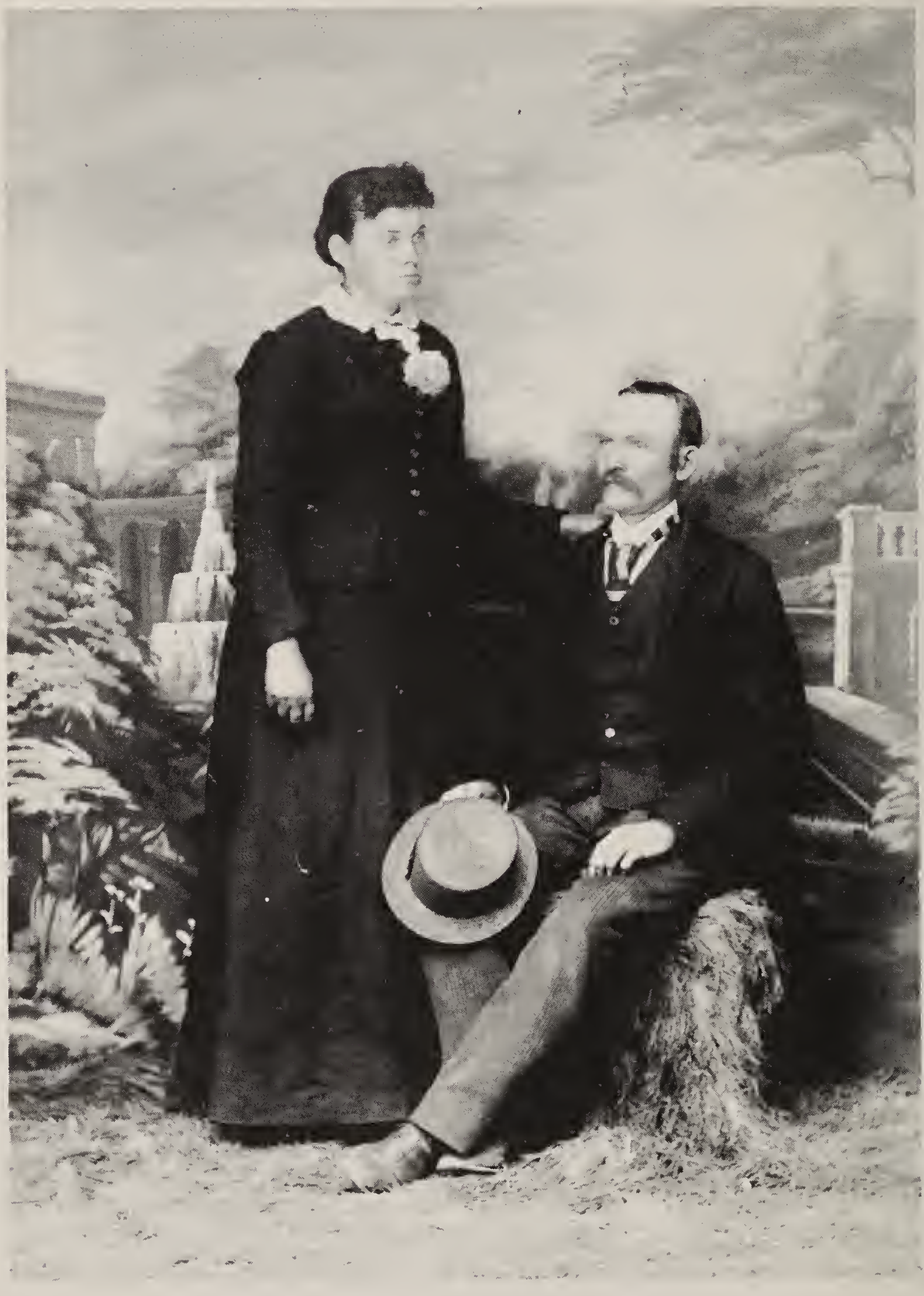
The reactions of the audience were mixed. Some sat as if to say, "My presence here is forced." Others were all humility, while an air of curiosity shone on the faces of many of the non-Mormons.

After a humble prayer and a song, a brother of Aunt Jane, Marvin Draper, who was a merchant at Ruth, and had been a tavern-keeper, rose to say his last farewells to his deceased sister and her deceased husband. Those who knew him were surprised to see him in this role, for he had probably never made a public speech before in his life. But he rose to the occasion with such dignity and feeling that it was hard for many to keep their tears back and their emotions in control.

He was followed by the Greek singer who sang, "Lay My Head Beneath a Rose." Whatever the merits of this song may be as art, it was rendered in such a manner as to impress even the Indians and to bring forth more tears.

Then a sun-blackened farmer, Peter Jensen, who was an original pioneer at Preston, rose with his calloused hands hanging loosely beside him and began to speak. I for one wondered what he might say that would move this audience of many faiths and different cultures. But it soon appeared that he was in no wise concerned with such a problem. To him they were just a group of human beings—all the sons and daughters of God. He was full of desire to portray two lives which were as perfect, in his estimation, as human lives can be. His hope was to assure his hearers that God is in Heaven and that He has such regard for His children that everyone must attain peace and eternal life if he can love his fellow men and show it in deeds as well as it had been demonstrated by the humble couple lying in death before him.

As he spoke, the first thing to be noticed was that the backs, stiff and erect with pride, had slumped and heads held too high were bowed as if in shame; curiosity had left the faces of the curious, and faces that were humble and serene (in the first place) shone now as if with hallowed light.



Lois Draper Bruno and husband William

Chapter Forty-two

LOIS AND FANNIE LOUISA DRAPER

Lois and Fannie Louisa Draper were two fine daughters of William and Fannie Newton Draper. They were cousins of Lydia Palmer Bruno, whose story appears in Chapter ...., and they were also her daughters-in-law. Lois married William Bruno and Fannie Louisa married Robert Dan Bruno. These boys were Lydia Palmer Bruno's sons.

Other marriages took place between Draper and Bruno descendants. Susanna Draper, daughter of Thomas and Mary Mosier Draper, married Wm. George Palmer, a son of Phoebe Draper Palmer, and Clara Bruno, Phoebe's granddaughter, married Albert Draper, a son of Phoebe's brother, William Draper, Jr.

These intermarriages no doubt caused some eyebrow lifting, but on the whole they were happy marriages and the children resulting therefrom were well up to the average of non-related parents.

Lois Draper was born at Hamburg, Fremont County, Iowa, January 8, 1854, to Lydia Palmer and Anthony Bruno, Sr. Lois and William were married January 1, 1880, at Moroni, Utah, where they lived for five or six years and then moved to Caldwell, Idaho. Sometime after 1890, they moved to Boise, Idaho, where they both died. He died January 16, 1931, and she died some years later, exact date unknown.

Following are their descendants as far as known:

NAME	BORN	PLACE	DIED	PLACE
Lois Gertrude	Oct. 13, 1880	Moroni	Feb. 23, 1924	Idaho
Fannie Luella	May 18, 1883	Moroni	Dec. 7, 1885	Moroni
Lucy Maud	Aug. 30, 1885	Moroni		
Robert Franklin	June 20, 1888	Caldwell, Idaho		
Riley Clifton	March 5, 1890	Caldwell, Idaho	Mar. 9, 1890	Idaho

Only two of the foregoing children had issue. Lois Gertrude married Albinos Nance Kimmell in 1896 at Boise, Idaho. They had the following children:

NAME	BORN	PLACE	MARRIED
Everett H. Kimell	Feb. 14, 1897	Boise	Lois
Adrian A. Kimmell	1900	Boise	Vera Prescott
Lois Katherine	July 1, 1911	Boise	
Marjorie Louise	Dec. 20, 1912	Boise	

Lucy Maude Bruno married James A. Buchanan in 1902. They had the following children:

NAME	BORN	PLACE	MARRIED
Franklin Monroe	Sept. 5, 1904	Boise	Alberta ....
Varletta May	June 1, 1906	Boise	Frank Petty
Delora Elaine	Dec. 21, 1909	Boise	Sidney G. Haughton
William Alfred	Sept. 1, 1913	Boise	
Vera Agatha	Jan. 5, 1916	Boise	
Gertrude	March 23, 1920	Yakima, Wash.	

FANNIE LOUISA DRAPER

Fannie Louise Draper, sister of Lois Draper, was born July 14, 1870, at Moroni, Utah. Her husband, Robert Dan Bruno, was born at Hamberg, Fremont County, Iowa, April 14, 1865. They were married by Theophilus W. Randall, a Justice of the Peace, at Boise, Idaho, September 28, 1890.

The following are their descendants, as far as known. Their children were all born at Boise:

NAME	BORN	DIED	PLACE	MARRIED
Robert Dan Bruno, Jr.	Feb. 1, 1892	Feb. 4, 1892	Boise	
Emmett Lee	Sept. 15, 1893		Boise	Alma Larsen
Fannie Irene	Dec. 12, 1895		Boise	Joseph H. Fackrell
Chester Carson	April 5, 1898		Boise	Nora O. Reynolds
Audrey Lois	Mar. 14, 1900		Boise	Lyman M. Fackrell
Scott, Ruel	Jan. 24, 1902	Oct. 1, 1902	Boise	
Florence Helen	Nov. 5, 1903		Boise	Barzilla Pruett
Phoebe Elaine	May 26, 1907		Boise	Theo F. Roark
Marvin Anthony	Mar. 21, 1909			

Grandchildren

Children of Emmett Lee and Maxine L. Bruno:

Maxine L. Bruno, born January 18, 1922, at Kuna, Idaho.
Bonnie M. Bruno, born March 8, 1925, at Notus, Idaho.

Children of Fannie Irene and Joseph H. Fackrell:

Florence Elaine, born January 29, 1913, at Boise, M. Frank D. Haines
Cleo Althera, born December 15, 1914, at Boise
Gerald Erwin, born December 10, 1916, at Boise
Francis Lyman, born April 18, 1918, at Boise
Inez Evelyn, born March 17, 1921, at Boise

Carl Elbert, born January 20, 1923, at Boise
Robert Kenneth, born September 1, 1924, at Kuna, Idaho
Fred Quinton, born May 28, 1926, at Kuna, Idaho
Stanley Earl, born April 2, 1928, at Kuna, Idaho
Margary Louise, born April 7, 1934, at Kuna, Idaho

Children of Chester Carson Bruno:

Robert Nathan, born November 9, 1923, at Kuna, Idaho
James Niel, born November 20, 1928, died November 30, 1928.

Children of Audrey Lois and Eugene M. Fackrell:

Eugene M., born August 10, 1919, at Boise, died August 10, 1919
Alvin R., born June 29, 1921, at Boise
Madeline, born September 4, 1923, at Boise
Vivian L., born September 2, 1925, at Boise
Edgar Lyman, born July 30, 1927, at Boise
Donald LaVern, born July 31, 1929, at Boise
Joseph Richard, born August 23, 1932, at Boise

Children of Florence H. and Barzilla Pruett:

Velma Laraine, born May 22, 1922, at Boise
Zella Arlene, born March 15, 1924, at Boise
Florence Louise, born May 9, 1926, at Boise
Earl Frederick, born July 14, 1928, at Boise
Catherine June, born June 29, 1930, at Boise
Harold Lavaun, born August 21, 1932, at Boise

Children of Phoebe Elaine and Theo F. Roark:

Grace Loretta, born November 28, 1926, at Kuna
Marcel Evella, born May 29, 1928, at Kuna
Donald Robert, born December 9, 1929, at Kuna
Anthony LeRoy, born October 13, 1931, at Kuna
Joyce Luella, born March 22, 1933, New Plymouth, Idaho
Dorothy Elaine, born April 24, 1932, at New Plymouth, Idaho

Louise Draper Bruno and husband Robert

Chapter Forty-three

JOHN AND ALTHERA DRAPER DYE

John and Althera Draper Dye were married at Moroni, Utah, in about 1884. Soon after the turn of the century they moved to Arizona and lived in various mining towns: Jerome, Prescott, Bisbee, etc. For many years they kept in touch with their kin in Utah by correspondence, but finally all correspondence ceased and mail sent to them was returned.

After a number of years, Marvin Draper, a brother of Althera went to Arizona to search for her, but his search was futile. In about 1934, the writer, being in Arizona on business, made a similar search at Jerome, Prescott and vicinity, but their names were no longer remembered there.

Then in about 1950 the following information was received from Burbank, California:

> Mr. John H. Dye is interred in Lot 2, Section 5364, Block F. His birth occurred December 4, 1859. Date of interment, September 21, 1944. Valhalla Memorial Park, No. 39, Valhalla Drive, Burbank, California.
>
> Althera M. Dye is interred in grave 3, Section 5364, Block F. Valhalla Memorial Park. Date August 1, 1934.

John Dye had a brother William. They were both born at Attleboro, Norfolk, England. After they came to America they met two sisters, Tranquilla and Althera Draper, whom they married at about the same time in 1884. A brief record of William and Tranquilla appears on page .... herein.

John and Althera had the following named children, all born at Moroni, between about 1885 and 1895: Willis, Fanny, Sadie, Vivian (a boy) and Lillian.

It is regrettable that the full record and story of this family is not available at present, but the interest now being shown in family history may discover the above named children and their descendants.

Althera Draper Dye and husband John

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR

MARVIN CARSON AND MARY NIELSEN DRAPER

Marvin Draper and Mary Nielsen created good will and bonds of friendship, almost universally, among all the people they ever met. They loved each other and had a genius for friendship.

He was the only full brother of Riley Newton Draper, and the son of Fanny Newton and William Draper, Jr. He was born at Moroni, Utah, February 5, 1868 and died August 11, 1934.

Mary, his wife, was born August 6, 1867, at Fredrickshaunt, Jutland, Denmark, near the city of Aarhaus. She died at Moroni, Utah, May 14, 1950.

They were married November 4, 1885, at Moroni and between that date and March 21, 1913, they had 13 upstanding sons and daughters, with the same fine qualities possessed by their parents. All these children are alive today, except the first and the last. They are:

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED
Marvin Clarence	October 1, 1886	December 18, 1881	
Mable Cecilia	November 19, 1888		Chas. Henry Smith
Stanley James	October 18, 1890		Mary B. Lafler
Lucille	November 4, 1892		Cyrus Earl Hutton
William Clayton	November 14, 1894		Georgia Anna Ball
May Delora	October 26, 1897		Theodore T. Hall
Ferry Carson	August 25, 1898		Margaret M. Ewles
Charles Ellwood	June 27, 1900		Bessie C. Sorenson
Laura	August 9, 1902		Lewis S. Williams
Clara	November 9, 1904		John D. Dastrup
Sidney Allen	September 21, 1906		Emma L. Gibson
Douglas Dallen	January 2, 1909		Phyllis R. Whipple
Glen Harris	March 21, 1913	November 9, 1937	

It is generally recognized that young women are usually attracted by by men somewhat older than themselves, and as a rule they marry men from one to ten years older than themselves. But in the case of Marvin and Mary, he was more than a year younger than his bride —and only 17 years old at that when he married her.

Mary was a good looking blonde, Danish girl who had had better opportunities for education than had Marvin and she certainly did not marry him for his money, for his parents had almost nothing and he was too young to have accumulated much in the poor community of Moroni at the age of 17.

But Marvin had good looks too and a strong healthy body and a most optimistic outlook on life. These circumstances and their happy life together prove that they were meant for each other, as the old saying goes. It will also be noted that Mary outlived her husband by many years in spite of the fact that she was a little older than he and produced 13 healthy normal children. Their experience, together with modern statistics, prove three things: (1) That women outlive men; (2) that childbirth is no deterrent to long life, in a normal woman; (3) That for a long married life together the wife should be older than the husband.

Soon after marriage Marvin acquired a 40 acre tract of farming land between Moroni and Ft. Green, but he could not see much future in farming in the Sanpete Valley, especially for later comers, because the water resources of the valley are inadequate and the seasons are short, and besides, he seemed to have more of a bent for business. At any rate, he went into business in operated taverns, restaurants and mercantile businesses in Moroni, Ft. Green, Salina, in Utah, and at Ruth, Nevada, for the rest of his life.

Wherever they were, he and Aunt Mary kept a most hospitable home and all manner of people used to barge in upon them unannounced, where they always got a warm reception whether their home was big enough to accommodate their large family and the guests, or not. If they were annoyed by such intrusions, the guests never found it out—on the contrary they went away feeling that they had given pleasure to their hosts.

There was no close relative of this family who could not say that at one time or another he had not been helped in one way or another by Uncle Marve and Aunt Mary. At least three of his sisters moved away from the State of Utah and as communication and transportation was poor between the states in the early days, they tended to become lost to each other. Letters could be exchanged, but when they ceased to come, Uncle Marve became much concerned. One of them, Althera, and her family, became lost in Arizona, and after correspondence had ceased for too long a time, he set out for Arizona and searched in every town from which a letter had ever come, for her and her family, but without finding her.

He also went to Idaho to find and inquire into the welfare of two sisters who moved there. Here he had better luck and there his presence endeared him to these sisters and their families.

One of his sisters and her husband died at the same time in the little town of Preston in the State of Nevada, which they pioneered among the Indians. Uncle Marve was there to comfort them in their last days and to manage their funeral and their burial. I never saw him speak in public in my life before that time, but I heard him pray, and speak as well, at that funeral, and I think I never heard anything more moving than I heard there.

I do not remember him as a church-goer, but I do remember him as one who loved his fellow man, and who fully demonstrated it by his tolerant outlook and his kindly deeds. In this his wife joined wholeheartedly, and no doubt was responsible for bringing out much of the goodness that was in him.

Marvin and Mary Nielsen Draper

Kimball Draper

Cynthia

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE

KIMBALL AND CYNTHIA DOWNS DRAPER

Kimball Draper was born July 21, 1857, at Spanish Fork, Utah. He was the first son born to Ruth Hannah Newton and William Draper, Jr. He married Cynthia Downs of Nephi, Utah, March 18, 1883. She was born at Nephi, March 17, 1866. He died May 11, 1923, at Moroni, and she died July ...., 1937, at the same place.

From the beginning, Kimball was in very much the same position as Riley N. Draper. They were born at about the same time. Their mothers were sisters and the youngest wives of William Draper, Jr., upon whom old age and misfortune was descending when these boys were not much more than ten years of age. More and more their mothers looked to them for support.

It was then that the kindly spirit of Parley Pine Draper displayed itself. He gave both the boys employment and a home, which enabled them to assist their respective mothers in a substantial way.

From Parley, and other older brothers, they acquired skills in animal husbandry and agriculture that could hardly have been better taught in an agricultural college. When they first began their training, grain was cut with a sickle or a scythe and gathered in bundles and bound together with bands of straw.

Kimball became expert in bundling and binding grain and placing it in shocks to dry. The process may sound simple, but it involved several steps, each of which required skill, rhythm of movement and speed. To gather an armful of loose grain, in the straw, from the ground and to bind in a firm bundle with a handful of such straw, so that the bundle would hold together with all its handling up to threshing time, and do it quickly, was indeed an art.

If the straw was brittle it would break and allow the bundle to fall apart and if it was not firmly knotted the same thing would happen. A clever twisting of the straw near the heads of grain and a quick shoving of the heads under the straw band was sufficient to hold it together until threshing time, if properly done. This art was taught to Kimball by a strong, proud Scandinavian woman who learned it on a farm in Denmark.

In time a mechanical reaper took the place of the sickle and the scythe, but it could do no binding. It threw the grain in a moving platform upon which two men stood to do the binding, as above described. Obviously, if two men bound as fast as the reaper could cut their movements had to be swift and efficient.

As Kimball grew in knowledge of the care, management and handling of horses, mules and wagons, he began to drive freight wagons to and from the various mining camps in Utah and Nevada. He learned to manage a heavy freight wagon and trailer drawn by seven draft animals and controlled by him with only a single jerk line.

It appears that he became so busy as head of his mother's family that he forgot to look for a wife and make a home for himself until he was 26 years old. His younger brother, Joseph, had married a Downs girl from Nephi when he was only 19 years old. Kimball married a sister of Joseph's wife three years later.

After his marriage he became a timber and saw-mill man. Some of his older brothers had become experts in that field. He learned to fell and log timber, to saw shingles, to run an edger saw and to do most everything connected with a saw mill. Later he went to Nevada to work for the Kennecott Copper Company at McGill, Nevada. He had charge of the Duck Creek stream. It was his duty to regulate its flow and keep an even supply at the mills at all times.

All of these types of work kept him too much away from home, so he finally settled down to farming at Moroni with his family, where he spent the rest of his life. His wife, Cynthia was a very friendly, hospitable, even tempered woman. Together they reared a family which is an honor to them and the communities where they now live. Following are their children:

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED
Florence L.	December 3, 1884	January 10, 1897	
Cynthia Etta	April 13, 1885		Thomas Thompson
Kimball M.	August 30, 1888		Edna Blackham
Sadie	October 6, 1891		Robert M. Rasmussen
Wm. Russel	January 11, 1899		Ophelia Eliason

They were all born at Moroni.

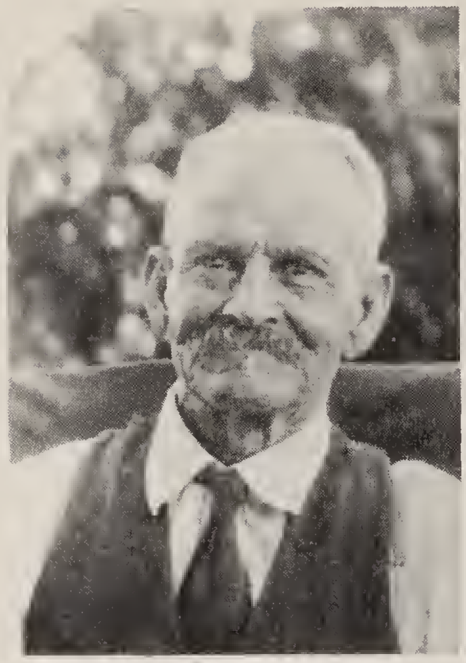
CHAPTER FORTY-SIX

JOSEPH O. AND ELIZA DOWNS DRAPER

Joseph O. Draper was born March 19, 1861, at Spanish Fork, Utah, to Ruth Hannah Newton, last wife of William Draper, Jr. He married Eliza Mary Downs of Nephi, January 11, 1880. They both died at Sacramento, California. Joseph died July 30, 1926, and she died March 1, 1934.

They had the following children:

1. Eliza Jenevieve, born March 26, 1883, at Moroni, Utah, married Edgar George July 23, 1903, at Salt Lake City; died February 22, 1948, at Sacramento, California. They had three children.
2. Bertha A., born October 1, 1885, at Nephi; married Jethro Bartlett of Iowa, January 26, 1905, at Salt Lake City. They have four children.
3. Maud born 1887.
4. Joseph O. Jr., born October 20, 1889, at Nephi; married Lillian Davis at Salt Lake City, 1906, died February 28, 1935, at Sacramento, California. They have six children.
5. Ralph, born June 9, 1892, at Nephi; married Lillian Edgar at Salt Lake City, 1910. They have seven children.
6. Conrad, born June 25, 1894, at Nephi; married Vern Everson in Idaho, 1916. They have three children in California.
7. Otto, born April 22, 1898, at Nephi; married Edith Jones in California, 1919. They have one child.
8. Estella, born January 13, 1900; died April 12, 1909, at Salt Lake City, Utah.



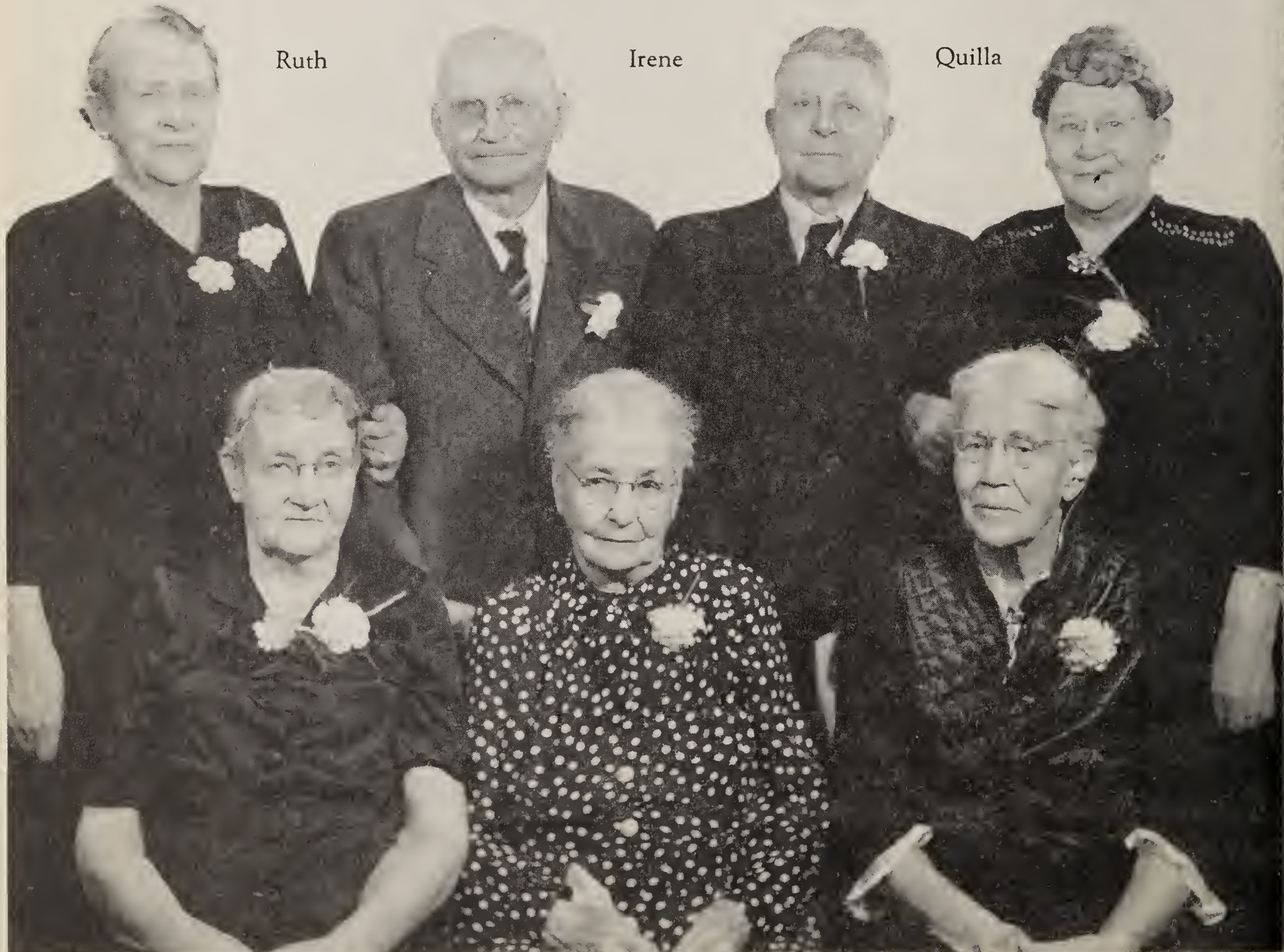
Amos Draper

Mary Jane Thomas

Last surviving children of Wm. Draper Jr.

Olive Alfred Aury Myrum

Ruth Irene Quilla



CHAPTER FORTY-SEVEN

AMOS DRAPER

Amos Draper, a son of William, Jr. and Ruth Hannah Newton Draper, was born March 4, 1863, at Spanish Fork, Utah. He married Sarah Jane Thomas, November 22, 1883. She died February 13, 1935, and he followed nine years later on March 30, 1944. They are both buried at Moroni, Utah.

At the age of eleven, in 1874, he went to live in the home of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Bradley of Moroni, and remained with them until he was able to make a home of his own. When he married he was illiterate, but before his honeymoon year was over his bride had taught him to read and write.

He was an apt student and became very proficient in solving mathematical problems. Most of his computations were purely mental. This type of skill made him a valuable sawmill operator. For nineteen years he served as ratchet setter and sawyer at saw mills in Sanpete County.

As a boy I heard many stories of the speed with which he could compute, without the use of pencil or paper, the number of board feet in a load or pile of lumber and even the approximate number of board feet which might be obtained from a given log.

For a time he engaged in sheep-shearing. A fast shearer could make as much money shearing during the spring season as he could make farming for a whole season, unless his farm was well stocked and financed.

But lumbering, freighting and sheep-shearing kept Amos away from home a great deal, so eventually he settled down to farming at which he also became proficient. He soon learned that water is gold to a farmer, so he became an ardent supporter of all movements to conserve and increase the water supply.

Sensing how much he had missed by having no early school training, he became an equally ardent supporter of schools and served nine years as a school board member. He probably would have served much longer, but all the schools in the various counties were consolidated in about 1915 and single county boards replaced the local district boards.

He served as City Councilman until he finally became the Mayor of Moroni — a position which his father held when the office of Mayor was first created.

His wife, Sarah Jane, was a competent and faithful helpmate, to whom he owed much of his success. Her father was a sturdy Englishman who demanded order and obedience in the home. With him there was a time and place for everything and not even visiting guests were permitted to break his routine.

A good story (whether real or fictional) used to be told about him. If guests at his home threatened to stay beyond his bed time, he would begin unlacing his shoes and remark to his wife, "Well, mother, we better go to bed, as the folks will want to be leaving."

Amos and Sarah Jane reared a family of nine children, all of whom were born at Moroni. Other vital statistics concerning them appear below:

NAME	BORN	DIED	PLACE	MARRIED
Almira	August 24, 1884	Jan. 12, 1955	Salt Lake City, Utah	Frederick Rundquist
Amos, Jr.	Nov. 4, 1886			Luella Bradley
Charles P.	Sept. 4, 1889	Dec. 9, 1937	Salt Lake	May Lowry
Sarah Jane	March 28, 1892			Willard J. Blackham
Wm. Cloyd	Sept. 3, 1894			Lola E. Christensen
Cora	March 12, 1897			Evan F. Crawforth
Fenton T.	Sept. 9, 1899	Sept. 15, 1945	Moroni	Gladys Harris and Retta Smith
Gladys H.	March 24, 1902			Jewel M. Petersen
Olive D.	Nov. 30, 1904			Wm. A. Jones

Nine of the foregoing children grew to maturity; married and now have children and grandchildren of their own.

CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHT

TRANQUILLA DRAPER DYE

Tranquilla Draper was born May 18, 1865, to William and Ruth Hannah Newton Draper, at Moroni, Utah. She married William Dye of Attleboro, Norfolk, England, June 26, 1884. He was born February 3, 1850,

They had the following children — all born at Moroni, except Robert Elmer and Sarah, who were born at Richfield:

NAME	BORN	DIED	SPOUSE	ADDRESS
Wm. Kemp Dye	June 6, 1887			Roosevelt, Ut.
Robert John	May 8, 1890			Spring City, Ut.
Ruth Elinor	June 30, 1892		Rowe	Mona, Utah
Sarah E.	Nov. 28, 1894	Dec. 9, 1894		
Harri Olive	July 31, 1896		Brown	Springville, Ut.
Lovinia T.	Oct. 1, 1898		Newhauser	Ely, Nevada
Florence Myrtle	Apr. 23, 1900		Murush	Ely, Nevada
Richard Edmund	Sept. 20, 1902			Moroni. Ut.

William Dye, the father, died September 2, 1932.

Tranquilla, the mother, died December 11, 1947.

They were active church workers and good citizens, who had, besides the above named children, twenty-eight grandchildren and thirty-six great grandchildren to honor their names.

Ruth Hannah Draper and John Armstrong

RUTH HANNAH DRAPER ARMSTRONG

Ruth Hannah was born in the old fort at Moroni, Utah in the year 1867, on the 22 day of November. She was the forty-eighth child of William Draper. Her mother was Ruth Hannah Newton the seventh wife of the said William Draper.

Her childhood was one of hardship even when reckoned by the standards of those times.

When still a small child she followed after the sheep herds that went through the valley and helped pick the wool from bushes. As the sheep went through the brush, the wool would catch on the branches in small bunches and the children would follow after the herd and gather the wool into grain sacks. This wool was then washed, carded and dyed and spun into yarn. The dying process was something of a hardship also.

The roots and leaves had to be gathered from hills and certain moss from the rocks and boiled down and used for dye. Young Ruth Hannah did her share of gathering these and her little bare feet were calloused from tramping over the rocky terrain.

This wool was knit into socks and mittens and mufflers, and as knitting was one of the first things the girls were taught to do Ruth was still very young when she would sit far into the night and knit by the light from the fireplace and pine knots.

These knitted articles were traded to the freighters for the staples groceries which the settlers were unable to grow for themselves.

Ruth Hannah was still quite young when she was taken into the home of one of her father's older wives, whose name was Mary Ann. Mary Ann's children were married and Ruth Hannah's life became a little easier from that time on. This helped to relieve the strain in her mother's home where two of the wives lived together and the combined family was very large.

When Ruth Hannah grew to young womanhood, she met her future husband through Mary Kemp, a girl friend who had gone to Salt Lake City on a visit, where she met a young railroad man who while visiting at Moroni met Ruth Hannah and asked her if he could bring his younger brother to see her. She consented and after several visits she went with him to Santaquin to meet his parents and they were married there.

This man was John J. Armstrong, son of William B. Armstrong, the first master mechanic of the old Utah Central Railroad.

The Armstrongs came to Utah from England when John was a lad of eleven years. After he and Ruth Hannah were married they moved to Salt Lake City where John's work was and there they had six children, two of whom died in infancy.

When the other children were about school age, John's work was transferred to Ogden, where they resided for about six years and then transferred back to Salt Lake City, and later to Pocatello, Idaho then back to Salt Lake City, where they spent the remainder of their lives.

John died there in June 1933 and Ruth Hannah passed away while on a visit to her sister Olive in Moroni at the age of 82 years in May, 1950.

The foregoing sketch was compiled and written by Ruth H. Armstrong Derbidge and her sister, Mabel Armstrong Brown to which I add the following genealogical data and some of my own recollections.

As stated at the outset, Ruth Hannah was born Nov. 22, 1867 at Moroni, Utah. She married John Joshua Armstrong May 11, 1887 and died May 22, 1950. Her husband John was born August 15, 1865 in Yorkshire, England. He came to America as a Mormon convert. He was a gentleman and a faithful church member all his life. He died June 21, 1933.

They had the following children, all born at Salt Lake City, Utah.

NAME AND PRESENT ADDRESS	DATE OF BIRTH	DIED	MARRIED
Ruth H. Armstrong 2728 S. State Salt Lake City	Jan. 23, 1889		Lawrence Derbidge
Olive Armstrong	Apr. 16, 1891	Aug. 30, 1892	
Mabel Armstrong 1143 S. 8th West Salt Lake City	June 21, 1893		Thos. Wm. Brown
John A. Armstrong	June 27, 1895	Mar. 24, 1899	
Vera Armstrong 503 S. 4th West Sandy, Utah	Oct. 17, 1898		Arthur Hellstrom
Orson Armstrong	June 2, 1902		Martha Newman

When Ruth Hannah died in 1950 her posterity numbered 95 — 6 children, 24 grandchildren and 65 great-grandchildren.

I did not have the pleasure of knowing her husband and while I knew of her from my early youth, I did not get well acquainted with her until 1933 after her husband died and I have begun gathering material for a history of the Utah Drapers.

At that time knowing she and her husband had been ardent temple workers, for which they had to compile extensive family records and that she had a copy of the book called *The Drapers In America,* I was anxious to get her help in solving some of the problems presented to me by a gentleman from Cleveland, Ohio concerning his ancestry and mine.[1]

She was delighted to find some one else in the family interested in its genealogy and history other than herself. She had already seen the possibility of finding our early American ancestors among the Puritan Drapers of Massachusetts, being well aware of the tradition in our family that our first known ancestor in England was a Thomas Draper and that one of his descendants came to America as a Puritan.

From that first meeting we continued to compare notes together until her death. She was born when her father was 60 years old. He was past his prime and had suffered reverses, so the outlook for Ruth Hannah was not bright. She suffered hardships and many reverses along with her brothers and sisters of the whole-blood as well as the numerous brothers and sisters of the half-blood. No doubt, at times, she felt bitterness in her life but the longer she lived the more tolerant and understanding she became.

One day while discussing various members of our huge family I had occasion to speak of some of my half-cousins, aunts and uncles. She would have none of this. "We were," she said, "all full brothers and sisters and kin in the eyes of the Lord." I have found it difficult to use the term half-blood ever since.

In my youth, I heard intimations that all the families of my grandfather were not treated equally, and that the last two families felt this most. Ruth Hannah belonged to the very last family, but if she ever felt that her father had done less than he should or could have done for all his families, she had completely lost the feeling when I came to know her well.

One little incident brought forth an involuntary burst of pride which spoke more than words. Her father, who was my grandfather, died when I was only two years old. I, therefore, knew nothing first hand about him. I had never even seen a good photograph of him.

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[1] See Chapter 1, supro.

I finally found, however, what appeared to be a satisfactory likeness. It had been taken with his fourth wife Mary Howarth.

I borrowed the picture and from it made an enlarged pencil sketch of him alone. I was not sure that I had preserved the likeness of the photograph nor caught the spirit of the man, but I felt sure that Ruth Hannah would know. I concealed my drawing between the leaves of a *Saturday Evening Post* and drove out to get her reaction to it.

Upon arrival, after the usual preliminary greetings and small talk, I said, "I have brought a picture for your inspection." "I wonder if you can identify it?" I opened the *Post* and flashed the sketch before her. "My God," she exclaimed, "that's Dad, where did you get it?"

On the strength of that exclamation, I had the sketch framed and hung for others to see, but quite aside from its value as art, her reaction convinced me that she had great pride in her father. When he approached the end of his life and put down in writing the things which he had done, which to him were things most worth doing, he emphasized what he had suffered most for the sake of religion. If, therefore, he lives in the spirit he must feel great pride in this daughter, for she was one of the first to earnestly begin a life dedicated to turning the hearts of his children to him and the gospel which he espoused.

Launy Olive Draper and Andrew W. Anderson

CHAPTER FIFTY

LAUNY OLIVE DRAPER

Launy Olive Draper, affectionately known as Aunt Olive, is the daughter of William and Ruth Hannah Newton Draper, born November 29, 1869, and is still living at the age of 87. She is one of three living children born to William Draper, Jr., in 1869, each having a different mother. All of them are still living (1956). These three, Alfred, Aury and Olive, with Olive's younger sister, Myrum, are now the sole survivors of the large family of William Draper, Jr., who, if living, would have been 150 years old on April 24, 1857.

Olive knew deprivation and hard work as did all her brothers and sisters, as told herein. She married a capable widower when she was eighteen years old, which gave her some security, but could hardly relieve her from hard work, for he had six children, to which in time were added nine of her own, and as if this were not enough, she also mothered and reared two of her own grandchildren. Her son, Marvin Anderson reports that she sent children to school from her home during every school season for fifty-one years.

She was instinctively a good mother and knew how to deal with disobedience and minor delinquencies of children with calmness and understanding. That she was liked and admired by her step-children is indicated by the fact that when the eldest step-son arrived at marriageable age, he chose her youngest sister for his wife. The youngest step-son was my playmate, and he was treated with such motherly consideration that it was a long time before I knew she was not his mother.

Her own children were all good looking and agreeable. There were no bachelors nor old maids among them.

Her husband, and the father of all the above named children, was Andrew W. Anderson, a native of Denmark, born December 10, 1847.

He married Olive March 20, 1888. He died September 30, 1929, at the age of 82, and his nice young bride still lives on at the age of 89, thus proving again that a healthy body and mind thrives well on modest rations, hard work and a multitude of children.

Following is a list of the children born to Olive and Andrew:

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED	PRESENT ADDRESS
Caroline	April 25, 1889 at Nephi, Utah	Dec. 15, 1951	Hyrum Christensen	Husband 647 Patoma Ct. Niles, Cal.
Marvin	Jan. 14, 1891 at Moroni		Alligie Larsen	225 S. 1st E. Nephi, Utah
Chester	Jan. 11, 1893 at Chester, Ut.		Gladys Jameson	1407 4th St. Sparks, Nevada
Launy Olive	Dec. 4, 1894 at Moroni		Geo. Hess	675 N. Water Ave. Idaho Falls, Idaho
Verda T.	April 8, 1897 at Moroni		Neldon Cloward	282 W. 3d N. Nephi, Utah
Cecil	June 7, 1901 at Moroni		Joseph B.	919 W. 2d St. Reno, Nevada
Ruth H.	Aug. 8, 1904 Meadowville, Ut.		Bernell Gowers	880 N. Main Nephi, Utah
Lewis Lund	Dec. 15, 1906 Meadowville, Ut.		Eulalia Jensen	919 W. 2nd St. Reno, Nevada
Grant D.	Aug. 4, 1909 at Moroni		Dee Beebe	1350 Forrest Reno, Nevada

Andrew Anderson and Myrum Elinor Draper

CHAPTER FIFTY-ONE

MYRUM ELINOR DRAPER

On June 24, 1956, Myrum Ellinor Draper attended a reunion of the Draper family at Spanish Fork, Utah, where her father established his residence 99 years prior to this event. She was the last of 51 children born to him between July 1, 1828, when his daughter Juliana, was born, near Kingston, Canada, and September 22, 1875, when his daughter Myrum, was born at Moroni, Utah. In addition to the 51 children born to him, he had an adopted son, Henry.

When she was discovered in the audience at the reunion, she was called to address more than 300 Drapers who were present to honor their ancestors and to take an introspective look at themselves. She was obviously taken by surprise, and somewhat shaken, but she arose to the occasion and without apology or excuse, she spoke for five minutes with a spiritual quality so sincere that it fixed the tone of the entire meeting.

This she could do because she was then finishing 81 years of meaningful living. Her mother was Ruth Hannah Newton, the last wife of William Draper, Jr. He was in his 69th year when she was born and his fortunes were at their lowest ebb.

Poverty, therefore, was the early lot of Myrum. "For this," she has written, "I am very thankful, as I was taught to work hard for myself and the benefit of others." Compare this view, and its consequences, with the attitude so often expressed by others: "I am going to see to it that my children never have to suffer what I suffered because of poverty."

The story of her life is a monument to the soundness of her philosophy, just as the results of taking away from children the right to struggle for a place in the world is a monument to misunderstanding of gospel truth.

She was born with a strong, healthy body and an alert and active mind which she has preserved through a long life of wholesome living.

Her first recollection of work was in the wheat fields gleaning grain which was left behind because of primitive methods of harvesting. Her first feeling of pride and self-confidence arose from the fact that before long she was recovering as much grain as the older children. She lived at the end of an era when gleaners threshed grain from the straw by beating and tramping it on canvas. They then tossed the straw and chaff into the wind to be blown away while the clean grain fell back on the canvas.

They were spared, however, the grinding of grain by hand, for from Europe had come millwrights who could build grist-mills and put the mountain streams to work grinding the grain into flour and other food products. Thus the gleaners were able to save their families from utter want, although, more often than not, all they had to eat while gleaning was bread alone.

It would have been much to Myrum's advantage if she could have had some schooling during her early days, but there were no free schools and tuition money was hard to get. She was allowed to sweep and dust the schoolroom for a period of about 10 weeks during which she learned the rudiments of reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic. But it was the special coaching of an older boy, named Charlie Anderson, that gave her the greatest sense of accomplishment. He taught her to compose letters and from this beginning she became an inveterate letter writer. Her family and friends, boys and girls in the mission field and in the Army, shut-ins and invalids, as well as people despondent or low in spirit, have all been lifted up by her encouraging words.

She loved dolls and dancing, romping, and horse back riding, but her childhood was short indeed. She was married, December 23, 1889, at the age of 14, to Andrew Anderson, who was then 19.

On September 28, 1890, she had a fine healthy baby boy, but on January 17, 1891, her husband died, so that within a period of 14 months she became a child bride, a mother, and a widow.

During those 14 months she was a busy little housewife, preparing meals for her husband, cleaning house, making clothes for her forth-coming son, and making rag carpets for her rough board floors. Of this she wrote: "I washed colored rags, tore them in strips, sewed them together, and made 45 yards of lovely homemade carpets. Of this I was really proud."

After the death of her husband, she returned to her mother who assumed the care of the baby while Myrum worked to support them all. Wages were low—not more than $1.50 a week, doing heavy housework for others, so during the summer of 1892 she took instruction in dressmaking, after which she did all kinds of sewing for men, women, and children. This permitted her to remain at home most of the time. Dressmaking was much easier and more profitable than housework, so she found some time for pleasure and self-development.

She took part in home dramatics and was much complimented on her acting ability. This gave her stage fever and a desire to become an actress. Se had an offer to join a travelling troupe but her mother put her foot down on this ambition.

So vital a young woman could hardly miss the attention of young men, nor was she wholly indifferent to such attention. Neils Lund, a young man from Fountain Green, of the highest character and three years her senior, courted her successfully, and on Christmas day, 1893, she married him. They made their home at Fountain Green, which remains the family home to this day. Thirteen children were born to them and the snug home there will remain a shrine to all of them.

Neils was all that any woman could desire as far as fidelity, kindness, industry, and love for his wife and children was concerned, but she was the dominant member of the team and as such she often played a man's part, which was in no-wise to her liking. But, notwithstanding this, both she and all the children honor and love him for his sterling character and unfailing love and devotion.

At first Myrum was very homesick at Fountain Green but as she began to mingle with the people in their religious devotions, in their places of amusement, and in their homes, she became very fond of them and has spent a great deal of her life helping to maintain and improve the standards of an already reputable community.

From 1890 to 1930 her life would have been praiseworthy if she had done nothing but attend to the needs of her family. Her husband was a hard-working farmer and she was a hard-working farmer's wife, with the additional burden (to her it was a privilege) of bearing a new child every two years until she had fourteen of them. Clothing, feeding, and educating them to be good citizens in a democracy here, and in the kingdom of God hereafter, was their profound ambition. It was uphill work on the material plane but who can say that struggle is not an important factor in freeing the soul? She wrote:

> In those days we did not have the conveniences we have now — no ready made clothing nor hosiery. I used to sit up and knit stockings for my large family until the wee hours of the morning. I made all their clothing and for the younger children, I remade the clothing for the older ones of them.

She does not mention it, but in addition, there was the mending, washing, cooking, and ironing to be done with primitive equipment. Then she continues:

> I made all my own soap and potato starch. The starch was a luxury because it made such delicious cakes.

Probably from pure nostalgia she still makes starch in order to enjoy her favorite cake and on the theory that some modern cook might like to try her hand at making good white starch, her recipe for making starch follows:

> Take an old discarded pan (no pioneer could afford a new pan), then take a nail and hammer and put holes in the bottom of the pan, driving the nail from the outside. Then take peeled potatoes and grate them fine (about a peck). Cover the grated mass with several buckets of water. Next strain the contents several times through a sack. This will wash the starch out, leaving the pulp in the sack. Pour off the water after the starch has settled to the bottom and add clean water. Continue this until the starch is white as snow. Then lay the starch on a clean sheet to dry and when it is thoroughly dry, get ready to bake a heavenly cake.

Her home was always a hospitable retreat. Callers might drop in at any time and get a hearty welcome, a meal, or a bed for the night, or an evening of bubbling conversation. I remember arriving at her home one night when I was about 10 years old. My own home was 7 miles away. She urged me to stay overnight. I accepted, but to my surprise, she already had 6 other guests and only 2 rooms in which to lodge them. But she fed and bedded us all in happy confusion.

Many years later, when I was passing by with two of my own children, I stopped to make them acquainted with this generous aunt. She was delighted, and although it was hardly mealtime, she insisted that the children must be famished. Out came a pitcher of whole, sweet milk and a stack of cookies that only a lover of children can make. They were consumed with relish, and even now that they have homes of their own, they still remember the day they were introduced to "Aunty My."

With her talents and ambitions, it was inevitable that she should ultimately become a community leader. Her interest in schools made her an officer in the PTA, while her knowledge of children and her interest in them, caused the mantle of teacher to fall upon her in the Primary Association in 1903. Eight years of service in this capacity made her a counsellor to the president of the organization, and on May 2, 1912, she was made a member of the Stake Primary Board. Notwithstanding this promotion, she asked and got permission to continue her Primary work in the Fountain Green Ward.

On November 16, 1916, she gave birth to twins. They were the last. It seems that child bearing hardly impeded her public work at all, although credit must be given to her husband and the older children for carrying on the work at home while she was away on church and civic duties.

As a Stake Board member she says:

I made it a rule to visit all the primary schools in the stake at least twice a year. There were 13 schools in the 13 wards of the stake scattered through ten communities covering the north half of Sanpete County. There were no paved roads and no automobiles, but I had a good horse and buggy. If I had an infant child, I took it along, managing it and the horse as best I could. My work often kept me from home until after dark. One summer I was in continual suspense because of frequent electrical storms and flash floods.

Dazzling lightning, followed by splitting claps of thunder, would cause my horse to lunge and rear as I checked him, endangering both me and the baby in my lap. This was indeed a time for a cool head and fervent prayer. One night returning from Fairview, through the hills north of Moroni, to my home, in a pouring rain and pitch darkness, I encountered a big flood. I was afraid to drive through the rolling mass of mud, rocks, and debris. I stopped the horse, laid the baby on the seat, and on my knees, bending over it, I prayed earnestly to my Father in Heaven for help in crossing the flood to safety.

My courage was restored immediately. I picked up the reins and holding the baby in one arm and driving with the other hand, I urged the horse forward. He moved with great care, stepping gingerly among the moving rocks, and drew us safely to the other side.

Thus I passed through many a crisis with the help of God, in whom I always put my complete trust."

Another incident I must relate, partly because of its comic aspects:

I had been asked by the Primary Stake President, Sister Aiken, to accompany Bishop John T. Oldroyd to Cedar Cliff to organize a primary school at that place for 35 children. The bishop offered to furnish the transportation and I promised my six-year-old son, Sherman, that he might go along.

At the last moment, the bishop called and said that it would be impossible for him to go, but as all the children would be waiting at the schoolhouse, I had better go alone and complete the organization. I ordered one of my older sons to get my horse and buggy ready, only to learn that my husband was using the outfit on business of his own. "Then saddle up the desert pony," I said, "because I simply must get to Cedar Cliff."

This was done. I mounted, and Sherman was placed on the horse behind me. A fast ride got us to Cedar Cliff on time, and with the help of Charles Despain, the elder in charge, an organization was duly affected.

Upon taking my leave, Brother Despain insisted on getting my horse and buggy ready, (which he knew I customarily used). I thanked him kindly and tried to brush him off, but he followed me out and when he saw that a desert pony was my only transportation, he insisted on getting his own carriage to drive us home. I told him we could be home by the time he could get his outfit ready. Again I thanked him and we took off at great speed. My boy became alarmed at the swift, bouncing pace of the horse, and asked me to slow down.

I told him to calm down for we would soon be home. What I couldn't tell him was that the horse was running away completely out of my control! I knew we were approaching a mountain stream, but on he raced through it, throwing up a spray of cold water which drenched us to the skin. My boy gasped in surprise — he could not speak — but in a matter of minutes the horse pulled up at his own corral gate and stopped dead, while I was thinking, "What won't we do for the gospel's sake!"

The work, however, notwithstanding such dangers and alarms, had its lasting satisfactions. In addition to watching the children of the community grow in understanding and reverence, hundreds of them received baptism in the Temple at Manti and were permitted to participate in the sacred temple rites. Eleven of my own children were so baptized on the first baptismal day after their respective eighth birthdays. Contemplation of this fact always gave me joy and it was an experience which I hope and believe that none of them will ever forget.

In 1929 the North Sanpete Stake was divided and the Moroni Stake was created. Myrum's responsibilities were then expanded. On July 29, 1929, she was made the first president of the Y.W.M.I.A. in the Moroni Stake. She regarded this as a grass-roots job. She immediately visited every ward in the Stake to assure herself that they were fully organized and working and, if not, to see that they were put into immediate working condition. At Freedom there had never been an MIA organization. This situation was corrected at once and the work went on with such vigor throughout the Stake that it could not escape the attention of the general authorities at Salt Lake City. Accordingly, Ruth May Fox, President of the General Board of the MIA, wrote a letter of commendation to the new officers, praising especially, the work that had been accomplished in dancing, drama, public speaking, and storytelling.

In latter years when girls who had participated in this work, had homes of their own, and were mothers, they found pleasure in going to Myrum's home to tell her how very much MIA work had helped them in making happy homes. To this she could respond: "May God bless all the youth of Zion. I love them dearly."

As her family married and drifted away she devoted more and more time to Church and civic affairs. For a number of years she was a Sunday School teacher. For 33 years she was a Relief Society visiting home teacher and for 3 years their class teacher.

In 1941 she became stake adviser in the kindergarten department of the Sunday Schools of the Moroni Stake. At the same time she taught a large kindergarten class in Fountain Green and to fill in her spare time, she was put on a Genealogical Committee to urge members of the church to get their Temple work done.

Then near the end of 1944, she and her husband were called to perform missionary work beyond the confines of Utah. Their official call was made by Heber J. Grant, March 1, 1945, assigning them to the Central States Mission, with headquarters at Independence, Missouri. They were given, however, until March 12, 1945, to set their affairs in order at home.

On March 2, the town gave them a farewell party. On March 6, the Relief Society paid tribute to them and gave them presents and money in the afternoon. In the evening the ward gave them a party and more money. On March 7, they began a round of visits to their children, and on March 12, they entered the Mission Home in Salt Lake City for final instructions and briefing, after which they departed March 21, and arrived at Independence, March 23, 1945.

After freshening up and breakfasting at the mission home, President Romney took them sightseeing to the Temple Grounds in Independence, and Liberty Jail in Clay County where the Prophet Joseph Smith and other Church leaders had once been incarcerated for a period of six months. "I could not help crying," says Myrum, "when I saw the dingy old place where they must have suffered." Whereupon she resolved to exhaust herself, if necessary, in spreading the gospel.

The next day they were sent to Arkansas City, Kansas, to begin their missionary work. There they spent a glorious six months. Her husband baptized two converts and "it was a thrilling sight to see them go down in the water all in white, with all the saints looking on with smiling faces."

They held every kind of meeting for the saints in this region that were provided for the saints at home; they "worked, worked, worked, holding cottage meetings and going from house to house tracting," and teaching wherever they could get listeners. Myrum, alone, sold 28 Books of Mormon and said she could have sold more had they been avaliable at Independence. She says, "The Mission was the best six months of my life and at our departure there were no dry eyes."

If that was enjoyable, they should have enjoyed the next four years, for no sooner were they settled at home than they were called to do missionary work among their own people in North Sanpete. No doubt it lacked the glamour of working with strangers in a strange land who knew little or nothing about Mormonism, and to whom the message might come as real news; whereas, to the people at home, the message might seem threadbare. No doubt they encountered a great deal of indifference, which is harder to cope with than honest hostility. Nevertheless, they entered upon this assignment with a profound determination to surmount all difficulties.

A survey showed that in Fountain Green alone there were 45 Mormon families very indifferent to the Church. Very few of them owned any scriptural writings. This stimulated Myrum to action for she had been told, in a blessing pronounced upon her, that she would have the privilege of placing the scriptures into the hands of those that do not have them.

Later she could say:

> We have visited them all, and I am happy to say we were treated kindly. And a number began to attend Sunday School and Meeting . . . I have placed 47 Books of Mormon, 7 Bibles, 19 Doctrine and Covenants, and 13 Pearls of Great Price. . . . I fully realize that this is a great responsibility and I feel very humble trying to fill this important position. If I shall have been successful I will give all honor to my Father in Heaven, for we are nothing of ourselves.

Six months after they began this mission, the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers established a local Camp at Fountain Green. This was, no doubt, done to insure the town's participation in the great Centennial celebration in 1947, which was only six months away. There was a tremendous amount of work to be done. Who should be called to direct it? Why, the busiest woman in town — Myrum Draper Lund. Accordingly, she was made captain of the camp.

Two projects were of immediate and compelling importance. First, they had to learn who in Fountain Green, dead or alive, qualified as pioneers under the definition of a pioneer, which was: "one who came to Utah to make a home prior to 1869." In this connection, suitable rituals and programs had to be devised and carried out to honor the living pioneers, and second, a history of the deceased pioneers, with their pictures, had to be secured for inclusion in a book written to honor all the pioneers of the county.

The first project was the easiest and all the living pioneers were made happy, indeed, by the honors showered upon them, but it took time, money, and organization to accomplish it.

The second project was almost impossible of accomplishment in the short time left in which to do it. Nevertheless, it was done creditably, considering the circumstances.

The great handicap in gathering such historical data lay in the fact that the people whose histories were to be published left few, if any, writings concerning themselves, either because they were not trained in writing, or lacked time to write, or because they were so humble as to believe that their accomplishments were too insignificant to record. The histories, therefore, had to be constructed from such written data as could be found, and from such things as remained in the memory of their descendants. Pictures were also required to accompany the histories. Myrum undertook to get the pictures. Of this she wrote:

> Getting these pictures proved to be a great task. I visited homes everywhere to get them. They were willing to loan us pictures only if we would be responsible for their return. The publisher would not be responsible for them, so we had to resort to copies. I made five trips to Nephi to get such copies made.
>
> In order to pay for the publishing of the books, each ward was given a quota to sell. Ours was fifty. We sold one hundred forty-nine. I personally sold eighty-two books and walked every step of the way to get the orders and then later to deliver the books, so we did not fail altogether.

After the Centennial celebration was well under way, President Demont Madsen asked Neils and Myrum if they would act as tourist guides for two days at the Temple Grounds in Manti. They accepted. This, again, was more like foreign mission work and they enjoyed themselves greatly. On August 28, 1947, they conducted 79 tourists around the premises and on August 30, there were 150. All of them were eager to learn something of the Mormons, and the guides were more than happy to answer all questions to the best of their ability. After they returned home, they were informed that a family of seven members applied for baptism after a visit to the temple while the Lunds were guides.

Most of this brief history has been concerned with the personal and religious life of the Lunds, but neither they, nor the people among whom they lived, were indifferent to their duties as citizens of a great state and nation.

During World War I the women of Fountain Green, including Myrum, made and shipped to soldiers, 4010 articles for their warmth and comfort, and at the same time, they planned balls, programs, and entertainments for which they charged admission, and with the proceeds of which they bought Liberty Bonds. For 3 years Myrum was president of the Fountain Green PTA and for 10 years she was on the committee for planning Fourth of July program, and never, did she or her husband fail to vote in national or local elections.

But her husband is now gone. He died August 31, 1955, and his loving kindness is greatly missed. Myrum, however, looks as if she can continue a useful life until she reaches her own centennial birthday.

A list of her children follows. The first is her son by Andrew Anderson. The remaining 13 are the children of Niels Lund, born at Fountain Green:

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED	PRESENT ADDRESS
1. Andrew Earl Anderson	Sept. 28, 1890 at Moroni		Theodoshia Christensen June 30, 1909	Deceased
2. Neils C.	June 9, 1894		Onez Taylor Bessie F. Taylor	46 Blvd. Gardens Salt Lake City
3. Ruth Lola	Dec. 1, 1895		Evan L. Aiken	334 E. Center Provo, Utah
4. Floyd Kimball	Dec. 9, 1897		Adelia Young	3807 Raymond Ave. Ogden, Utah
5. Sheridan V.	Apr. 7, 1900	June, 1901		Deceased
6. Stella Myrum	May 15, 1902	Oct. 4, 1902		Deceased
7. Sherman V.	May 4, 1904		Irene Lundgren Ruth Lund	71 E. 6700 So. Bountiful, Utah
8. Kenneth D.	June 12, 1906	Nov. 16, 1926	Engaged to Elva Dyett	Deceased
9. Wm. Conrad	Aug. 27, 1908		Bessie Wannacott	205 Ximeno Ave. Long Beach, Cal.
10. Jewel G.	Sep. 26, 1910		Evelyn Mortenson	5931 Walquist Ln. Murray, Utah
11. Marie	Oct. 15, 1912		Robert H. Barker	1213 Umatilla Ave. Long Beach, Cal.
12. Acel Joseph	Oct. 9, 1914		Eddis Christensen	2445 So. 6th East Salt Lake City
13. Unnamed 14. Twins	Nov. 16, 1916	Nov. 16, 1916		Deceased

Niels Lund

Myrum Draper Lund

CHAPTER FIFTY-TWO

ZEMIRA AND AMY TERRY DRAPER

Zemira Draper[1] was born February 27, 1812, in Crambe, Northumberland County, Ontario, Canada, at a time when the Redcoats were busy marching and fighting there in the War of 1812. The memory of that was still fresh in the mind of his father, William Draper Sr., after he came to Utah.

It will be remembered that William Sr. first settled in Frontenac County where William Draper Jr. was born. His next child, Lydia III, was born at New Castle and the next, Zemira, was born in Northumberland County, at about the center of the north shoreline of Lake Ontario.

It appears that the family moved around a great deal, because they were back in Frontenac County in 1832, where they joined the Mormon Church.

It is strange, but understandable, that none of them recorded anything of their lives in Canada. The reason being, no doubt, that the joining of the L.D.S. Church was the great turning point in their lives which made everything prior to that time seem insignificant.

Zemira was baptized just about a week before he reached the age of 21. Up to that time his life must have been much the same as that of William Jr., his brother, as depicted in Chapter XI. He did not marry until he was in his 27th year. He lost his wife and child a year later and did not marry again until he was 30 years old. All the while he was living or travelling with his parents. He remained in close association with them until he was 40 years old; thus it was that he was entrusted with the old heirloom suit, made in England in 1603, which his wife, Amy, delivered, after his death, to descendants of his brother, William Jr.

Zemira moved with his parents from Canada to Kirtland, March 7, 1835. He got there in time to aid in raising the spire on the Kirtland Temple. His name appears on the roll of cash contributors to the fund for building the Temple for which he, and all like him, received the praise and blessing of Joseph Smith, the founder of the Church. He devoted his entire life to the Church and was always on the rim of civilization in Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Utah, helping to build and expand the empire envisioned and finally realized by Brigham Young.

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[1] Credit for much of the material herein goes to Estella Draper Magnus.

His rise in the Church was steady, and he was clothed with authority commensurate to his ministerial duties in small communities.

Newell K. Whitney, First Bishop at Kirtland, presided at his ordination in the Aaronic Priesthood, as a Priest, and on February 6, 1846, he was ordained an Elder at Nauvoo. In 1852 he was elevated to the office of High Priest at Draper, Utah, and at the same time he was appointed counsellor to his brother, William Jr., who was the Presiding Elder, or Bishop of Draper.

On May 8, 1864, he was appointed Presiding Elder at Rockville, in Utah's Dixie, and thereafter, he served the community as a member of the Bishopric the rest of his life. He also headed the High Priest's Quorums of Grafton and Northrup and was Justice of the Peace at Rockville. He was always a prominent figure in both civil and Church affairs in the region.

In August 1864 he went as a delegate from neighboring Kane County to a convention in Salt Lake City; the purpose of which was to do something about the high cost of living then prevailing throughout the territory. By resolution, the convention anticipated Federal price controls by about 100 years, when they fixed ceiling prices as follows:

ITEM	CEILING PRICE	QUANTITY
Flour	$12.00	100 lbs.
Wheat	5.00	100 lbs.
Corn	4.00	Bushel
Barley	3.50	Bushel
Potatoes	2.00	Bushel
Butter	.60	Pound
Cheese	.40	Pound
Eggs	.40	Dozen
Beef (On hoof)	.10	Pound
Mutton	.12½	Pound
Pork	.20	Pound
Molasses	3.00	Gallon
Hay	30.00	Ton

Ten years later, the Bishopric of Rockville had to administer the United Order, a communistic venture inaugurated by Brigham Young, which was made Churchwide in 1874. It was a noble experiment but it failed. Zemira left no record of his experience in this field, although it must have added greatly to his knowledge of human nature and the problems involved in community survival.

He got his first experience in civil affairs when he joined the Kirtland Safety Society and Anti-Banking Company, January 2, 1837. This was limited, however, because difficulties crowded in upon the Church so fast that in March, 1838, a decision was made to abandon Kirtland and settle on the very outskirts of civilization in Missouri.

It was truly believed that they could establish the center stake of Zion there, from which the affairs of the Church could be administered throughout the world.

Zemira's brother, William, got an immediate assignment to go to Morgan County, Illinois to take charge of a branch of the Church, but the general exodus from Kirtland did not begin until July 1838, after a travelling organization was set up, known as Kirtland Camp. Not all of the Saints were willing to follow in this move.

A review of the Draper converts at this point may enable the reader to better understand the events in their lives. Only four sons of Thomas and Lydia Rogers Draper seem to have joined the Church. They were: Thomas Jr., William Sr., Carr (Carson), and David Clark Draper. Of these, Carr and David failed to follow the Saints from Kirtland.

Thomas Jr. and Mary Mosier Draper had the following sons and daughters who adhered to the Church in all its wanderings: Lovina, Mary V., Hannah, Reuben, Hyrum, Jane, and Ira. The following children of William Sr. and Lydia Lathrop Draper also remained faithful to the end: Phoebe, Fannie, William Jr., Lydia Jr., Zemira, Lucretia, and Alfred. Zemira left Kirtland April 16, 1838, with his father and mother. It is likely that his brothers, Thomas Jr. and Alfred, and his sisters, Phoebe, Fannie, and Lydia, were in the same party, but no clear record has been found on this point. Neither is there any record of how they lived or what they did in Sangamon County, Illinois until the return of the Saints from Missouri.

While enroute with the Kirtland Camp, Zemira married Ellen Agnes Bradshaw September 15, 1838. "Ellen," writes Estella Draper Magnus, "was cooking for the company and was not well treated by those in whose charge she had come. So Zemira married her to take care of her. Ellen died in childbirth August 15, 1839; her son, Edward, died soon after birth."[2] This must have occurred at Pleasant Vale, because William Jr. settled there in the spring of 1839, and soon thereafter Zemira and most of the family joined him, including, no doubt, his younger brother, Alfred. He (Alfred) was only 22 years old at the time, and probably unmarried. Phoebe was a widow and had been since about 1835. Zemira had not remarried since the death of his wife, but at Pleasant Vale, life began anew for all of them. They found fertile land, built homes, and helped to increase the membership of the Church to a degree that surprised its leaders.

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[2] History of Zemira, op. cit.

In 1842 Phoebe married Ebenezer Brown, who became a leader among the Drapers. Zemira also found an attractive mate in the family of Parshall III and Amy T. Terry. They were converts from Canada who had also settled at Pleasant Vale. They had a daughter who was born at York, Home District (Ontario), Canada June 5, 1821. Her name was Amy. She was young and spirited. Zemira had the good fortune to capture and marry her January 30, 1842.

What their lives would have been had they been permitted to remain in Pleasant Vale can only be surmised, but it is almost certain that they would not have been subjected to the trials and hardships that beset them and their children for more than a half century.

As far as they are concerned, however, such speculation is vain. They were soldiers in a crusade to establish the Kingdom of God on earth. Every wrong they suffered and every hardship they endured was to them a badge of merit and a guarantee to a place in the Kingdom of Heaven.

Unremitting toil and privation was their daily lot, sickness and death were their constant companions, but they never faltered. They were compelled to abandon Pleasant Vale before their honeymoon was over. They lodged at Green Plain and began life anew. Here their first child was born February 24, 1843. They might have found peace and prosperity at Green Plain had they been willing to forego their religion — which they were not. In 1844 their Prophet was slain and in 1845 their lives were menaced. Again, upon command, they fled to Nauvoo. But there was neither peace nor security there. On August 6, 1846 they were forced out of Nauvoo and across the Mississippi River into the unknown. They joined a camp of miserable outcasts on the west bank of the river.[3] There, without proper food, clothing, or facilities, Amy had her second child, September 1, 1846. They were unable to leave this camp until a new resting place was established by the Church leaders on the Missouri River.

In the spring of 1847 they began to move across Iowa toward Council Point, where they arrived in May. They felt greater security there but conditions were not conducive to the health of their new baby. It died October 4, 1847.

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[3] See Diary of Col. Kane.

The master plan of the Church to move its entire membership far beyond the reach of mobs was now complete and the first contingent was already in the valley of the Great Salt Lake. Zemira and Amy were anxious to join them. They were fortunate in being accepted in the company of Captain Zera Pulsipher, which was scheduled to leave the Missouri River for the Great Basin in the spring of 1848.

No more amazing aggregation of white people, animals, equipment, and supplies ever spanned a wild continent. It consisted of "1,229 souls, 297 wagons, 74 horses, 19 mules, 1279 oxen, 699 cows, 184 loose cattle, 411 sheep, 141 pigs, 605 chickens, 37 cats, 82 dogs, 10 geese, 2 hives of bees, 8 doves and 1 crow."[4]

The people were divided into groups of 100, and Zemira was made counsellor to one of these groups. The whole company left the Elkhorn River June 1, 1848. They traveled about 17 miles a day and reached Salt Lake City September 20, 1948. This performance was repeated many times by similar companies without major calamities and with a minimum loss of life and property, until the hand cart companies began to come through, but that is another story, better told elsewhere.

At the outset of this great trek, Amy was again six months along in pregnancy, but she bore the rigors of the trip better than she was able to bear the miseries of the camp on the Mississippi River. At the end of the journey she gave birth to a healthy daughter, October 4, 1848, just two weeks after they arrived in the "valley."

That winter they spent in a fort. In the spring of 1849 they made a new home in the 10th Ward where they welcomed William Jr. and his family when they arrived that fall from the east. That same fall Ebenezer Brown and his three sons located on South Willow Creek, and in 1850 he moved Phoebe and part of her family by her first husband, down there and at the same time, William Jr. and Zemira were induced by him to locate there also. Soon after their arrival, a Church ward was organized with William Jr. as Presiding Elder, or Bishop, and Zemira Draper, with Phoebe's son, Zemira Palmer, as his counsellors, at which time the name of the place was changed to Draperville (later Draper).

Zemira built the first adobe house in Draper, and Amy became the mother of the first child born there on August 3, 1851.

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[4] Supplement 1848, Dec. 31, Church History.

As 1st Counsellor in the Bishopric of Draper, Zemira had ample opportunity to exercise his ingenuity as a leader. An Indian uprising broke out in 1854 and a fort for the protection of the people had to be constructed. It was deemed necessary to enclose about five acres, for the safety of the people and their personal belongings. Accordingly, a fort 23 x 35 rods in dimension, with walls one foot thick and eight feet high, was built. The labor and material involved in the undertaking was sufficient to tax the energy and resources of a population greater than lived in Draper at the time, but the fort was completed and occupied until it was necessary to have a fort with walls three feet thick and fourteen feet high. Even this greater undertaking was finished to a point where it gave greater protection until 1856 when a better understanding with the Indians was arrived at, and a fort was no longer necessary.

When the historic evacuation of Salt Lake Valley began because of the approach of Johnston's Army, Zemira moved his family over the mountain to Alpine in Utah County, but when an understanding between the Federal Government and the Mormon people was arrived at, he moved back to Draper.

By 1862, when Zemira was 50 years old, he had demonstrated his ability as a pioneer and colonist. It was the policy of the Church to acquire all the land and water available in the intermountain country in order that its rapidly increasing membership could find homes and farms and build communities. Down in southern Utah there was some fertile land on the Virgin River near the mouth of Zion Canyon, suited to the growth of cotton, sugar cane, and semi-tropical fruits. These products were badly needed to bolster the territorial economy. More people were needed to develop this almost inaccessible land. Brigham was always on the lookout for seasoned colonists. Zemira had proved his worth, and accordingly he was called to colonize it. Notwithstanding the fact that he had a son still convalescing from a severe attack of typhoid fever, he accepted the call, gave up his comfortable home at Draper, and started a 300 miles journey November 29, 1862, to the Rio Virgin River in the extreme southern part of Utah. He arrived at his destination in January, 1863.

There he found a few destitute people living in dugouts. He promptly pitched his tent and began to organize. 1863 was a busy year for Zemira. He built a log house for his family, acquired land, planted and harvested crops, including cotton, built a mill for ginning cotton, and generally looked after the interests of the community.

At the end of the year, after ginning operations began, his mill and 300 lbs. of cotton went up in flames, and Zemira narrowly escaped death in the burning. He was closing the mill for the night and while passing through a door with a lantern a gust of wind slammed the door against the lantern and ignited the cotton. He tried desperately to quench the flames and caught fire himself while doing so. In panic, he jumped through a window into the midst of a gathering crowd, which smothered the flames in his clothes.

Whatever burns he suffered seemed nothing compared to the loss of the machinery in the mill, which was the property of Brigham Young. Apparently, Brigham made no fuss about it because Zemira, undaunted, set about to build a bigger and better mill. The old mill was operated by horse power. He proposed to make the Virgin run the new one. For that purpose he organized a company to raise capital to build a mill race, power wheels, and new buildings. The necessary capital was raised and in addition to the cotton mill, a saw mill and a molasses mill were added. The operation of these mills lasted little more than a year. Failure to continue was probably due to lack of raw materials, skilled labor, and high overhead, but the immediate cause of closing was the destruction of the mill race by settlers from other communities who had camped about Rockville to escape Indian depredations in 1865. They needed wood for their camp fires, so they helped themselves liberally to the wood in the mill race until it collapsed and became useless. No further attempt was made to rebuild the race, and Zemira's career as a manufacturer ended.

Thereafter, he devoted himself to improving his farm, building a more commodious home for his family, and to his many religious and civic duties. He and his wife, Amy, were profoundly religious and had no difficulty in accepting the miraculous stories of the Bible and the Book of Mormon. This is illustrated by an unusual visit made to them by a strange old man. Rockville was a remote and isolated town, far off the beaten roads. Few strangers, other than Indians, ever passed through. The old man asked for something to eat. Such hospitality was never denied by Amy so she invited him in and ordered one of her children to rise and give the man a seat at the table. But he declined and asked to eat by the fireplace on a stool used in cooking. He finished his meal, then rose and said:

> "Sister Draper, I promise you in the name of Jesus Christ that neither you nor any of your posterity shall ever want for bread."[5]

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[5] Zemira's History, op. cit.

With that he departed into the night before they could gather their wits to offer him sleeping accomodations for the night. When Zemira was sufficiently recovered from the effects of this dramatic incident, he pursued the man. His footprints were easy to follow in the dust of the road to the edge of town where they disappeared, apparently without leaving the road. There was something mysterious about his disappearance, which caused much speculation on the part of Zemira and Amy. Had he been a member of the Church, speaking with such authority, he would have disclosed his identity and stated his mission. But he did not.

Finally, they recalled the Book of Mormon story of the Three Nephite Disciples who were given the power to remain on earth and reveal themselves to living men until the second coming of Christ.[6] Surely this must have been one of them . . . and so the legend grew in the family of a miraculous visitation by one of the Three Nephites.

Rockville was never destined to become a great city. It was located in a mountainous defile on a limited area of tillable land. In 1866 the population consisted of 18 families — 95 men, women and children. 105 acres of fine land, producing fruit, vegetables, wheat, sugar cane, corn, cotton, and broom corn. They were forced to do as much home manufacturing as possible because they were about 1800 miles from the nearest distributing point of manufactured goods on the Missouri River. As an example, the people of Rockville had no thread and no means of making it, so they used the fibers of a plant which they called "ooze" (Yucca?) With this they did all their stitching and sewing. Some of the quilts made by Amy with this fiber are still in existence.

Wheat was not always sufficient for all the needs of the community,. so they often made flour from cane and broom-corn seeds, but as predicted, the family has never been without bread, although its members became numerous before the economy of Utah became firmly established. Even then life was not easy for Zemira and Amy. She had borne 8 children under most trying circumstances, and they bore a parental relationship to the whole community, and their charity included the Indians in the neighborhood.

In 1864 they adopted an Indian boy and reared him as their own. He was about 10 years old at the time and about 5 years older than their eldest son, Zemira Terry Draper. They christened him "Ammon," a name taken from the Book of Mormon. He became a boon companion and protector of young Zemira Terry. The two boys were baptized and confirmed as Church members May 26, 1867. When Ammon was fully grown, he went, or was sent, to live in the home of William L. ("Doc" Draper) in Freedom, Sanpete County, Utah. There "he was accidentally thrown from a carriage, May 16, 1881. He suffered a fractured skull, causing to be paralyzed. He died May 21, 1881."[7]

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[6] See Book of Mormon, 1st Nephi, Chapter 28.

The fact that he lived in the homes of both Zemira and "Doc" has given rise to two accounts of the manner in which he came to be adopted by Zemira. Josephine, the widow of Zemira Terry Draper, writes that Ammon was taken captive from his own tribe by another Indian tribe and was about to be killed by his captors when Zemira intervened and procured his release into his custody for the price of a horse. The fact seems to be that "Doc" rescued him from the Indians and turned him over to Zemira.[8]

In any event, it does not make much difference which version is correct, for nothing can minimize the honor due to Zemira and Amy for the part they played in the matter.

Amy was a personage in her own right as shown by the fortitude and strength she displayed in the many crises that confronted her from the day she married Zemira until she died.

Her days, from Pleasant Vale to Rockville, were filled with drama, anxiety, tragedy, and elation born of an unwavering faith in a happy ending to every trouble that must be endured on earth. If service to mankind, and faith in God is a guarantee of such an ending, she has her reward.

In addition to her own, she mothered an Indian boy to maturity, she attended the sick and lonely neighbors, cut off from civilization, as their physician and nurse. She did not hesitate to administer Church rituals in their behalf, although she was a woman and, therefore, held no authority of the priesthood. To her the right to save a life was God's gift to anyone. She anointed and blessed the sick — speaking "in tongues"— and they lived. She was left a widow at the age of 55, but her home remained a place of comfort and refuge for all who sought her out for comfort and help. After the death of her husband she became head of the Relief Society and as such, she went forth from her home to inspire the fortunate to good works and to lift the unfortunate from their sick beds and their poverty.

Often her own married children and their children were the objects of her care. In September 1889, her son, Zemira Terry, and his wife, Josephine, returned to Rockville. In her autobiography, Josephine states Amy's situation as she found it then, as follows:

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[7] History of Zemira, op. cit.

[8] Statement of Aury Draper, "Doc's" youngest brother.

> Here I found his mother, a wonderful woman . . . I loved Mother Draper from the first. Her life hadn't been a life of roses. Now she had three of daughter Marilla's children staying with her. Her youngest son, Carson, and wife and their baby, then here we came with our baby; a good house full; then in the yard, in an old log house, her daughter, Lucretia lived with her husband and six children, enough for any mother that had raised her own family of eight children and an Indian boy.

This was, indeed, a house full, but it was a household typical of the times. The pioneers were an unbelievably hardy, industrious, and venturesome lot, but they had advantages that their children did not enjoy. They were converts to a new faith that was to usher in the Millennium. They had known and loved their first prophet, Joseph Smith. They were "God's Chosen People" and as such they were prepared to suffer everything for the Gospel's sake.

The land to which they fled to escape their enemies was desolate, but not hopeless. Brigham Young quickly recognized this. There was free land and water enough to make pleasant homes for all the members in the beginning. True, privation and hard work was the lot of all until the land was subdued and made productive. They made tremendous progress in the realization of their dreams, but they were not fulfilled in the exact manner that they expected. They claimed all the territory between the Rocky and the Sierra Nevada mountains. This they expected to populate and control. But their isolation was short-lived. The discovery of gold in California brought hordes of adventurers to the west and congress gradually cut off great slices of their territory until it was less than half its original size, and what was left was divided into parcels only large enough for the needs of the original families.

As more immigrants flocked in and new children were born these small plots were subdivided until they were no longer economic units.

This resulted in crowded conditions such as existed on Zemira's homestead at Rockville in 1889. Leaving Utah in search of new lands was out of the question because Mormons were held in contempt everywhere, and besides, to leave Utah meant separation from the main body of the Church and the loss of its spiritual guidance. Neither could there be immediate escape through education because, up to this time, not enough wealth had been accumulated to establish effective institutions of higher learning. So the 2nd and 3rd generations of the citizens of Utah could not have the buoyant hope and enthusiasm of their pioneer forebears. It is a notable fact, however, that the great majority of them kept the faith and continued the struggle until good education was available and prejudice against Mormons died down and opportunity was available to young Mormons everywhere.

Amy was 78 years old when so many of her descendants were with her at Rockville in 1889. Two of her sons, Zemira and Carson, had settled on the highly alkaline land at Hinckley, on the lower Sevier River, and there she went for rest and recuperation, but she was not content. She longed to get back to Draper, where most of her children were born, and where her parents were buried, and where two of her daughters and many of her relatives still lived. And thither she went, this time in a train, and there she died April 5, 1900.

Zemira's candle burned brightly and illuminated many of the dark corners of life, but it was snuffed out too soon. He died January 9, 1876, from an unknown allergy which caused violent spasms of sneezing which continued until he expired.

His memory is revered by all his descendents and by everyone who knows his history. A summary of the vital statistics concerning him, his wife and children are as follows:

Zemira Draper was born February 27, 1812 at Crambe, Northumberland, Ontario, Canada. He married Amy Terry January 30, 1842 at Pleasant Vale, Illinois. He died January 9, 1876 at Rockville, Utah.

Amy Terry was born January 5, 1821, at York, Ontario, Canada. She died April 5, 1900 at Draper, Utah. They had the following children:

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED
1. Ellen Agnes	Feb. 24, 1843 Pleasant Vale, Ill.	Mar. 19, 1924 Draper, Utah	James Green Jan. 15, 1861
2. Rebecca Jane	Sept. 1, 1846 Nauvoo, Ill.	Oct. 4, 1847 Council Point, Iowa	
3. Lydia Hannah	Oct. 4, 1848 Salt Lake City	Oct. 27, 1912	Bateman Wilhelm March, 1864
4. Susannah C.	Aug. 3, 1851 Draper, Utah	Sept. 29, 1933	Jas. M. Ballard 1871
5. Fanny Lucretia	Jan. 8, 1854 Draper, Utah		John A. Terry Baldwin Park, Cal.
6. Phoebe Marilla	Oct. 9, 1857 Draper, Utah	Feb. 10, 1908	1. Jas. A. Terry 2. Lars Larsen 3. Henry Stocks
7. Zemira Terry	Mar. 16, 1859 Alpine, Utah	Feb. 5, 1907 Pleasant Grove	Olga J. Poulsen Oct. 26, 1887
8. Zilpha Amy	Sept. 26, 1861 Alpine, Utah		Hamner Duzett Mar. 18, 1881
9. Carson Clark	Jan. 29, 1864 Rockville, Utah	Jan. 11, 1934 Hinckley, Utah	Violet Dallon Jan. 12, 1886

Amy Terry Draper

CHAPTER FIFTY-THREE

ELLEN AGNES DRAPER

The story of Ellen Agnes Draper and her husband, James Green, as I, Verril Wilford Draper, her Nephew, have been able to find it from many places, and by small bits I have worked together.[1]

Ellen was born about eighty miles south of Nauvoo on the east side of the Mississippi River, February 24, 1843, at Pleasant Vale, Pike County, Illinois. Her parents and other Drapers settled there after they had been driven from Missouri in 1839. More fertile and productive land could hardly be found anywhere. But in the year Ellen was born, the Saints at that place were required by their prophet, Joseph Smith, to move closer to Nauvoo because of increasing mob hostility.

From that time on for a quarter of a century the Saints fought for survival against enemies of many kinds and Ellen lived through it all. Mobs killed their leaders, destroyed their cities, confiscated their lands, and drove them into a howling wilderness west of the Mississippi River to fight the elements in the dead of winter. Their bitter trek to Utah has been told and retold.

When they reached Utah, they had to fight starvation and Indians in a hostile environment.

Ellen was nearly six years old when she reached Salt Lake City and nearly eight when her family settled at Draper in the fall of 1850. Six daughters were born in the family before a boy came along, and Ellen, being the eldest child, became the first helper to her mother and father. She loved working outside and she loved to help her father, so much that she was referred to in the community as "her father's boy." Sometimes the heat of the summer made the work oppressive, but it did not stop Ellen. She wore a sun-bonnet and warded off the heat with a wet handkerchief under the bonnet.

Indians were common around Draper in those days. Sometimes they were friendly and sometimes they were menacing. Ellen learned to talk their language, and with the strength she had acquired working in the fields, she was fearless and able to cope with them quite satisfactorily.

One day her parents left her at home to look after her younger sisters while they went on a shopping trip to Salt Lake City. Not long after they had gone, a large Indian came to the door. Ellen confronted him at the door and asked him what he wanted. He probably knew her parents were not at home. Instead of stating what he wanted, he asked her if she was not afraid of him. She boldly told him in his own language that she was not. "Brave Papoose," he muttered and went his way.

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[1] Some of the incidents related by Verril have been omitted because they are fully recorded in other chapters and some rearrangement of material and minor corrections have been made.

Another time two young bucks came to the house when Ellen and her sister Hannah, who was next to Ellen in age, were alone. As in the case of the other Indian, Ellen asked them in English what they wanted. They did not answer but began talking to each other in their own language not knowing that Ellen understood all they said.

One of them said to the other, "you take the large one and I'll take the small one." Ellen neither screamed nor ran. She just told Hannah, in English, what they were planning and said, "we'll reverse the order and attack them first." Then they launched a surprise attack on the red-skins with such violence that they took to their heels. When it was over the girls were so surprised at their own temerity that they rushed into the house and locked the door.[2]

In spite of the fact that Ellen had worked like a boy all her life, she was quite a lovely young lady which fact was not overlooked by a young man from England who interested her most. His name was James Green and he came to Draper August 24, 1854, with his father and mother and a brother named William. Ellen was approaching the age of twelve years then and James was seventeen. Considering the difference in their ages they probably were not romantically interested in each other for some time. But, as Ellen bloomed into womanhood, James grew in stature in the community. He acquired a good farm of his own and his thoughts turned to acquiring a wife.

Ellen's parents and his became good friends and visited with each other a great deal. Thus, Ellen and James came to know each other well. They were married January 15, 1861, when Ellen lacked a month of being eighteen years old and James was twenty-four. On February 22, 1862, they went to the Endowment House in Salt Lake City and were sealed as husband and wife for time and eternity.

It is possible that James and Ellen felt somewhat deserted in the fall of 1862, for their respective parents, along with William L. Draper and Jacob and Clarissa Wilhelm Terry left Draper to settle a part of Utah's Dixie. This was some three hundred miles to the south, which was then so remote it was difficult to communicate with them by mail and the chance of visiting with them personally was remote.

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[2] These Indian stories were related to Verril by Jessie Henderson, a lady related to Ellen by marriage.

But James and Ellen were seasoned pioneers and well able to care for themselves. James had made many trips to the Missouri River to aid in bringing emigrants to Utah. He also became an experienced Indian fighter. He was a veteran of the Black War and a busy, capable farmer at Draper.

Ellen, too, was experienced, thrifty, and able to turn her hand to household arts as well as to outside work if necessary. They never had children of their own but it appears they adopted a girl and raised her to womanhood. She then ran away.

Because of their industry, thrift, and business acumen they accumulated considerable wealth measured by the standards of pioneer Draper. Ellen was known for her straight-forwardness of speech and strict standards of household management and sanitation.

James and Ellen were married during the Civil War, and as stated, James was making trips to and from the Missouri River and Ellen faithfully wrote him letters when he was away. She was considerably annoyed when her letters were opened by censors and sometimes cut and mutilated. Finally she wrote this message on the outside of the envelope of a letter: "Dear Mr. Censor, if it is any of your business what I write you may read this letter." It went through unopened.

Her home was a model of cleanliness and order. She could tolerate neither dirt, commotion, nor disorder. She always closed her windows in the daytime to keep out dust stirred up by horses and wagons on the unpaved streets. For a time a nephew lived with them and he learned the hard way about sanitation and the rules of the house. If he went away without closing his window she did not close it for him — she sent for him to come back and close it.

Most of the hot water for ordinary household purposes was heated in a "reservoir" built into the "range" or cook stove. One day the nephew came to the reservoir to get water for cleaning his face and hands. He inserted his forefinger in the water to test it for heat. Aunt Ellen saw this. She allowed him to take his wash water but requested him to empty the reservoir and scour it before water from it could be used again.

As the years rolled by, James' health began to fail. His hearing was impaired first but his general health slowly declined. Because of this and the fact that he was older than his wife, it was generally believed that he would die first.

This caused him to think a great deal about what would become of his property after his death. Besides his home, farm, animals, and equipment there was an accumulation of gold pieces in a trunk at the foot of his bed amounting to over $5,000.00.

There was no doubt in his mind that Ellen and her family should come first but he thought his own family should share to some extent. Had he died first there is little doubt that both families would have shared in the small fortune he and Ellen had created, but to the surprise of all, Ellen had a stroke and died March 19, 1924. He lived on until August 1, 1924. After his death his kin moved in and claimed all his property, which they could do under the laws of succession in Utah.

But as is so often the case in such siutations, it created bitterness that only time can erase. And so ended the lives of two of God's chosen children.

A summary of the vital facts concerning this couple appear as follows: Ellen Agnes Draper, born February 24, 1843, at Pleasant Vale, Pike County, Illinois. She married James Green January 15, 1861, at Draper, Utah and died at the same place March 19, 1924. Her husand, James Green, was born at Sutton, Nottingham, England November 21, 1837. He died at Draper, Utah, August 1, 1924. They had no children.

James Green Ellen Draper Green

CHAPTER FIFTY-FOUR

REBECCA JANE DRAPER

The second child of Zemira and Amy Terry Draper, was born after they were expelled from Nauvoo, in a camp on the west side of the Mississippi River, September 1, 1846. All during this year the Saints continued a westward movement to the Missouri River. Brigham Young and his counsellors established camps there June 14, 1846, where the Saints could recuperate and prepare for the last big drive across the plains.

Zemira and Amy must have left the camp soon after Rebecca was born. Those were exeedingly trying times for mothers with newborn children. It was too much for Rebecca. She died at one of the camps on the Missouri River October 4, 1847, and her remains were left behind when her parents departed for Utah in the spring of 1848.

Chapter Fifty-five

LYDIA DRAPER WILHELM

Lydia Hannah Draper was conceived in Iowa and born in Salt Lake City, Utah about two weeks after her parents, Zemira and Amy Terry Draper, finished their arduous journey across the plains and mountains in search of peace and a place to live unmolested.

She acquired the name of Wilhelm through marriage to Bateman Haight Wilhelm. He was born at Venice, on Sandusky Bay, Lake Erie, Ohio and came to Utah with his widowed mother in 1851.

Very few details of the lives can be found now except in the stories of the lives of their parents and their own family charts compiled by Lydia's nephew, Verrill W. Draper.

The atmosphere in which Lydia grew up is described fully in the lives of her parents, Chapter 52 herein, and in the life story of Clarissa Wilhelm Terry, the mother of Bateman, who was as sturdy a pioneer as any who ever came to Utah.

Lydia and Bateman were first brought into close association when their parents, with William L. (Doc) Draper and family, and a family named Green, left together in the fall of 1862 to help settle Washington County — Utah's Dixie. Bateman's mother, at this time, was married to Jacob Terry. They settled together on the Virgin River and founded the town of Rockville, near what is now known as Zion's National Park.

The population of this out of the way territory was sparse, so intermarriage among these families was common, including some polygamous marriages. Bateman married Lydia and later he took an extra wife. "Doc" Draper took Bateman's younger sister, Ellen Wilhelm, as his first plural wife.

The land on which they settled was rich and the climate semi-tropical. Upon it they planted fruit trees, flowering bushes, grapes, cotton, and cereal crops, all of which produced rich harvests. This sounds Elysian but they were separated and isolated from all manufacturing communities to the extent that they had to be their own manufacturers and without any modern machinery to assist them. Besides, land was limited and the Virgin River was a wild stream that often tore large chunks of their cultivated ground away.

Bateman and Lydia married when he was about twenty-two years old and she was about seventeen. His father died when he was eight years old and except for the training of his mother, he had little experience in handling money or managing business of any kind.

Nevertheless, they did well enough to permit Bateman to take another wife by the time he was twenty-six years old. Her name was Grace T. Joce. She had her first child in December 1870. Lydia had three children by this time who were given the following names: Bateman Haight, Jr. (thereafter called Haight to distinguish him from his father), born June 27, 1866, Lydia Izona, and Clarissa. Bateman's two families lived at Rockville until about 1874, when he moved Grace to the new town of Orderville, further up the east fork of the Virgin River. It seemed that Bateman and his mother were running a mountain dairy in Long Valley in the mountains north of Orderville.

Lydia remained at Rockville until her son George was born February 8, 1872, after which Bateman moved her to Long Valley. However, the winters were so severe that she returned to Rockville and remained there until about 1881.

In the fall of 1877 Bateman decided to move to Arizona with Grace. He acquired a farm at Concho in Apache County which adjoins New Mexico on the east. In 1880, Clarissa Wilhelm, his mother, joined him there in time be present at the birth of Grace's fifth child. She returned to Rockville in the spring of 1881 and soon after she recorded in her own life story, "Haight (Lydia's oldest son) came after his mother." This seems to indicate that Haight had been living in Arizona with his father and that he was sent to Utah to get his grandmother, Clarissa Wilhelm, as well as his mother, to join the rest of the family in Arizona. The grandmother had this to say concerning their return: "We had to wait 'till quite late in the summer because of high water. We got as far as Kanab and I had to leave part of my things with Jacob Hamblin because the load was too heavy. It rained on us most of the way to Arizona. We had a hard time finding dry wood. One morning all we could find were a few weeds. I lit them under a ledge of rock and got breakfast. The cattle were uneasy every night but we didn't lose many. We got to a town named Joseph, in Arizona, and I went to Concho to find a house. I found one and started back on a mare." (She then relates that she rode all night, having a very hectic experience, and wound up in the morning back in Concho, which she had left the night before.)

Having his families together again,

> Bateman wanted to make cheese in the mountains near Malipies. We bought the equipment and started for the ranch which he was going to homestead. We found Mexicans there. They made trouble for us and the matter went to court. We won the suit.

After Bateman got lumber for the buildings he moved Lydia up. We soon went to making cheese but the rainy season set in and the Indians got so bad we decided to move back. We had an awful time. It rained solid sheets. We got struck and drenched. Haight went for help but it was several days before we reached Concho.

A new town sprung up near Concho. They named it Erastus. I went there and helped brother Adair make cheese. Adair moved to Long Valley (Utah) so Bateman moved into Adair's place. Grace had a little girl born April (April 1, 1882) and named her Mary.

By this time the officers started to hunt for men with more than one wife; Bateman and four others were arrested but Bateman got away. The others went to prison. Bateman and Grace went to Old Mexico.

Unfortunately, the typed copy of her story is not complete. The copyist excuses the ommission on the ground that it is uneventful. This is regrettable, for nothing further appears about Lydia, and no one seems to know where or how she lived after her huband fled to Old Mexico.

Grandmother Wilhelm, however, induced Haight, Lydia's oldest son, to take her back to Utah about 1884-85 to do temple work, after which she returned again to Arizona and sold her property before returning again to Utah permanently. "I remained," she wrote, "until Haight harvested his summer crops, then I prepared to leave. We left November 6, ..." Finally they reached their destination and Haight went back to Arizona on the 21st of March.

From the foregoing I conclude that Lydia remained in Arizona until she died.

They were all living in the town of Erastus, near Concho, in Apache County, when Bateman and Grace escaped, and Lydia was still there in 1886-87 when her mother-in-law sold out and returned to Utah. Concho and St. Johns were towns near Erastus, and she probably died at one of those places.

Following are the vital statistics concerning Lydia, Bateman, and Grace, from records compiled by Verrill W. Draper and corrected somewhat by data taken from the life of Clarissa Wilhelm Terry.

Lydia was born October 4, 1848, at Salt Lake City. She married Bateman Haight Wilhelm about 1865. She died, probably in Arizona, October 27, 1912.

Bateman was born November 14, 1843, at Venice, in Lake Erie, Ohio. He died June 3, 1903. They had the following children:

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED
Bateman Haight Jr.	June 27, 1866 Rockville, Utah	June 1, 1931	Maggie M. Beard Jan. 1891
Lydia Izone	Jan. 10, 1868 Rockville	Jan. 1920	Joseph Rogers
Clarissa Isabel	Mar. 27, 1870 Rockville	Aug. 23, 1937	Richard Gibbons July 4, 1892
Zemira George	Feb. 8, 1872 Rockville	Nov. 9, 1950	Naomi Gibbons
Amy Elnora	Jan. 21, 1875 Rockville	1876 Ariz.	
Fannie Marilla	Apr. 13, 1878		Arthur Northrup Sept. 22, 1902
John Benjamin	Sept. 6, 1882 Erastus, Ariz.	June 10, 1910	Louella H. Lewis

Children of Bateman and Grace

Marion Leo	Dec. 1870 Rockville		Teresa Reas
Frances Viola	Dec. 12, 1873 Rockville		Chas. Holbrook
Susan Amelea	Aug. 3, 1875 Orderville		Isa Brenkle
Lucy Louisa	May 27, 1877		Wm. B. Brown
Indepence Grace	July 4, 1880 Concho, Ariz.		Roy McMillan
Mary	April 1, 1882		Gould

CHAPTER FIFTY-SIX

SUSANNAH CHATHILDA DRAPER

Susannah has the honor of being the first white child born at Draper, Utah. She was born there August 3, 1851. The only married people at Draper in 1851 were Ebenezer Brown and Phoebe Draper Palmer Brown, William Draper, Jr. with two wives, Elizabeth Staker and Mary Ann Manhardt, Zemira Draper and Amy Terry, and Zemira Palmer and Sally Knight. None of these people had a child born in 1851 except Zemira and Amy.

Ebenezer Brown had three sons by a former marriage living at Draper with him since 1849. All of them were of marriageable age and could have had children born in 1851 but no such record has come to the attention of the writer.

Susannah was eleven years old when she moved with her parents to Rockville. Nine years later she married James Monroe Ballard, and with him took up residence at Grafton, a new community on the Virgin River, where they lived until they had a family of ten children, and where James was Bishop for twenty-six years.

By some odd quirk, the settlers at Grafton lost their homes by reason of defective titles. According to Verril Draper, an oil company took their land and homes, after which they established a new community which is now the thriving town of Hurricane southwest of the abandoned town of Grafton.

Starting anew in a desert was hard on the family. John H. Ballard, the oldest son of James and Susannah, and still living, writes that he had to go away at the age of fifteen to earn a living and to help the family. He recalls how rugged life was for his mother. In addition to her regular housework she kept a good garden and looked after fruit from the orchard.

Most of the fruit was preserved by drying, and from that she could sometimes get a little money. She wove carpets and rugs and sometimes she worked in the fields hoeing corn and cane, and later cutting it down with a sickle. From the cane, molasses was made and it was the chief sweetening agent known to the people of "Dixie" at that time.

James Jr., the second son, also still living, remembers that "she could take the wool as it came from the sheep's back and wash, comb, cord, spin, and weave it into cloth and then make it into clothing. She could ride and drive horses, rope and milk cows, and plow, mow, and run other farm equipment, attend to her Church duties, and scare off prowling Indians when her men folks were away.

"I recall," says James, "an incident I heard them relate many times, of an Indian coming after dark and trying to get into the granary. My mother went out to check things before retiring and saw the Indian. She caught him by the hair, kicked his rear, and made him leave." But to Indians, generally, she was unfailingly kind, sharing her last crust of bread with them if necessary.

The mere contemplation of the life of a woman bearing ten children and working as she did would exhaust most modern women. Still it may be doubted that she and her husband thought that their lives were particularly hard.

The vital facts concerning this family are as follows:

Susannah Chathilda Draper was born at Draper, Utah August 3, 1851. She married James Monroe Ballard May 8, 1861 at Salt Lake City and died September 29, 1923 at Hurricane, Utah.

James Monroe Ballard was born September 26, 1847 at .... He died May 4, 1925, at Hurricane, Utah.

They had the following children, all born at Grafton, Washington County, Utah:

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED
Charlotte Amy	Apr. 27, 1872		Wm. T. Russell
Mary Ellen	Sept. 20, 1874		Frank Russell
Minnie Agnes	Apr. 13, 1877		Albert D. Russell
Rhoda Adeline	Dec. 24, 1879		Edward Jones
Isabel A.	Aug. 26, 1883		Unmarried
John H.	Apr. 9, 1885		Alice Hamilton
James Monroe, Jr.	Nov. 13, 1888		Mary Stratton
David Thatcher	Jan. 2, 1891		Vera L. Tobler
Josephine E.	May 21, 1894		Leonard Ison
Nathaniel Lafaette	Feb. 9, 1898		Mildred Pollock

CHAPTFR FIFTY-SEVEN

FANNY LUCRETIA DRAPER TERRY

The above named child of Zemira and Amy Terry Draper was known by her middle name, Lucretia, which is a name she inherited from her father's aunt Lucretia Draper, who was born August 22, 1795, in Canada, fifty-nine years before Lucretia Terry was born.

Lucretia's life was much the same as that of her older sisters until she married. She was born at Draper, Utah and lived there until she was eight years old, when she left with her parents to live in Rockville. There she married her cousin, John Parshall Terry, in 1875. They remained at Rockville until they had four children. Then they went to Arizona and settled on the Little Colorado River at Woodruff, which was close to Concho and Erastus, where Lucretia's sister Lydia lived.

The Mormons who lived in that part of Arizona named some of their communities for Latter-day Saint leaders. For example: Woodruff, Erastus, Joseph City, and Thatcher.

Sometime after a child was born to them at Woodruff, John and Lucretia moved to Mesa, Arizona, near Phoenix. Mesa is a Mormon town and between it and Phoenix is another Mormon town named Tempe, which will be referred to later.

John was a blacksmith, which may account for the fact that he became a roving artisan finding work throughout the west. He left Mesa and appeared with his family at Richmond, Cache County, Utah where two children were born. He then moved to Soda Springs, Idaho, where their ninth child, a girl, was born.

Verrill Draper gives this account of her birth:

> On February 3, 1896, the weather was stormy and everything was in an uproar and turmoil until the baby was born. Then things changed to happiness — even the weather turned bright, so the baby was named Tempest Delight Terry.

But I have a letter which this baby, now sixty-one years old, wrote to Verrill in 1957. She closes the letter and signs as follows.

> As ever your cousin,
> Tempe Delight
> Please spell my name right.

This leads me to speculate whether her parents had not been intrigued by the name of the town Tempe in Arizona and under a nostalgic spell had given that name to the first child born to them after they left Arizona.

John and Lucretia remained in Soda Springs until their family was complete then they moved to Kimball, Idaho and bought a farm and built a home and blacksmith shop on it. Just how long they remained there is not known but it is known that it was long enough for John to become known to all the inhabitants as "Daddy John."

Next they turned up at Draper, from which they went to Baldwin Park, Los Angeles County, California, where they both died. But even then they were not through moving, for they were both brought back to their first home in Utah for burial where they now rest in peace.

Following is a summary of vital statistics pertaining to their family:

Fanny Lucretia Draper was born at Draper, Salt Lake County, Utah January 8, 1854. She married John Parshall Terry April 23, 1875. She died February 28, 1941, at Baldwin Park, California, and was buried at Draper March 4, 1941.

John Parshall Terry was born to Joel and Maria Anderson Terry at one of the temporary Mormon towns in Iowa on the east side of the Missouri River. He died at Baldwin Park, California, March 30, 1931.

They had the following children:

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED
John Dee	Jan. 7, 1876 Rockville, Utah	Feb. 8, 1893	Unmarried
Della	Oct. 31, 1878 Rockville		1st Chas. D. Edwards 2nd Chas. C. Egbert
Ellen Agnes	Apr. 26, 1881 Rockville		Frank C. Wilson
Maria	Aug. 1, 1883 Rockville	Nov. 5, 1918	Rollo Wright
Amy Z.	Apr. 21, 1886 Woodruff, Arizona		1st Arthur Halsey 2nd Geo. Ternando Ashman
Isabel Myrtle	Sept. 7, 1888 Mesa, Arizona	June 6, 1914	Arthur Halsey
Carson	Mar. 31, 1891 Richmond, Utah	March 5, 1918	Unmarried
Farrell Chester	Aug. 2, 1893 Richmond, Utah	Feb. 8, 1895	Unmarried
Tempe (?) Delight	Feb. 3, 1896 Soda Springs, Idaho		1st Frank E. Wallis 2nd Jas. W. McCan 3rd Clarence Conrow
William Rue	May 3, 1898 Soda Springs		Betty Moore
Francis Ricks	July 28, 1901 Soda Springs		Jessie Backenham

Chapter Fifty-eight

PHOEBE MARILLA DRAPER STOCKS

Phoebe Marilla got her first name from her father's favorite sister, Phoebe Draper, with whom he lived as a single man in Kirtland, Ohio. She went by the name of Marilla, however, which name was shortened by her family and friends to "Rill".

If her life proves anything, it is that true love can produce a hard and bitter life. Her first and only love was a young fellow named Henry Stocks. She wanted very much to marry him but her parents prevented this because they regarded him as wild and undependable.

Henry dropped out of sight when thus rejected, and on the rebound Marilla married her cousin James Angus Terry. She had three children by him but it was not a happy marriage. She left him and married C. P. Larson. This marriage might have succeeded, but after she had one child by him, her first love, Henry Stocks, returned to Rockville and threw himself at Marilla. It was more than she could stand. She divorced Larson and married Stocks.

From that day forward she knew nothing but anxiety, torment and poverty. She had three children by Terry, one by Larson, and six by Stocks. Stocks was the poorest provider of them all. He was a miner of sorts and wandered from camp to camp but he failed to furnish Marilla and her children much of a home at any time. Finally he began leaving them to shift for themselves, and except for the kindness of her brothers, her lot would have been hard, indeed.

She died at the age of fifty-one at Bisbee, Arizona — a mining town.

Following are the vital statistics of her life.

Phoebe Marilla Draper was born at Draper, Utah, October 9, 1857, to Zemira and Amy Terry Draper. She died February 10, 1908. She married, first: James Angus Terry, October 12, 18....(?) and had the following children by him:

1. Children by James Angus Terry

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED
Raphall	Oct. 12, 1878 Rockville, Ut.	1900 Cedar City, Ut.	
Zemira	Sept. 28, 1880 Rockville	Dec. 1931	Unmarried
Lydia Hannah	Jan. 22, 1883		Martin F. Cannon

2. Children by C. P. Larson

Zilpha Amy		June 6, 1886 Rockville		Emil ....

3. Children by Henry Stocks

Millie		1889 Preston, Idaho	1907	
Eliza		Jan. 12, 1892 Eureka, Utah		Pickett
Mary H.	Twins	July 1895 Rockville		Arthur Miller
Minerva J.				Shafer
Henry J.		Nov. 1897 Rockville		
John			Arizona	

Zemira T. Draper and Josephine

Chapter Fifty-nine

ZEMIRA TERRY AND JOSEPHINE DRAPER

Zemira Terry Draper was the eldest son of Zemira and Amy Terry Draper. He was born at the town of Draper, which his parents helped to found. He was removed to the remotest part of the state before he was four years old. Prior to this move, his people had pioneered from the time they left Canada in 1834 until they settled at Draper in 1850 where they began to take root and prosper. They had twelve good years in Salt Lake County when they were called to begin pioneering all over again.

Zemira carried few memories of his life in the Salt Lake valley after he was taken to Utah's "Dixie," except the memory of his first taste of peaches at Salt Lake City. In later life he began to keep a diary and in it he recorded that he found ripe peaches which had fallen to the ground and when he tasted one it was so delicious that he filled the skirt of a little red dress which he was wearing with all it would hold and enjoyed his first great fruit festival.

Soon after this, he contracted typhoid fever, of which he nearly died, and from which he was convalescing when his parents began their journey southward in November of 1862. This he learned from his parents. He remembered nothing of his sickness nor the trip.

His first home in Rockville was a tent set up there in December, but as the climate was mild no suffering arose from that. His father, Zemira, was an industrious man and it was not long until he had a log house, "shingled" with dirt, for the family to live in. This practically made them the aristocrats of the town for most of the families were living in dugouts in the hillsides.

He was the first son born in the family of Zemira and Amy Terry Draper. Six sisters preceded him and had it not been for Ammon, the Indian boy, he might have become something of a sissy before his only brother, Carson Clark Draper, arrived six years later. He and Ammon in time were able to give a great deal of service to the family, if watched and guided a little, but they could also annoy and frustrate the rest of the family with their mischief.

Zemira early showed signs of special talents through which he could find amusement for hours, all by himself. He soon demonstrated that he had great manual skill and real artistic appreciation. Had someone been near to teach and encourage him he might well have become one of Utahs' first distinguished artists. He grew up in the midst of majestic beauty. Rockville is near the mouth of Zion's

Canyon and his father owned a little farm beyond the "Narrows" of its breath-taking walls.

The land was fertile and capable of growing a wide variety of plants and trees, including semi-tropical fruits and products. But tillable land was limited to the river bottom of the wild Rio Virgin River which often changed its course and tore out the cultivated crops. As the families grew and multiplied there was not enough land to support them all and in time the new generations had to move away.

Zemira, Carson, and most of their sisters found themselves pioneering new settlements in Utah, Arizona and Idaho most of their lives. But, not withstanding his long struggle for subsistance for himself and family, Zemira always found some time for carving, sketching, and writing.

He began to carve when he was first trusted with a pocket knife. Farm animals appealed to him greatly and became his first models. His first creation was a herd of cattle of his own, made from corn stocks and such other material as he could carve and shape with his pocket knife. He so cluttered up the premises both inside and out the log cabin, that his sisters began sending his cattle to warmer pastures inside the stove. This angered and pained him. Later when he began to draw and paint he made a nostalgic sketch of his cabin home with his cattle surrounding it, with himself as herdsman protecting them.

Later he turned his attention to making useful things. In time he mastered both sled and wagon making, which skill was put to practical use all of his life. In fact he learned to make and mend so many things that his services were always in demand wherever he went.

He learned caution in the use of tools at great cost. Once when using a drawing knife to shape an axle-tree for a wagon the knife slipped and cut into his ankle so deep it was thought that he would never walk on it again. But he made such a good recovery that no mention was made in his diary of being in any way handicapped by it.

It seems that nothing much ever slowed him and Ammon down. They ran wild and free, totally indifferent to dress. Zemira's mother Amy did her best to tame them down and give them some pride in personal appearance. She washed, mended, and sewed buttons on their clothes but they preferred to run half naked with their shirt tails flying.

Finally she caught Zemira and tied a string firmly to the front of his shirt, ran it between his legs, and then wound it around the tail of the shirt and secured it with a firm knot. She threatened him with dire punishment if he tried to undo it. Just a few days chafing of the string pursuaded him to keep his shirt tail in without the aid of the string.

But if it wasn't one thing it was another. They rolled and waded in the water ditches diverting and roiling the water, thereby interfering with irrigation and spoiling the water for household use. No amount of scolding nor leading to the house by the ears could spoil their joy in water until an accident occurred which had a sobering effect upon them.

Among the household duties assigned to them was bringing water from the river in an eighteen gallon barrel, transported in a wheelbarrow. One would push and the other would pull but it required skill to keep it from tipping over.

One day they got an order from the women at the house to bring them a barrel of water in a hurry. They responded quickly enough but the day was hot and when they reached the river, coolness arose from it; wet sand squished pleasantly between their toes and when they stepped into the water it was heaven.

They dipped up a bucket full, but in lifting it up to clear the wheelbarrow it caught the edge, tipped over and spilled the water in the sand where it formed little rivulets and ran gurgling back to the river. This gave the boys such pleasure that they began to dip water and play with it until they forgot all about the necessity of getting water back to the house quickly.

Thus they played in ignorant bliss until a sixth sense told them that trouble was approaching. Zemira ran up the bank and saw his father approaching at a distance. He dashed back to warn Ammon. They filled the barrel in feverish haste. They got it up on the path leading to the house, but in their haste and apprehension, they tipped it over and lost the water just as the father reached them.

He seized each of them by an ear and led them howling to the house. As he hurried them along he told them that he ought to string them up to improve their memories. He set them down, without gentleness, beneath a tree and told them not to move until he finished the job they had so wrongfully neglected. Their case, he said, would be attended to later.

Young Zemira wondered if he really would string them up and he wondered how it would feel. Just then he saw an old hair rope lying near by which gave him the urge to experiment with it a little. He tied the rope around Ammon's neck and lead him to the cabin.

He then threw the free end of the rope over the roof and told Ammon to stand still until he got hold of the rope on the other side. The Indian boy stood still until he felt the rope tightening around his neck. He didn't like it.

Zemira was looping the rope around his own neck and in doing so, both of them were lifted to tip-toe. Ammon tried to get free but the knot at his neck was too tight. Just above him, he saw another knot where the rope had been broken and rejoined by a loose knot. Thinking that he could untie that one, he jumped and seized the rope just above the knot and in doing so, his weight jerked Zemira two or three feet in the air on the other side.

Just then the father appeared and saw his son's predicament. He quickly cut him down, after which there was no room left for anything but sober thought.

Too often after Zemira got cured of one fault his active curiosity produced another. Only those who are well acquainted with growing, healthy boys know what extraordinary appetites they possess. Zemira was no exception. One day he saw a tempting slice of bread in a place where it would hardly be expected to be. He lost no time speculating how it got there but began eating it with gusto.

His mother saw him doing it and gasped in alarm. She seized a raw egg, ran to him, threw his head back and shouted, "swallow this!"

He swallowed it, but he did not know what was causing all the excitement. "You little goose, that bread was spread with strychnine!" Whatever it was, he felt no evil effects from eating it. The egg proved to be a perfect antidote and to him it tasted better than the bread.

Twice more he ate poisoned bait and twice more he got the raw egg treatment by which time he had become a raw egg addict. He tells in his journal, that even as a merchant he liked to sample fresh raw eggs brought in by customers.

Ammon and Zemira were wise in the ways of nature, but they had always been indifferent to rules that confined them any more than nature confined the birds, the beasts, and running water. Their parents were aware that sooner or later more experience among people would be necessary.

Thus it was that Zemira was taken with his father to Cedar City to dispose of a load of fruit. Compared to Rockville, Cedar City was then a metropolis. It was a thrilling experience for young Zemira until he and his father were invited to dine in the modern home of the merchant who bought the fruit. Of this he later wrote in his journal:

> They had quite a time to get me to accept the invitation, but I finally went in and after blundering around making all manner of awkward movements, I took a seat at the table. I was no more than seated when I knocked my glass of water over. I made a grab to catch the glass and sent my plate to the floor. In trying to pick it up to replace on the table, I hit my head on the corner of the table and sloshed my soup all over. With so many eyes upon me I could stand no more. I rushed out to our old family wagon and friendly horses and stayed there until father took me away.[1]

From that time forward, Zemira became more interested in self improvement and social graces. He found that his parents knew more about such things than he had suspected. His sisters were not so dumb either. He began to find more interest in Sunday School, and unexpected pleasure in dancing.

Rythmic movement to music with a pretty girl was more thrilling than he cared to admit. Their only dance hall was an outdoor open-air bowery in which many of the dancers were barefooted and dressed in homespun stitched together with "oose" (fiber of the Century Plant) and colored with dye extracted from rabbit-brush, dock root, and other plants of the locality.

The fact that a bare toe got stepped on by a shod foot occasionally added to the merriment as the crippled one hopped about on one foot. Primitive as it may seem, dancing under these circumstances was a civilizing influence to the pure in heart.

Zemira took baptism in his stride at the age of eight; he was more solemn and thoughtful when he was ordained a Deacon and ushered into the United Order at the age of sixteen. The "Order" was a system under which the whole community worked as one and shared as one. He undoubtedly learned much about the merits and demerits of such a system. He and the young men with whom he worked, talked and philosophized about many things. Among such things was the "Word of Wisdom" or abstention from all kinds of harmful food and drink.

They had been taught that tobacco is a deadly poison and one day while hoeing in a cane field they got a chance to give it a test. They came upon, and captured a snake. One of their members was chewing tobacco and it was suggested that some of the juice be placed in the snake's mouth. It was no sooner said than done. In his journal Zemira recorded that "in less time than five minutes the snake was dead."

When Zemira reached the age of seventeen, his father died and from that time forward he was on his own and more or less the head of the family. Four of his sisters were married leaving his mother, two sisters and a brother, eleven years old, to be looked after at home. He continued to work in the "Order", constructing ditches, pruning trees, sowing and reaping, barrel making, basket weaving, shoe, boot, and harness mending, wagon building and sled making, and doing a little of everything that had to be done in the community of Rockville, including the making of coffins.

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[1] Condensed by the Author.

The entries in his journal show that his interest in church affairs and general education continued to grow. The variety of his activities is amazing. Following are a few entries in 1877:

> Went to the funeral of Sarah Scogings. Ploughed in the forenoon; played ball in the afternoon.
>
> Went to Sunday School and Meeting.
>
> Hauled logs.
>
> Started a saddle. Finished it April 17.
>
> Commenced making a churning machine.
>
> Crowned our queen of May.
>
> Mowed lucerne; painted cornish for the house.
>
> Branded cattle.
>
> July 4 — We met at the school house at day break, fired off anvil at sunrise, hoisted the flag, danced at night.
>
> Made a basket.
>
> Had fun in Hall's field — ate melons.
>
> Dec. 18 to 29 went to school.

More entries in the 1880's:

> Riding down a hill my saddle turned, I went to the ground. Nobody saw me. Felt much better. There being nothing the matter with me but a bruised head, skinned knees, and a lame back, I resadled, remounted, and rode away.
>
> A.M. went to Sabbath School. P.M. went to meeting and Bible class.
>
> Made a wire door frame.
>
> Put in a barrel head.
>
> Went to Mt. Trumble for lumber.
>
> Lettered headboards for the graves of Jos and Louisa Langton.
>
> Grained a door for C. M. Jennings.
>
> Attended trial of D. Patten, arrested for breaking the peace.
>
> Went to Grafton to see if a child of W. L. (Doc) Draper buried there (before he moved back to Sanpete) might be moved.
>
> Attended YMMIA. Read seven chapters of Mark Twain's "Tramp Abroad."
>
> Read nine chapters of the New Testament.

In about 1884 he thought he should see a little more of the world and some of his kinfolk in Salt Lake and Sanpete counties. He spent some time in Salt Lake City, where between sightseeing trips he wrote letters to his mother and sisters and gathered a few items which indicate the direction of his interest:

> June 20. Wrote "The Irish Love Song" in my other book.
> July 6. Read some songs in Johnny Roach's songster.
> July 12. Bought a book of recitations for 25c.

After this he went to his birth place at Draper where his sister Ellen Green and other relatives still lived. They were glad to have him for his own witty self as well as for his helpfulness in mending harness, shoes and things in the house and around the farm.

In time he thought he ought to be regularly employed. He got a job at Sandy working on the railroad between there and Alta in Little Cottonwood canyon, earning $1.50 a day. After accumulating a little cash he decided to go to Sanpete where the main body of the Drapers were at that time located.

He made his headquarters at the home of "Doc" Draper whom he had known well at Rockville. Doc was building a new home and Zemira arrived at an opportune time. He helped Doc make 6,896 adobes, constructed window frames for him and generally made himself useful all around the village of Freedom.

He was then twenty-five years old and still unmarried. He found plenty of company both at Freedom and Moroni, as well as at other towns in North Sanpete County. The entries in his journal show that he began to "live-it-up" a little more than he had heretofore done.

On various dates he recorded:

> Went up Maple (a beautiful an unique canyon west of Freedom)
>
> Went to Moroni, bought 1 qt alchol $2.00, beer 50c, one bottle cough syrup 25, dance 25.
>
> Went to Moroni ran around with females Brothersen.
>
> Went to Wales bought 1 shirt 50c 1 Ring silver 20c 1 pr shoes 70c 1 D. J. Bourbon 1.25.
>
> Went to Moroni, wrote to mother bought two boxes .... 1 bottle scent price 35c.
>
> Took Polly Taylor to Joe Draper's birthday dance.
>
> Went to town bought 1 pr socks 40c 1 pr gloves 1.50 1 pht cigarettes 10c joined the Moroni branch.
>
> Bought 1 ring 40c The drinks 4 — 50c 1 lb candy 25c 1 violin E strings 25c
>
> Went to Uncle Bills with mother (she and his brother Carson had come up from Rockville for a visit)

Carse and mother started home.

Jack, None, Jode, Nell, Lizz, and I went to Uinta (Ft. Green).

Tried to make key to my fiddle box (failed). (This was about all he ever said about his fiddle but it is well known that he played it very well.)

As the end of 1884 approached, it appears that Zemira felt the urge to return to the old homestead at Rockville. On November 24, he went for a visit to Draper, where he painted a picture for Ellen, argued polygamy with some of the old timers, attended church, called on the Stewarts, Ballards, and Rideouts and then in December 2, 1884, he started the long return to Rockville, by way of Sanpete and Sevier counties. He bought some extra tools on the way as if he had some special jobs in mind to do when he got there. He arrived December 16.

The very next day he entered into feverish activity. He chopped down and trimmed fruit trees; painted a border around a motto for the celebration of Joseph Smith's birthday, at which he recited something from Artemus Ward; did considerable shoemaking and mending; went to a horse race and a dance; read some in the Farm Field & Fireside; killed a pig; painted mottoes for Sabbath School Jubilee; spoke and acted as drunkard in a play titled "Bottles"; read some, fiddled some, wrote an editorial on the subject of baptism; fixed a clock and dug a grave; grubbed brush and made a wheelbarrow; hauled sand and made a duck pond and so on in adfinitum, but in spite of this he was restless and he returned again to Draper — this time to teach school.

At last his life was given permanent direction. He met a little Mormon convert from the southern tip of Sweden. Her name was Olga Josephine Poulsen. She was living with a relative of Zemira, a Mrs. Terry, at Draper.

She was ten years younger than Zemira and with no command of English at all. Zemira took great pleasure in teaching her the language. His interest in her was noticed by the pupils in his school and just for mischief they began writing love notes to him and to her, only they signed her name to the notes he received and his name to the notes that went to her.

In time they compared notes and detected the fraud and laughed about it. It had the effect of bringing them closer together. He patiently waited for her to grow up and on October 26, 1887, he married her in the Temple at Logan. It was a happy and successful marriage. Zemira continued to teach school until the first child was born after which he moved back to Rockville where he became manager of Rockville's Co-op Store. There they lived and their family grew until they had five children at which time Josephine had a narrow escape from death. For a time they thought she was dead, but her husband would not give her up and she revived and got well.

In the meantime Carson, Zemira's younger brother, had moved to Hinckley, Millard County, in search of new land. These brothers were very close to each other and after Carson got settled he wrote Zemira telling him that there was a good store for sale there on Main street at a bargain, which he urged Zemira to come and buy.

The prospects for moving there were not inviting. Much of the land was black with alkali, there were no trees; salt grass, greasewood and tumble weeds were about all the natural growth to be seen. Jake Langston, who had moved there from Rockville wrote Zemira a discouraging letter. He said the wind blew continually and sometimes it was fierce. A day or two before he said it had blown one of his chickens against the barn and as he wrote, it was still holding the poor bird tight against the wall.

In spite of this discouragement, Carson's persuasion won out. Zemira bought the store and moved his family there.

To compensate for the wind and alkali, they found about thirty of the nicest families they had ever known. The United Order of the early days never produced such mutual helpfulness and love as existed among them. There was one non-Mormon family in the town but it was absorbed by intermarriage with L D S boys and girls.

Perhaps nothing served better to bring them close together than a severe diphtheria epidemic which brought wide spread death among them. Those who were able to attend the stricken did so without regard to the danger of infection and possible death to themselves until the crisis was passed. Certified doctors, undertakers and other professionals who take over at such times in modern times, were non-existant.

This brought the skills of Zemira into play. Quick burial of the dead was a necessity but no suitable coffins were available. This need was aptly met by Zemira. He began to make coffins of a quality that gave great comfort to bereaved families. They were sturdily built, covered with white brocade, and lined with white silk and lace, in which the deceased seemed to rest in sweet sleep.

When the scourge passed by, life resumed its natural channels. People returned to work with a new zeal reserving time out for worship, relaxation and entertainment. A dramatic company was formed in which Zemira was the manager, leading man and scene painter.

Next to the dance, home theatricals contributed more to the artistic development, fun and laughter than any other entertainment in remote communities.

But at Hinckley, as at other southern Utah towns, economic expansion soon reached its limit. Carson Draper, who induced Zemira to come to Hinckley, had a rapidly growing family and began to feel the need of more land for his boys. The Snake River valley between Pocatello and Ashton, Idaho, was tempting many Utah people to move there. Carson was among them.

Thither he went in 1902. When he got there, he found a whole section of land — 640 acres — which he could buy, from a man named Bull, for a reasonable price. This inspired a big idea in Carson. Here was a chance to furnish all the land necessary for both his family and Zemira's and room for other families as well. He wrote Zemira immediately urging him to come. He met some resistance from Zemira for his family had put down roots at Hinckley and they were not wholly dependent on agriculture for a living.

However, the strong bond between the brothers caused Zemira to yield and move to Idaho, much to the sorrow of the good people at Hinckley. The way things finally developed, it may have been a mistake that either of them moved to Idaho.

Zemira sold his store and buildings at Hinckley to Pratt Bros. Company and took cattle for a substantial portion of the purchase price.

On March 12, 1903, the people of the town gave a big farewell party for the family and on March 15, Zemira and his sons Zira and Terry, together with Lula Burk, a friend of the family who wanted a free ride to Blackfoot, boarded a cattle and equipment train and headed for their future home in Idaho.

Josephine and the rest of the children took a passenger train and went to Pleasant Grove, Utah; there to remain until housing could be found for them in their new location. Zemira was lonely without them so he boarded up some tents on the land and sent for them. They arrived in April, and before a new home could be finished, their last son, Verrill, who furnished most of the material for this sketch, was born in one of the tents.

Carson and Zemira began subdividing their land as soon as they acquired it. They sold one parcel to a man named Keener and another to a knucklehead named Frandsen, who must have thought that the tract was going to be run on a sort of United Order basis. Carson provided him with housing pending the arrival of his own family.

While thus situated, Frandsen learned that the Drapers had taken a modest profit in selling the land to him, and from that day forward he carried on a feud against them, resulting in Church and civil trials and grievious annoyances until they sold out their own interest in the tract and found land and homes in another distict in Idaho.

Zemira was his usual energetic self. He was made superintendent of the Sunday School, established another little mercantile business, trained his sons in the management of their farm, and generally spread himself all over the place. But soon little disturbing entries began to appear in his journal:

> Not feeling well today. Didn't do anything. Had a bad chill. Felt too bad to go to church.
>
> Kept to my bed today. Feeling rather worse today. Sent Drs. Shores and Shores $7.50 for last month's treatment. Bought some Dyspepsia remedy.

Finally his wife wrote in his journal May 19, 1906:

> This last week Zemira has been too sick to write so I will write. Last Friday morning Zira had to go and fix the headgate for our ditch at the peoples' canal and Zemira, thinking he better go with him to show him how, had a quilt put in the wagon to lie on, and Zira drove up to the headgate where Zemira showed him how . . .

What they didn't know was that Zemira was dying from cancer of the stomach.

The doctor at Blackfoot, ten miles away from the Draper home, called several times to examine Zemira. He could see that his condition was serious, but being unable to arrive at sure diagnosis advised that he be taken to a hospital in Salt Lake City.

Josephine took over and lost no time in getting to Salt Lake City with her husband. She brought her youngest children with her and disposed of the little boys by sending them to her own mother at Pleasant Grove.

Diagnosis seemed no better at the hospital than it was at Blackfoot. The chief physician half jestingly told Zemira that there was nothing wrong with him, which made him feel a little less than a stoic for having gone to so much trouble and expense for nothing.

The next day the doctor apologized and said that an operation had been decided upon. What for, he did not say. After the operation, and when Zemira was able to talk, he was told that he should have come to the hospital long before he did, because cancer had developed in his stomach almost beyond their power to cure. They had done their best and there was nothing more they could do.

He was put in a ward where he forgot himself and talked encouragingly to the patients around him. A man with a broken leg was put in a bed next to his. A board splint was prepared for the leg and in the course of preparing it, about a foot of the board was sawed off.

Zemira asked if he might have the discarded portion. His request was readily granted. He then asked his nurse for his pocket knife and a newspaper. The nurse eyed him quizzically and then she too complied with his request. Zemira spread the newspaper across his lap in bed and began to carve. When he finished, the words "LOVE MAKES THE HOME" stood out in bold relief with a subdued scene of his native hills and a log cabin in the background.

It created something of a sensation among the doctors and nurses. They wanted to buy it. But Josephine wanted it for herself. She treasured it until she died and then passed it on to her youngest son who holds it still in fond remembrance.

Zemira was taken to Pleasant Grove where his wife finally bought a home and took over the responsibility of providing for the family. She had depended on the sale of the Idaho property to set her on her feet and furnish funds for the education of her children.

Her husband died February 5, 1907, a month and a half before his forty-eighth birthday. He left his widow with eight living children, ranging in age from one year to eighteen. With the help of her father, she had acquired a good home in Pleasant Grove and was depending on the sale of her property in Idaho to pay for it as well as the doctor bills and some education for the children. In this she was disappointed.

She listed the property with an Idaho real estate company for sale. The title was in her name but she had probably not recorded the deed to it from her husband, for after he died the company proceeded to probate the estate. This she did not know until she consulted Judge Booth of Provo, concerning papers she had received from the probate court. Upon learning that she held a deed to the property he told her the expense of probate had practically eaten up her farm. All she got out of it was $470.00.

This was blow to her, but she was still young — only 38 — and self-reliant. She went to work taking any job that came to hand. Her eldest son, Zira, had already taken work on the Union Pacific Railroad, and between them they accumulated a little money. The cash also came in from the Idaho property, which inspired her to call her son home from the railroad to attend the B.Y.U. during the winter.

It was her first and foremost ambition to see that all her children got an education.

Zira could hardly bear to have his mother carry the whole burden, so after one school year at B.Y.U. he returned to the railroad and remained with it for forty-five years, after which, like his father, he died of cancer. Her eldest daughter, Amy, also went to work, thereby relieving the pressure on her mother.

In order to provide higher education for her children, she sold her home at Pleasant Grove and bought one at Provo where they could attend the B.Y.U. There she was able to cut costs to a minimum and at the same time keep them all under her protective wing.

It was this that brought her and the writer together for the first time. It was rumored that with the help of an expert, she had traced her own ancestry back to Adam and Eve. It turned out to be a remarkable document, but it would cause one to wonder how the recordless chasm of the Dark Ages could be successfully crossed. She had no illusions about the chart and was well aware that some imagination and considerable acquaintance with Norse mythology and legends was necessary to reach the Biblical genealogies leading back to Adam and Eve. But it has ever been the ambition of thinking persons to pierce through the darkness of antiquity. She continued her studies and increased in faith until she died, and who can say that she has not achieved complete fulfillment?

Her husband, who preceded her in death, was born March 15, 1859. He married his sweetheart, Olga Josephine, October 26, 1887. He died February 8, 1907, at Salt Lake City, Utah and was buried at Pleasant Grove.

Josephine was born February 23, 1869, at Helsingborg, Sweden to Niels and Maria Walstrom Poulson. She died ...., 1948, at Provo, Utah, and was buried beside her husband at Pleasant Grove, Utah. Following is a record of their children:

All of them finished high school; some of them finished a year or two at B.Y.U. and two of them took degrees from the University of Utah and became government employees. As they married and found their own places in life, she turned her attention to the study of genealogy.

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED
Zira Poulson	Oct. 3, 1888 Pleasant Grove	Aug. 4, 1955 Milford, Utah	Elaine Spendlove Mar. 30, 1910
Amy Marie	Nov. 9, 1890 Rockville		1. Alfred Jensen 2. Byron Ried

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED
Terry Parshall	Jan. 30, 1893 Rockville		1. Florence Beckman 2.
Carson Owen	Mar. 10, 1895 Rockville		Artell Stratton Feb. 28, 1917
Otto Ludwig	Nov. 9, 1897 Rockville	July 10, 1935	1. Myrtle Jaunitta 2. Etta Brothersen
Glen Hilding	May 15, 1900 Hinckley		Josephine Hammer
John Clark	Aug. 30, 1902 Hinckley	Sept. 12, 1902 Hinckley	
Verrill Wilford	Oct. 2, 1903 Kimball, Idaho Bingham County		1. Mary I. Bogley Jan. 9, 1939 2. Dolly Fay Montague
Estella Rebecca	Feb. 17, 1906 Groveland, Idaho Bingham County		1. Forrest Fox 2. Geo. Bills 3. Wm. Burlew 4. Hugh Woolsey 5. Arthur Burt

Draper Home, Rockville

CHAPTER SIXTY

ZILPHA AMY DRAPER DUZETTE

Zilpha was the last daughter of Zemira and Amy Terry Draper, born September 26, 1861, at Draper, Utah. She was taken to Rockville in the fall of 1862 and lived there until she married Homer Duzette in 1879. She had a baby February 18, 1880, to whom she gave the name of Chloe Minerva. Two months later Zilpha died — April 10, 1880, and on July 21, 1880, the baby died.

As may be seen, Zilpha was only nineteen years old when she died. The story of her short life was much the same as that of her sisters as told herein, up to the time of their respective marriages.

Her premature death was a blow to her family and to her young husband. Although he married again, he was always held in high regard by the Draper family.

CHAPTER SIXTY-ONE

CARSON CLARK DRAPER

Carson Clark Draper was the last child, as well as the last son, born to Zemira and Amy Terry Draper, January 29, 1865, at Rockville, Utah. He got his name from two favorite uncles of his father, Zemira. Their names were Carson Draper, commonly known as Carr Draper, and David Clark Draper, always known as Clark Draper.

These uncles joined the L.D.S. Church in Canada and moved to Kirtland, Ohio along with all the other Draper converts, including Zemira. They failed to follow the Church to Utah; however, they were not forgotten by those who did. When Zemira named his last son "Carson Clark" it was a tribute to them. This son was always known as Carson, or "Carse."

He and his brother Zemira Terry always cooperated and lived close together, so much so that it is said Zemira T's story applies to Carson as well. They both had artistic instincts, although Carson more the "motor" type and in some respects he dominated Zemira as may be seen in Zemira's story. Being the baby of the family he got more "petting" than the older children. Writing about him, his daughter, Mary Elva, says:

> I have heard him tell he never got punished as his older brother Zemira and his sister did for their little pranks.
>
> He was reared in a good pioneer Latter-day Saint home. His father was the first Bishop or Branch President at Rockville and his mother was a devout woman. He was baptized into the Church July 6, 1875, and several years later he was ordained a priest. As a young boy he liked to suck juice from the sugar cane and hang around where molasses was being made. Later in life he had a farm at Springdale in Zion Canyon where he raised cane and manufactured "Dixie" molasses or sorghum, as well as a variety of fruit, much of which was preserved by drying it. Such produce he often took north to trade for goods not to be had at home. Among things he brought home were salted fish (taken largely from Utah Lake) which he could sell readily in Dixie.
>
> In his early manhood, he was quite active in dramatics and was in many plays. (Influenced no doubt by Zemira's coaching and direction.)
>
> He had a good voice and loved to sing. Some of his songs that appealed to me were: "The Boston Burgler," "Charles Guiteau," "Red Wing," "Silver Threads Among The Gold," "Where The Silvery Colorado Wends Its Way," and many others.

The writer has nostalgic memories of some of these songs, and particularly of "Charles Guiteau." Some of the lines still run through my head; for instance:

My name it is Charles Guiteau
This day I'll surely die —
For murdering James A. Garfield —
Upon the scaffold high.

My sister came to the prison,
The place where I was kept;
She threw her arms around my neck
And bitterly she wept;

Oh brother, dearest brother,
This day you'll surely die —
For murdering James A. Garfield —
Upon the Scaffold high.

Continuing, Mary Elva says:

> It was Carson's part to ride the range for cattle, a life he dearly loved, out close to nature, where he could study the formation of rocks, the stars, and the beautiful world God placed him in. He did not get much schooling but he was self-educated by direct contact with people in action, the wonders of nature, and reading such books as fell in his hands. He was a beautiful writer.

It was inevitable that some day he would be charmed by some girl who in turn would be fascinated by him. This girl turned out to be Vilate Dalton, also a native of Rockville. They were married January 2, 1888 by Moses Smith.

His brother Zemira Terry had married the year before and was living at Draper, and as his mother Amy Terry Draper had become a widow in 1876, Carson continued to live at home with his bride until they acquired the little farm at Springdale mentioned above.

Their first child was born November 18, 1888, and by 1895 they had two daughters and two sons with no intention whatever of stopping with that number. It became plain to Carson and Vilate, therefore, that the resources of Zion Canyon would be inadequate to give their offspring a fair chance in life. Carson's trading trips north had brought him in contact with some farming developments taking place on the lower Sevier river in Millard County. This land had been passed up by early settlers because it was heavily impregnated by alkaline salts, but it was being demonstrated that it could be drained and made into good agricultural land and particularly for the growing of good alfalfa seed.

They moved then, sometime between 1895 and 1897, as shown by the fact that their fifth child was born at Hinckley January 28,

1897. Carson soon had a farm in operation. It was then that he pursuaded his brother Zemira to join him and open a store at Hinckley.

Zemira and his family quickly took root again at Hinckley. Business was good and they liked the people very much. But after a few years Carson began to feel restless. His family had grown to seven children and four of them were boys. A good deal of prime land was being developed along the Snake river in Idaho. Carson could not resist the pull of it. There he went and when he found he could acquire a whole section between Blackfoot and Shelley in Bingham County (which was later called Kimball) he began to work on Zemira to join him in purchasing and subdividing it.

Zemira did join him and for a time things went well. Both of them were installed in establishing and supervising a Sunday School which they operated in a public schoolhouse. Not all the inhabitants were Latter-day Saints and eventually they had to abandon its use and build a place of worship of their own.

Then a tragic feud with a member of their own faith compelled them, in the end, to move out of this district. That story is fully told in the story of Zemira's life, Chapter 59. Before that happened, Carson's new frame home burned down. Everything they owned went up in smoke, including some of Zemira's belongings.

It might have been worse, for a baby was sleeping in the house alone with the door locked when the fire broke out. The oldest son, however, broke a door down with an axe and rescued his little sister. For that they were grateful.

Carson moved his family further down the River to the Minidoka project at Rupert but they had no housing there, so the family moved into a tent. Their ninth child was born in the tent. Carson worked on the project until winter closed it down, at which time prospects looked so gloomy they concluded there was no place like Utah after all.

Carson and the older children found work, and Vilate, the mother, took advantage of the situation and entered a sewing school where she took training and sewed for her family at the same time for six months, after which they moved back to Hinckley.

After buying a home Carson and his boys began putting up wild hay in the Blue Lake region southwest of Hinckley, and doing such odd jobs as were available. Later on, Carson's knowledge of horticulture and farming got him a job as foreman of a large plantation on the Gulf of Mexico in Old Mexico. There, for the first time, he came in contact with the Mexican peons, who were doing the hard manual labor on the plantation. He was shocked at the low rates of wages paid to them and their low standard of living. He had a keen sense of social justice, which caused him to start a campaign for higher wages for these poor people. He succeeded in getting them a raise and then he got another shock. They began coming to work only every other day, and when asked why they were doing this they explained that they only needed to work every other day in order to earn enough money to live as they had always lived! Strangely enough he had to cut their wages to get them back to work every day.

Unfortunately for Carson, his health broke down in the tropics. He suffered from malerial chills and fever until he had to quit. At this time his family consisted of seven living children — two of nine had died — none of whom married until October in 1908. It was necessary, therefore, that Carson should continue to work to support them. This bothered him not at all — given good health.

He worked for a time in metal mines at Drum. When not there, he was farming. But time and misfortune began to bear down on him. His eldest daughter, and a fourteen year old boy died. His wife had two more boys; one in 1910 and another in 1912. It took some time for him to overcome the effects of maleria. By reason of these misfortunes and added responsibilities he sold their home and then to get material to build another he went to work at the Swazy sawmill in the mountains.

Vilate's foresight in going to sewing school then began to pay off. As a seamstress, she did beautiful work and her services were much in demand at good pay. In due time a new house was completed, and in this their last child was born June 6, 1912.

By mere coincidence the writer was pioneering in the very area in Idaho where Carson and his brother Zemira were located. In the very year that Zemira took his cattle by train into Bingham County, Idaho I, the writer, accompanied a trainload of sheep belonging to Young and Christensen, which were unloaded at Shelly and taken into the mountains on the Wolverine Creek. I did not know that I had relatives pioneering in the valley just below me.

But in 1913, while I was travelling in Utah as a salesman, I chanced to be in Hinckley when the whole town was celebrating Pioneer Day, on the 24th of July. There, for the first time, I met Carson and Vilate Draper. He was carrying his last born son, and he and Vilate were enjoying themselves at the horse races. When we identified ourselves with respect to our relationship in the big Draper family they took me to their home for dinner. There I enjoyed their hospitality, which his daughter, Mary Elva has described as follows:

> They were hard workers, very generous, and hospitable. They raised a son of his sister Marilla as if he were their own. Their table was always open to all who liked to come — and there were many. Very often they had to eat in relays but this only added to the merriment.

No matter how hard the times, the whole family was apt at finding or making work. Amy, the second daughter, found work at Pratt's store, and when the town was short on hay and pasture for their cattle, Carson turned cowboy and went off to the Antelope mountains where he rode the range for them throughout the summer and returned them to their owners in the fall.

While so engaged in this, a potash discovery was made in Millard County and there was great excitement among the people. Carson filed on a number of claims but they failed to pan out.

Then he turned to the dairy business and sold dairy products from more than a dozen cows. But he hit more of a bonanza in alfalfa seed. One season he not only supported his family from seed but he paid over $6,000.00 on the purchase price of the farm on which he was raising seed.

This, however, was the last of his successes. While standing on a high load of hay adjusting it with a fork, his team started to move and jerked him off. He hit the rack-stake as he fell which, with the jar of hitting the ground, made an old man of him. He knew little happiness from that time on. In December 1931, Zira Terry, son of his sister Marilla, whom he reared as his own, died. In 1932 his daughter Leona died, leaving a small child. Then the hardest blow of all fell in 1933. His wife Vilate suffered a stroke, and for five months he watched over her in her helpless condition until she died.

Six months later he became desperately ill and was ordered to a hospital where it was discovered that his appendix had ruptured and peritonitis had developed, from which he died.

Before he left home he seemed to sense that death was impending, for upon parting he said to his children: "If this is the last roundup, God bless you all."

Following are the vital statistics concerning the family:

Carson Clark Draper was born at Rockville, Utah to Zemira and Amy Terry Draper January 29, 1865. He married Vilate Dalton, daughter of John and Maryann Dalton, January 2, 1888. She died July 17, 1933 and he followed her January 9, 1934. They are both buried at Hinckley. Following are their children:

NAME	BORN	DIED	MARRIED
Ellen Agnes	Nov. 18, 1888 Rockville	April 6, 1909	Walter R. Funk Oct. 9, 1908
Amy Vilate	Dec. 25, 1890 Rockville	Oct. 14, 1924	Isaac Elkington
Carson Melvin	Nov. 22, 1892 Rockville		1. Amelia Sainz 2. Annie Frazer
Zemira Heward	May 25, 1895 Springdale	Sept. 18, 1909	
Vernon	Jan. 28, 1897 Hinckley	Feb. 28, 1899 Hinckley	
Bennoni	Dec. 20, 1899 Hinckley	Dec. 20, 1899 Hinckley	
Mary Elva	Jan. 20, 1901 Hinckley		Silas E. Johnson May 18, 1921
Leona Josephine	Apr. 1, 1903 Kimball, Ida.	Nov. 18, 1932 Hinckley	Ervin L. Sagers May 10, 1921
Ruby Florina	July 1, 1906 Rupert, Ida.		Jos. Long Bunker Dec. 22, 1925
Lawrence LaVell	Jan. 11, 1910 Hinckley		1. Zeva Ames 2. Thelma Axelson
Clark Lindon	June 6, 1912 Hinckley		Vera E. Astle

CARSON (CARR) DRAPER I

Carr Draper was the third son of Thomas and Lydia Rogers Draper, born December 6, 1776. He followed his parents through Pennsylvania, New York, and finally into Canada. He remained a single man until he was 39 years old when he married Mary Seager in 1815. A minister of the Dutch Reformed Church performed the ceremony. Thomas Draper and John Foster were witnesses to the marriage.

Whether this Thomas was Carr's father or his eldest brother does not appear, nor is John Foster known to any living descendants of Thomas and Lydia. Their marriage certificate is now in the possession of F. C. Foster, whose mother was a Draper. He thought that, perhaps, John Foster might be his ancestor, but investigation showed that his first Foster ancestor to come to America did not arrive until 1833.

Ella Eddy Wager, a granddaughter of Clark Rogers Draper, who was living at Green Springs, Florida, in 1933, when the writing of this history began, reported to Mr. Foster that when she was only four years of age, Carr and his wife were living with her mother fifteen miles east of Cleveland, on the lake shore (which would be in the vicinity of Kirtland) and that Mary Seager died there.

She further reports that Carr moved back to Canada about 1857, when she was eight years of age, at which time he was 81 years old. He lived there with a family named Waite until he died — no date given.

He was respected and loved by the Utah Drapers because his name, Carson, was used in more than one branch of the family after they arrived in Utah.

LUCRETIA, FANNY AND LYDIA DRAPER

Very little is known about the above named children of William and Lydia Lathrop Draper.

Lucretia Draper was born April 15, 1802 and she would have been 32 years old when the family moved to Kirtland, but since no record of them was preserved by the family after they came back to the United States, it is assumed that she died in Canada before 1834.

Fanny Draper was born April 2, 1804. She married John Van Leuven, who was descendant of a family from Holland which came to America sometime prior to 1765. There was considerable intermarriage between the Drapers and the Van Leuvens.

It is likely that these families first met in Dutchess County, New York. It will be remembered that Thomas and Lydia Rogers were there in 1769 when their first child was born and for sometime thereafter. It is also a well-known fact that New York City was settled by the Dutch and most of the land in the Hudson River valley, including Dutchess County, was owned first by influential Hollanders. It seems plausible that immigrants coming to America, even after the British took over New York, would be partial to that city and state because there they would find their kinfolk and Dutch speaking people.

But as shown in previous chapters, the Hudson River valley was not a suitable place for poor immigrants from any country because the land was all claimed and owned by rich and powerful grantees who were interested only in feudal tenants and not in people desiring to own the land. It is quite natural then, that when the Drapers found their way into Canada the Van Leuvens should have found opportunity there also.

At any rate, they did live in close proximity to each other in Canada, where Fanny Draper, daughter of William and Lydia Lathrop Draper, married John Van Leuven, Jr. about 1823. Cornelius, a brother to John, married Lovina Draper, a daughter of Thomas and Mary Mosier Draper, about 1825.[1] Frederick, a brother of Cornelius, and John, married Lydia III, a sister of Fanny, February 14, 1827; and Ira Draper, a son of Thomas and Mary Mosier Draper, married Mary Patience Van Leuven, a daughter of Frederick and Lydia Draper Van Leuven in Missouri in about 1849.[2]

After the above named couples reached Utah, they moved on to California and settled in and around San Bernardino, where their descendants still live. I visited some of them in 1953, but was unable, in the short time at my disposal, to get much of their history, although I found them to be congenial and cooperative.

John Van Leuven, who married Fanny, was born about 1802 — place not known, but it could have been either in New York or in Canada. I am informed that they had a sizeable family and that they both died in California.

Lydia was born October 7, 1809, at Newcastle in Canada. She died December 6, 1893 at San Bernardino, California. She married Frederick Van Leuven in 1827 in Canada. He was born February 14, 1808 in Dutchess County, New York.[3]

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[1] See Chapter VI.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Dates supplied by Sabrina Draper Durfee.

They had the following children:

NAME	BORN	PLACE	MARRIED	DIED
Louisa	Jan. 23, 1828	Kingston, Canada	Martin Chipman	June 18, 1879
David	Aug. 10, 1830	Canada		Aug. 20, 1856
Mary P.	Feb. 27, 1832	Canada	Ira Draper	Nov. 29, 1913
Orson Hyde	Oct. 20, 1835	Kirtland, Ohio	Kathryn Roberts	1907
Benjamin	Aug. 21, 1838			Aug. 26, 1907
Sidney R.	Feb. 24, 1841	Illinois		Aug. 13, 1910
Hannah O.	July 10, 1843	Illinois	Miguel Bermudez	
Frederick, Jr.	Nov. 20, 1846	Illinois or Iowa	Luey Atwood	
Lydia IV	Oct. 10, 1848	Utah?	George Wilson	
Anson	Nov. 28, 1851		Fannie Roberts[4]	

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[4] Dates supplied by Sabrina Draper Durfee.

CHAPTER SIXTY-THREE

DAVID CLARK DRAPER

David Clark Draper was the last son of Thomas and Lydia Rogers to survive and leave a record and posterity.

Joel, the last born son, was a twin to Lucretia. Both twins must have died early, inasmuch as no record of either has been found since their birth.

David was born at Rome, New York, April 24, 1791. He was young when he moved with the family from Rome, New York, to Canada and he was only 15 years of age when his mother died. At the age of about 21 he married Mary German. They had a large family of eleven children, all born at Naponee, Ontario, Canada, except the last two who, as the dates of their respective birth indicate, were born at Kirtland, Ohio. Three of them died without issue. The remaining eight had a total of fifty-two children, and as three or four generations have succeeded them, it is obvious that the descendants of David Clark Draper are now very numerous. The record of them is far from complete. Most of what appears below was prepared by F. C. Foster.

Children of David Clark and Mary German Draper:

NAME	BORN	DIED	NO. OF THEIR CHILDREN
Charlotte	August 2, 1813		9
John	August 1, 1815	1833	0
Emily	September 23, 1817		10
Christiana	February 17, 1820		10
Mary Jane	August 6, 1822		2
Clark Roger	August 1, 1824	(Grandfather of F. C. Foster)	9
Roseanna	June 30, 1827		4
Lydia E.	December 24, 1829		7
Thomas G.	July 27, 1832		1
Almira Eliza	June 23, 1835	1851	0
Martha Ann	May 25, 1839	1842	0

David left no account of his conversion to Mormonism, but it is apparent that he and his wife, Mary German Draper, joined the Church and migrated to Kirtland along with the families of his brothers, Thomas, William, and Carr, and his sister Lydia. They, with their descendants, constituted a group of about 50 converts, all of whom moved to Kirtland.

All of them, except Carr and David, with their families left Kirtland and went west before 1840. Whether Carr and David had become disillusioned, and remained behind for that reason, is not known. It is highly probably, though, that David was not well and could not stand the rigors of going into exile, for he died June 5, 1841, at the age of 50 years, only a couple of years after the last of his kin moved away.

Three or four of his daughters were old enough to be married in 1841 and probably were. Mary German Draper was, therefore, left a widow with six or seven unmarried children, ranging in age from 19 years to 2 years of age. Clark Roger Draper, her oldest living son, was 17 years old at the time and was, no doubt, able to take the responsibility of his father, in large measure, in supporting the family.

Kirtland was a pioneer town, and so it may be assumed that after the departure of all their friends and relatives and after the death of David, that the circumstances of his family were not easy. In a grass roots struggle for existence, they could give little thought to the past or to the fortunes of their people who had moved away. Indeed, a hundred years after they left, the descendants of David Clark and Mary German Draper, except the very oldest among them, were hardly aware of the existence of the Mormon branch of the family. But about a hundred years after Mary German Draper was left a widow many among her third generation descendants had acquired enough wealth to give them leisure and time to think of their ancestry.

A little research soon disclosed that the parents of David Clark Draper were Thomas and Lydia Rogers Draper and that they had a family of eleven children, but beyond that all was a blank. Even the descendants of David Clark Draper were scattered and not too well known to each other.

Further research brought David's heirs closer together and also revealed that most of their kin probably went west with the Mormons. Then followed the inquiries recited in Chapter I, which led to the writing of this book.

It did not take long to establish kinship between the Utah Drapers and the Drapers in and about Cleveland, but it took many years to establish a link between the descendants of Thomas and Lydia Rogers Draper and the Puritan Drapers of Massachusetts, and even to this time a complete list of the descendants of David Clark and Mary German Draper has not been made. It is a pleasure, however, to present such information concerning them as has been made available to me.

The chart near the beginning of this chapter shows that David and Mary had eleven children and that eight of these lived to have a total of 52 children. Four generations have been born since then, so it is evident that the number of descendants of David Clark Draper should not be great, but I have been unable to list more than a fraction of them, as they appear in the correspondence of Mr. Foster over the years. He is the great-grandson of David Clark Draper and the grandson of Clark Roger Draper, and like most people, his personal acquaintance with his ancestry does not extend much beyond his grandparents. His correspondence shows that his widest acquaintance is with the descendants of his grandparents, Clark Rogers and Catherine Smith Draper, and the descendants of the youngest brothers and sisters of his grandparents.

Following are statistics and summary comments concerning an interesting list of his immediate relatives.

Clark Rogers himself was born at Naponee, Ontario, Canada, August 1, 1824, and died March 7, 1869, at Montezuma, Iowa. He arrived in Kirtland, Ohio with his parents when he was about 10 years old, and he was about 14 years old when all his uncles, aunts, and cousins, except Carr and Mary Seager Draper, left Kirtland, never to be seen again by him.

He married Catherine Smith, which prompted me to ask her grandson, Mr. Foster, if she was related to Joseph Smith and his people. He replied by letter that some of his Smith relatives were Mormons, and continued as follows:

> One of them, Elizabeth Smith, married Wellington Paul Wilson in 1836 and Brigham Young performed the ceremony. Joseph E. Wilson of Logan, Utah, is a descendant of that union and J. E. Wilson, Jr. has been in Cleveland (Ohio) and about fifteen or twenty years ago visited a brother of my grandmother's. I find that Joseph Smith was born in Sharon, Vermont, in 1805 and I have a whole crowd of Smith relatives in Vermont. My great grandfather's name was Uriel Smith, and he came from St. Albans. Then I find that the family also lived in Verona, New York, which is not such a great distance from Palmyra. So if you should ever run across the Wilsons of Logan, you might tell them of my investigation and how later on the Smiths and the Drapers got together.

Clark and Catherine had 9 children, of whom I am able to identify the following in the correspondence of Mr. Foster: Albert, Frank T. Sutton H., Ida, Lillian, Arthur Lincoln Draper, and Clark Rogers, Jr. I do not know in what order, or exactly when they were born, but taking them in the order in which they are listed above, I have gleaned the following information concerning them: Albert had three sons and two daughters. The youngest daughter, Maude Draper, married G. G. Tremaine. They live part time in Cleveland, Ohio, but the greater part of the time at Mesa, Arizona, within sight of "the wonderful Mormon Temple" as stated by Mr. Foster. They have three sons. Mr. Tremaine is Vice President and Director of General Electric Company and director of Cities Service.

Frank T. and Hattie Draper, his wife, lived at Cleveland. Nothing is said of their children, if they had any. It appears that after the death of his wife he lived with one of Albert's sons. A story ran in the Saturday Evening Post in 1934 in which an Uncle Frank and Aunt Hattie Draper were the principal characters, and because the author of the story was a partner of Mr. Foster, it is assumed that Mr. Foster's relatives inspired the story.

Sutton H. Draper went west early as a boy. He became a master mechanic on the Western Pacific Railroad and was one of the early authorities on air-brakes. He settled at Missoula, Montana. He has a daughter, Lillian, who married C. Clifton Perry. They also live at Missoula. She is interested in genealogy and history and is the chairman of a D.A.R. Chapter at Missoula, for which she makes annual genalogical records and reports.

Ida Draper married a man named Jones. No other information is available.

Lillian Draper was born in 1857 and married Robert Foster about 1879. They had three children born as follows: Ethel, born about 1880; Fredrick Carlyle, born about 1882; and William, born about 1884. Frederick Carlyle, known to me as F. C. Foster, also as "Lisle," furnished practically all the information to be found in this book concerning the descendants of David Clark and Mary German Draper.

His father, Robert Foster, entered politics at the age of 21 and continued in that field the rest of his life. He was a member of the City Council of Cleveland, Ohio during the terms of Tom L. Johnson and Newton D. Baker, each of whom served as Mayor of that city. Johnson was a master politician and Newton D. Baker was a candidate for the Presidency of the United States in 1932, and later became Secretary of War.

Ethel married a noted surgeon, Dr. Frank P. Corrigan, who also had a distinguished career as a diplomat and statesman. He was our Ambassador to Venezuela; Minister to El Salvador and Guatamala; Advisor to the United Nations on Latin American Affairs; and finally, he was connected with the International College of Surgeons.

Ethel Foster died in 1948.

F. C. Foster, whose name appears so often herein, is the brother of Ethel and the second child of Robert and Lillian Draper Foster. He was born in 1882 and married Henrietta Romsey. They, too, live on the south shore of Lake Erie. They have no children.

He is a successful public relations and advertising man, operating through a partnership under the firm name of Foster & Davies, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio. He, with his wife, Henrietta, are world travelers, and he particularly has a keen interest in brushing against great and famous people, including people of great notoriety. He is, however, equally interested in humanity at large.

I remember with what zest he told of a visit he had with Edward, former King of England. He displayed the same interest in writing me about meeting three Mormon couples in Palestine in 1937 or 1938. He felt that he knew as much about Mormonism as they did. "One," he said, "was in the motion picture business and the other, who was my favorite, had a son who was very successful in a store of considerable magnitude, I assumed, and was in the furniture and appliance business just outside the business section of Salt Lake City."

He didn't name the couples, but I knew all about the incident, because Soren Sorensen of the Southeast Furniture Co. called me immediately upon his return from Europe and the Near East to say what a wonderful cousin of mine he had met in his travels — a gentleman named Foster, from Cleveland, Ohio.

In another letter Mr. Foster relates:

> The other day I had a visitor who was announced as a Missionary from Chicago. I thought it was a joke, but had him shown in. In walked a fine looking young man, who told me he was a Missionary from Chicago. He said that when I attended the Exposition there in 1934, that I left my name for some literature at the Mormon booth. By way of putting him at ease, I mentioned your name and asked him to take off his coat and sit down. He was the first Mormon Missionary that I had ever laid eyes upon. His name was Ellsworth and I enjoyed his visit; took him out to lunch and had him stay late into the afternoon. He undoubtedly will give me a return visit, as I urged him to do so. It was refreshing to meet such a fine, intelligent man. He didn't mind a bit a lot of the questions I asked and which he beautifully explained from his viewpoint.

Based upon such statements, I had said to Mr. Foster that I thought he was very tolerant of the religious views of others, to which he replied:

> Your comments on my religious tolerance were very interesting. I, of course, assumed that you were a Mormon.

> As a boy I went to the Methodist Sunday School and did join the church. But for the past thirty or thirty-five years I have had no religious affiliations, except that you might call being a Mason a form of religion. I am, however, I believe, deeply religious, and I practice clean living. Religions have always interested me from the viewpoint of living philosophy. To check whether or not folks could be honest, and helpful to one another and yet not have the Christian religion, I spent some time in Northern Africa among the Arabs and made my observations of their lives under Mohammed and his teachings. Next month I am leaving for Haiti and I intend to make a short study of Voodooism to understand if possible.
>
> Mormonism is intensely interesting to me and for a non-Mormon I have a fair understanding of it * * * it has everything in it essential to the success of a religion. The story of the plates, the revelations, the miracles are just as acceptable to me as any other revelations or miracles are. The trouble with a lot of folks is that they think these things cannot now occur during this or the last century, and that they are more plausible and easier to believe if they occured in a far off land a couple of thousand years ago.

He described the Drapers in one of his letters thus:

> None that I know of has ever achieved fame or greatness, but the majority I have come in contact with are above the average; have been keen, well informed, alert, good conversationalists, emotional, fairly healthy, tall, over the average as to weight, dark haired, and dark complexioned.

It appears that Mr. Foster has a brother, William, of whom he makes the following brief comment:

> He was postmaster at Perry, Ohio, for eight years, during the Woodrow Wilson administration.

The last descendant of Clark Roger and Catherine Smith Draper, mentioned by Mr. Foster, is Gay Draper. It appears that she is their great granddaughter, her father being Clark Roger Draper, Jr., a son of Arthur Lincoln Draper, who was the son of Clark Roger Draper, Sr.

This note and a beautiful picture of her appeared in a Cleveland newspaper in April, 1952:

> * * * at Christ Episcopal Church * * * the wedding yesterday afternoon of Gay Draper and Allan Howard Roberts. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clark Roger Draper * * * and the groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harris William Roberts * * * Dr. Maxfield Dowell officiated. * * *

The next in line of the descendants of David Clark and Mary German Draper is Rose Anna Draper, born June 30, 1827. It was she who preserved the oldest record of the children of Thomas and Lydia Rogers Draper, which is in the handwriting of David Clark Draper, her father. This record then passed to her daughter, Ella

Wager, of Green Cove Springs, Florida, and from her to Lillian Draper Perry, mentioned above.

Finally a brief reference to Lydia E. Draper, the last daughter of David Clark Draper to survive and have children, finishes the history of the descendants of David Clark and Mary German Draper, to the extent that I have been able to get the data.

Lydia was born Christmas Eve, 1829. She married William Lucas and had two children: Mabel Lucas and Delbert Lucas. Mabel has no children and Delbert never married, so that the passing of these descendants will end this branch of the family of David Clark Draper.

For the foregoing brief history of Lydia E. Draper Lucas I am indebted to a gracious lady, Mrs. Katherine Lucas Sage, a niece of Lydia E., who came to Utah in 1915 with her husband, W. B. Sage, who helped to establish the oil-refining business in Utah.

Mr. F. C. Foster had mentioned Mrs. Sage to me long before I called upon her in 1955 for the purpose of learning more about the descendants of Lydia E. My surprise was great to learn, when I met her, that she knew all about me through my daughter, Margaret, and her niece, Katherine Ritchie, who were great friends and for several years had made the home of Mrs. Sage a meeting place for their youthful activities. Miss Ritchie married and moved to Scotland, and my daughter became an actress in New York, but Mrs. Sage has never lost contact with them and now speaks of them as if they were her own.

Chapter Sixty-four

Additional Mormon Drapers

It took the author of this book some time to discover that the descendants of Thomas and Lydia Rogers Draper, who died in Canada, were not the only Drapers who joined the Mormon Church. There were three such families who joined the Church in England and came to Utah after 1850.

The largest and best known of these families is that of William Draper and his two wives, Sarah Miles and Jane Briant. This family came from Wiltshire, England, and their first known ancestor was also a William, born at Market Lovington, Wiltshire, about 1657. From him the line continues down as follows:

NAME	BORN	AT	MARRIED
William 2nd	Mar. 21, 1862	Market Lovington	Patience Gray
Francis	Nov. , 1714	Market Lovington	Mary ....
Frances 2nd	Jan. 7, 1747	Market Lovington	Jane Chester
William 3rd	Aug. 22, 1783	Market Lovington	Sarah Earl
William 4th	Nov. 25, 1818	Easterton	1. Sarah Miles 2. Jane Briant

The writer discovered this line of Drapers while attempting to connect Margaret Draper Lee, (then First Lady of Utah) with William Draper, Jr., first bishop of Draper, Utah. She believed herself to be his great-granddaughter, but research disclosed that she is a descendant of William and Sarah Miles Draper above named, who also lived in the south part of Salt Lake County, near Draper, in the early days.

Discovery of her complete ancestral line came about in an interesting manner. The writer first learned of William Draper and his two wives — Sarah and Jane — in Church archives; and later while trying to find the descendants of Martha Weaver, first plural wife of William Draper, of Draper, he visited Dr. Willard Jesse Draper of Heber City, Utah, reputed to be one of the descendants of Martha.[1] A brief interview soon disclosed that he was not. His parents had died while he was young and he knew little of his ancestry back of his grandfather, George Draper of Clearfield, but he referred me to his aunt, Mrs. Bessie Lee Draper of Ogden, who with he husband, Jesse Hyrum Draper, had kept him after his parents died. A visit to her disclosed a most complete genealogy of this line of Drapers. It developed that Margaret Draper Lee was a descendant of the above-named William and Sarah Miles Draper, and that Dr. Willard Draper was a descendant of said William and Jane Briant Draper.

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[1] Dr. Draper was killed in a gun accident June 4, 1958 at age 37 and in the midst of a brilliant career.

Anyone interested in this line should meet Bessie Lee Draper, who is a most conscientious and accurate genealogist in her own right and a gracious lady.

Utah Drapers From Lancashire

A brief account of a Mormon family from Lancashire appears in a volume of which John Henry Smith was a sponsor.[2] The heads of this family were Charles and Mary Ann Wann Draper. Their children are listed as follows:

Elizabeth, Jane, Folly, Mary Ann, and William. The order in which they were born is not given, but it is stated that William was born November 12, 1861 at Croland, Lancashire, England.

The above record shows that they came to Utah with the Captain Seeley Company. This must must have been after the birth of William in 1861 at Croland.

The only other item recorded concerning them is that Mary Ann Draper married George Morby and that they lived at Hoytsville, Utah. Latest advice concerning Mary Ann is that her son, Wallace Morby, died at Orem, Utah, Jan. 1, 1958, leaving a wife, Sylvia, two daughters, and five grandchildren. Their home is at 1212 N. 950 W., Orem.

Drapers From Leicester

Thomas Draper, Jr., son of Thomas Draper of Leicestershire, England, came to Utah about 1870. His wife was Sarah Ward, daughter of William Ward. Following is a list of their children with their spouses:

NAME	SPOUSE
Rachel Draper	James Richards
Ebenezer Draper	Unmarried
Sarah Draper	Thomas Hardy
Martha Draper	Robert Bates
Thomas W. Draper	Trullove Willer
Elizabeth Draper	Hyrum S. Bellows
Phoebe Draper	William H. Tracy
Emma Draper	James Andrews

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[2] Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah, page 847.

William H. and Phoebe Draper Tracy are the parents of Aaron Tracy of Ogden, Utah — a prominent educator, and former president of Weber College. His daughter, Hermoine Tracy Jex, is doing research work on this line and furnished the foregoing information.

Common Source of English Drapers

It is believed that all Drapers who came to America from England have a common ancestry, for the reason that only a few Drapers came to England with William the Conquerer.

Thomas Waln-Morgan Draper, who wrote a history of the Drapers in America, states in his book so often cited in this work, that, "Undoubtedly all of that name (Draper) are descended from William, John, and Henry Le Drapour."

Such being the case, all Drapers in America should have something in common.

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